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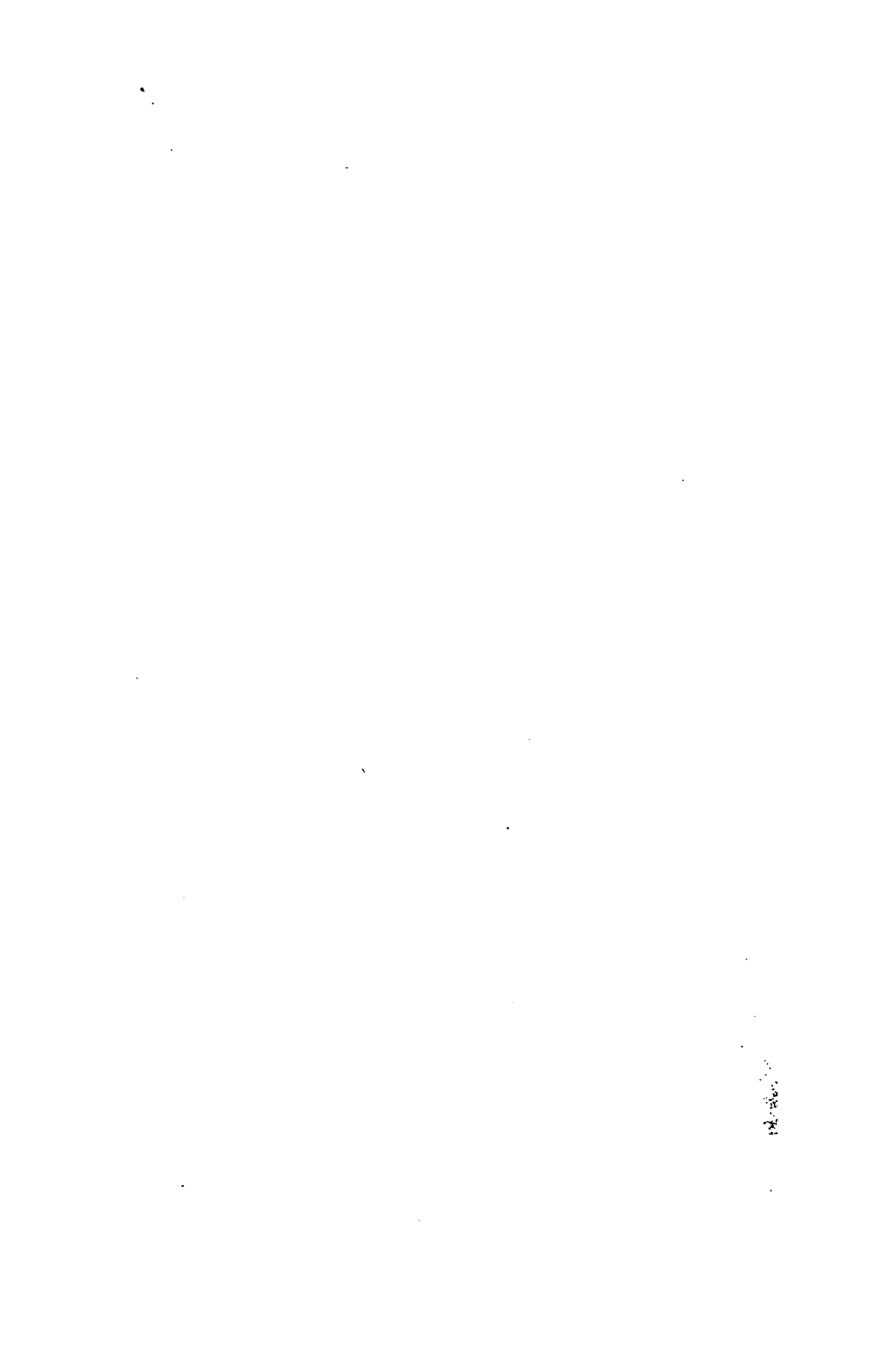
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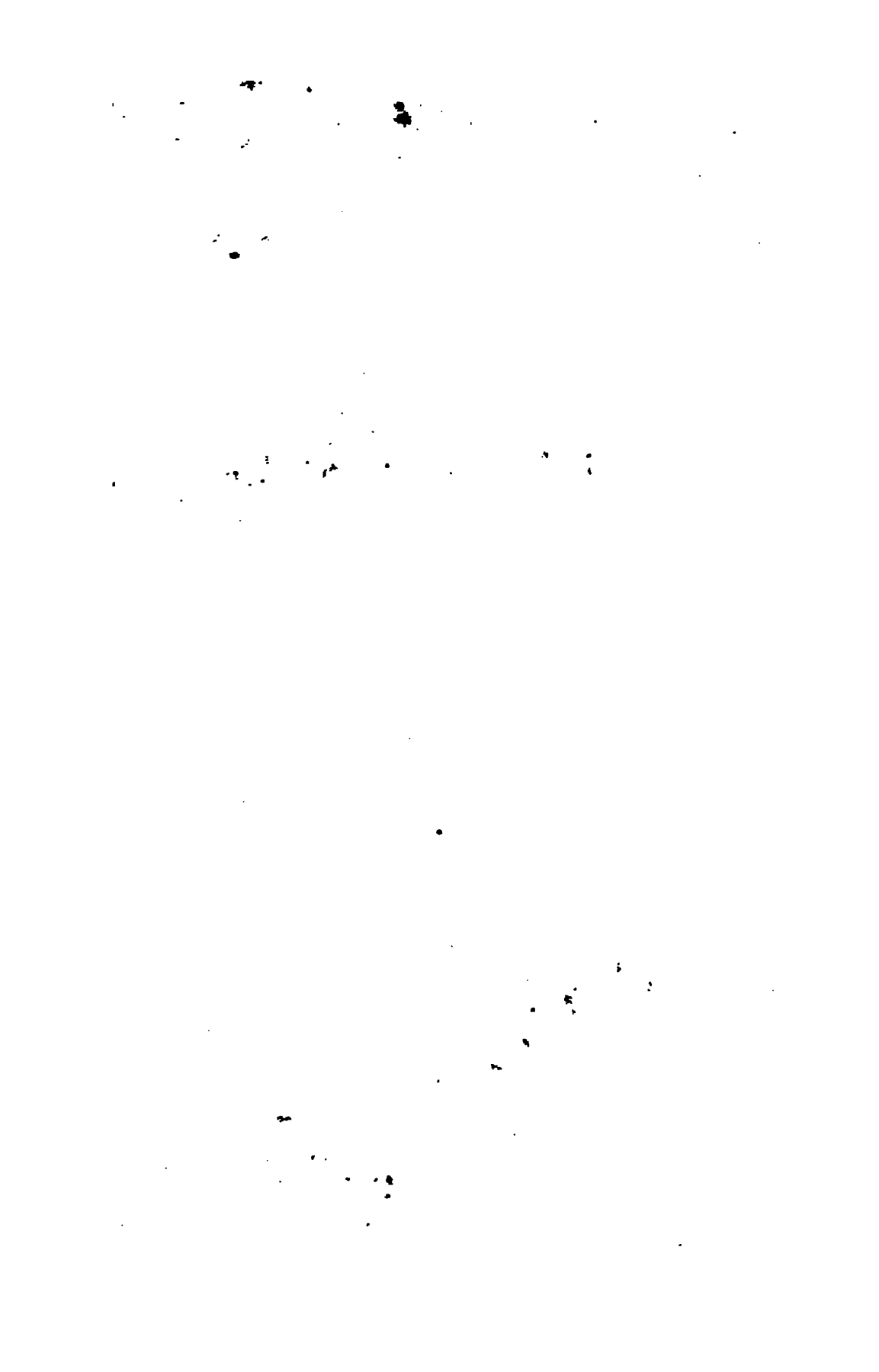
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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.

POLITICAL skirmishing of a hostile character between France and Prussia may be said to have had its commencement when the former mooted the question as to Prussia's right to garrison the fortress of Luxemburg, held by the King of Holland as a duke of the German confederation, but not at the time incorporated with the North German confederation, which superseded the old diet of Frankfort. This difficulty, thanks to the intervention of foreign powers, more especially Great Britain, was brought to a pacific issue.

The skirmishing has, however, ever since been continued, but upon a different basis. France, the *Moniteur* declares, wishes for peace, and unfeignedly accepts the state of things which events have created in Germany, but at the same time requires that Prussia shall confine herself within the limits of the treaty of Prague, and fully acknowledge that she has no more conquests to make. It is in this sense that a "despatch," and not a "note," was sent by M. de Moustier to Berlin, arguing that, Prussia having accepted French mediation at Nikolsburg, France now considered herself to be personally *en cause*, and further inquiring what are the Prussian government's intentions relative to Article 5 of the treaty of Prague which refers to Schleswig, pointing out, at the same time, that Prussia has no right to claim for the Germans disseminated in insignificant numbers through the territories to be retroceded exceptional guarantees not specified in the same treaty of Prague. The French government has also from time to time continued to urge upon Prussia a friendly arrangement with the King of Denmark in regard to the question of North Schleswig.

The stipulation as to consulting the wishes of the Northern Schleswigers upon the question whether they should remain Prussian or become again Danish subjects, was, it is to be observed, a concession of Prussia to the representations of the Emperor of the French. It is true that Prussia entered formally into that engagement only with Austria, but she entered into it, not at the instance of Austria, which cared nothing about the matter, but at the direct request or demand of the French government. If there was nothing humiliating to her in yielding to the wishes of France upon this point, there can be nothing humiliating in the fact that France has urged the fulfilment of the promises then made. The Prussian government might have prevented all interference of France by at once fulfilling its engagements instead of waiting nearly twelve months before giving any sign of recognising them, and acting throughout that time in

the most oppressive manner towards the very persons whose wishes were to be consulted.

The question of the retrocession of the northern districts of Schleswig ought, indeed, to have been settled amicably between Prussia and Denmark a long time ago, and if the Prussian government really means to act fairly, the matter can soon be pacifically determined. It has done something at last—it has entered into direct communication with the Danish government upon the subject, and seems disposed to arrange the new frontier, not in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, as expressed in a *plebiscite*, but by agreement between the two governments. Such an arrangement cannot be agreeable to the Emperor of the French, whose predilections for the free expression of nationalities, and whose belief in the tendency of such nationalities to agglomerate, are well known. The result of the voting in every village of North Schleswig, assuming the voting to be free, can *à priori* be most certainly reckoned upon, and the question remains, will Prussia, in any private arrangement with Denmark, cede to that country the line of frontier which she would obtain by a free vote of the population?

The fairest frontier would probably be one drawn from Flensburg to some point on the west coast, or from a point to the north of Flensburg, running in almost a straight line to Tondern, to which the German plenipotentiaries expressed in the London conferences the readiness of their governments to accede. Such a frontier, which would leave very many thousand Danes Prussian subjects, in fact, give Prussia the whole of the mixed districts, can only be assented to—not because it would be an equitable partition according to nationalities, but because it would be as just an arrangement as can be arrived at when the power is all on one side, although the right is on the other. The Prussians, however, do not like the idea of giving up the Sundewitt and Alsen. They can never abandon, they say, to an enemy a place which, like Duppel, has been the scene of their glorious exploits. Upon that principle no power ought ever to make a peace restoring to an enemy the field upon which it has won a great engagement, and Prussia herself ought to have retained at the peace of Prague the whole of Bohemia and Moravia.

But it is pretended that Prussia requires these positions for her own security. Against whose attack? it has been pertinently asked. Denmark can never be an enemy whose hostility upon land need be apprehended. Yet the utmost that Prussia appears at present inclined to give is the frontier from Apenrade to Tondern, which was that first proposed on the part of Germany in the conferences, whilst Denmark asks for a frontier which would give her back Flensburg, while France asks for a *plebiscite*. There is certainly a Nemesis in this Prusso-Danish affair, which after leading to a disastrous war between the two allies in spoliation—Prussia and Austria—threatens under the complication of a northern confederation, which Thiers, Dupin, and their political acolytes declare to be offensive to France, to become another apology for a quarrel, the real grounds of which lie much deeper between France and Prussia.

Even more difficult, however, than this question as to the extent of the retrocession is that of the guarantees which the Prussian government asks on behalf of those Germans who, by that very retrocession, would again become Danish subjects. Germans are scattered over the whole of North

Schleswig, and in some of the larger towns they constitute the majority. Apenrade, Hadersleben, Tondern, and Christianfeld are more German than Danish. The Prussian government requires that Denmark should enter into some special undertaking for the security and protection of these Germans, and the Danish government, naturally enough, declines to enter into any such engagement. It says that the laws of Denmark secure equal rights to all subjects of the State without reference to race, and that the Germans therefore require no special privileges to protect them in the enjoyment of their property and the exercise of their respective industries. Would Prussia ask the same guarantees of the Americans to protect the numerous Germans who emigrate to that country to avoid the severities of conscription at home? No; the object is manifest. Germany is a progressive country, Denmark is unfortunately retrogressive, and the North German confederation stands in the same relation to her as America does to Mexico and Central America. Grant her special protection over the Germans of North Schleswig, and the day would not be far distant when even a *plebiscite* would annex the whole peninsula to the fatherland. Denmark naturally dreads that if it were to give such an undertaking, to interfere on behalf of the Germans of North Schleswig, it would only be establishing an excuse for constantly claiming that right of interference, just as Turkey is now harassed by certain European powers; and that the result would not only be a constant source of embarrassment, but it might, under unfavourable circumstances, be made an apology for aggression. It may, no doubt, be argued, on the other side, that the Danes, whom this handful of Germans have now for three years so cruelly oppressed—the Germans of North Schleswig have been the instigators of the worst acts of tyranny of the Prussian authorities against their Danish fellow-countrymen—might seek to revenge themselves, but the Danish government would, for its own sake, take care that the Germans should have the full protection of the law against violence or any other injustice, and no just cause of complaint by which to arouse the susceptibilities of their countrymen. The treaty of Prague says nothing about guarantees, and it establishes a very plain and simple way of determining the extent of the retrocession. If the Prussian government objects to the solution of a *plebiscite* as proposed by the French government, it should make a fair proposal to Denmark, and it need not doubt for a moment that the Danish government would gladly close with such an offer, whilst it knows full well that the Germans, who would return to their allegiance to King Christian VIII., would enjoy the full protection of the law. To assume otherwise is to insult a fallen foe.

The French government has an advantage in interfering in the affairs of Schleswig, inasmuch as it carries the sympathies of Great Britain and of other powers with it. The English are not the only people who have felt for the spoliation to which the little kingdom of Denmark has been subjected at the hands of its more powerful neighbours. The interest has been further augmented by probably one of the most remarkable instances in history of the personal aggrandisement of a dynasty at the very moment of an almost destructive loss of territory. One of its princes is heir-apparent to the throne of Denmark, another is the actual King of Greece. One princess has wedded the future King of England, another the heir to the czardom of Russia.

If the French government contents itself with urging with fitting courtesy the Prussian government to put the article of the treaty of Prague into execution, it only exercises a right—a right which Prussia has given her—and fulfils a duty which that right imposes upon her. It is absurd for the German newspapers to treat any action of France in this question as insulting, and therefore inadmissible. Of course, if France should adopt an imperative tone, or display a hostile feeling, German patriotism might very properly fire up. But there have been no proofs of any such manifestation given as yet. It is the attitude of the two countries which gives a zest to every diplomatic movement. Both are armed or arming, as if prepared for a combat, that the events of a day may bring forth; both alike are mistrustful and defiant, and both are prepared for a struggle for military and political supremacy in the affairs of Europe.

It is in this tacit and covert sense that we must understand the real importance and bearing of the repudiation of the interference of France by the German newspapers, notoriously *Zeidler's Correspondence*, which expresses its hope, in common with a large portion of the German press, that interference will cause no change in Prussia's treatment of the North Schleswig question.

"It was already strikingly offensive," says the Prussian paper, "enough on the part of France to take upon herself to interfere with the establishment of the customs union, and to attempt by warnings and even by threats to prevent the South German governments from joining the customs parliament. But all this was not addressed direct to Prussia. Now that we are directly addressed, it is to be hoped that the government will give a thoroughly clear reply. We do not desire hostilities; still less have we any need to keep out of the way of them."

The *New Prussian (Cross) Gazette* argues that it will only be possible to judge of the importance of the interference of France in the affairs of North Schleswig when it is known what connexion that interference has with the views and intentions of the French government in reference to the general situation in Europe. "The present step," it adds, "taken by that government may be of such a character as would require from Prussia an unmistakable declaration repelling any foreign intervention, or it may amount only to an offer of friendly advice, which could be accepted with equal expressions of friendship."

Referring again to the same topic, it says, upon another occasion, when criticising Baron Dupin's warlike speech in the French Senate, "We should take no notice of it were it simply the expression of individual views, and not rather that of the feelings of a large proportion of the French people. Moreover, Denmark might conclude from it that a declaration of war by France against Prussia was imminent, and in consequence evade an equitable solution of the Schleswig question. We reply, therefore, to Baron Dupin, and at the same time to the Danes, that Schleswig did not fall into the hands of Germany and of Prussia through intrigue, but as the result of a just war, provoked by the systematic oppression of the German duchies of the Elbe. In the treaty of Prague, Prussia entered into an engagement with Austria to cede the northern districts of Schleswig to Denmark, in case the inhabitants of those districts should, by a free vote, express their wish for such a cession.

But, for all that, Prussia will not hand back to Danish arbitrariness and fanaticism Germans for whose liberation German blood has flowed ; no, not even if in France such an unjust demand should be raised. The Luxemburg question was more of an international than a national character, but Schleswig is a Prussian province, which cannot be disposed of by a conference." The article concludes with an assurance that as Prussia has never interfered in the domestic affairs of foreign nations, so also will she repel any foreign intervention in her internal affairs.

The tone of these interpellations, and the spirit which animates them, is manifestly more mistrustful and defiant than conciliatory and pacific. It is these facts, combined with the oft-denied but no less manifest preparation of both countries to have recourse to arms should the necessity arise, which gives an unnatural tension to the position of the two rival powers, and renders it uncertain what the events of a single day may not bring forth. France may do what it has a mind to secure the alliance or neutrality of Austria ; the latter country knows full well that an alliance with France, even against her late foe, would be fatal to her interests in Germany, and would bring about the interference of Russia, nor could France offer as a bait for such an alliance the opportunity of reconquering any of her lost provinces. France may also do what it has a mind, by warnings or even by threats, to detach the South German governments from those of North Germany ; it will be of no avail. The North German confederation, the governments of South Germany, and the minor states which still hold aloof from all confederation, will unite as one family the moment the integrity of any portion of the country is threatened by the action of the military forces of France. That which it will, in the ordinary course of events, take Prussia a long time to do—to bind the fatherland, no longer in part under the dominion of Austria, in one common military and political bond—will be then accomplished in an hour. No political alliances are so quickly made, or so tenacious as those which are brought about by necessity and in the cause of a common safety. It is not impossible that the sense of this important fact is a leading motive for that haughtiness on the part of Prussia which would seem rather to covet an outbreak of hostilities than to seek precautions by which to avert them.

The alliance of Austria with France, overtly advocated in the Corps Législatif, has, however, become all the more necessary from the fact that Italy, by despatching her minister of war, General Cugia, to Berlin, has shown that she is determined to side with Prussia, her last and effective ally, against Austria, in case of a war between France and Prussia. Prussia did not make Italy pay for its alliance in the war of 1866, whilst France rewarded itself by the cession of Savoy and Nice. A war between France and Italy might possibly offer to the latter an opportunity for regaining her lost provinces, and to the House of Savoy the honour of reclaiming the tombs of its ancestors. France, aware of this state of feeling, which is not only dynastic, but general, even with the extreme democratic party, as represented by Garibaldi and Mazzini, sought to effect a counterpoise by despatching General Dumont to Rome ; but the inevitable vain-gloriousness of France, which could not help designating the French volunteers in the cause of the Pope as representatives, if not part of, the French army itself, so openly betrayed the character of the

manœuvre as to expose this last attempt on the part of France, not only to support the Pope against united Italy, but to use the already well worn-out tiara against the Italian cause, to the ridicule of all parties, not only in Italy and Prussia, but actually in France itself. The *Indépendance Belge* exclaimed on the occasion that French diplomacy was having a run of bad luck, and Frenchmen laughed at M. Thiers for having said, four months ago, that the government had exhausted the catalogue of blunders.

Not only are the French newspapers as belligerent as those of Prussia, but the press teems with pamphlets and brochures, all equally hostile to the cause of a united Germany, quite regardless of the Luxemburg, the Schleswig, or any other question of international policy. The author of "*Gare à la Prusse!*" declares, for example, that war to "Unitarism" must be declared in the name of the peace of the world, in the name of human liberty and dignity, and in the name of a general Christian civilisation. But what is "Unitarism"? It means, we are told, "not the mere fact of the reunion of two or more states into one, but the tendency to a certain doctrine which leads to the constitution of these more or less important unities." This is not very clear, but the author explains that language is often made a pretext for establishing what are called aggregations of nationalities, when there is real difference in dialect, climate, manners, and habits. As to a general Christian civilisation, it is to save the Papacy, and the minor states, "guardians of the peace of the world," from a "despotic and savage Unitarism." Unitarism is also Revolution—revolution against Papacy. Unity in Italy, completed by the subjugation of Rome, the last rampart of Christianity and civilisation; unity in the Iberian peninsula, at the expense of the existing ultramontane dynasty; unity in Germany, to the imminent peril of those French populations which have nothing in common with the Teutonic races save the misfortune of speaking their language. "Prussia and the Revolution," we are told, "require peace in order to prepare for their second campaign, as also to blind Europe as to their designs. It would be a pity that Europe should be taken in by such semblances. There can be no peace until Prussian ambition and revolutionary Unitarism shall have been solemnly condemned by a European congress, and definitely neutralised by the resolute attitude of Europe. More than ever is it necessary to shout, '*Gare à la Prusse!*' more than ever is it necessary to cast this '*Caveant consules!*' at those who hold the destinies of people in their hands." It would be waste of time to reply to such sophistries. A united Italy is dangerous only to that melancholy relic of the middle ages which calls itself the only representative of Christianity, a united Iberian peninsula would be only dangerous to a corrupt and bigoted rule, and a united Germany would be only dangerous to an ambitious military power which will admit of no rivalry in arms.

Viscount de L'Ecuyer, author of a pamphlet entitled "*L'Europe Nouvelle*," declares that England is already overtaken by a just punishment for having declined a general congress from that petty and narrow rivalry which is the symptom of a nation's decadence, and which France so contemptuously abjured. England opposed the congress with the view of annoying France and destroying its influence in Europe; but it is punished by seeing a power created which will have seaports, commerce,

and a navy. "As for us," says the viscount, "we rejoice in seeing one more enemy surge to the surface against England. It is now long since it has been said that 'the English government is the corrupter of the world.' Now 'Delenda est Carthago!' has become the shout of justice."

But whilst thus rejoicing in the proximate downfall of England, further, we are told, to be hastened by the unity of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, the viscount, of noble aspirations, is really terrified for the fate of France before a united Germany. "France," says the aristocratic pamphleteer, "will only take up arms in case of imperious necessity, or it wishes to maintain peace in Europe, and it is a noble part that it has to perform. In fact, if foreign governments continue to allow themselves to be guided by particular interests that are difficult to understand, instead of occupying themselves with the general welfare" (that is, of France, we suppose); "if the Prussian government does not stay that progress of conquests and insolence towards ourselves upon which it has entered; if England does not renounce incessantly exciting continental nations to war one against another, according to the necessities of its egotistical policy, the movement which has begun in Europe will extend itself, will develop itself, and will end in a real anarchy, when, as in the Thirty Years' War, people will fight against one another without knowing the why and the wherefore, so great will be the confusion that will arise.

"There will then be an imperious necessity for France to enter into the conflict: its honour will be assailed, its frontiers will be threatened. It is evident that from the moment the frontiers of the different states on the Continent shall have undergone great modifications, the honour of France and the safety of its territory will imperiously exact its intervention. In the presence of New Europe, France has the right to exact guarantees for the security of its frontiers; and the basis of these guarantees lies manifestly on the Rhine."

But this is not all. France will do more than absorb the left bank of the Rhine. "She will say to the Germans, unite yourselves" (this after accommodating herself with a goodly slice of territory). "To the Hungarians of Austria, to the Poles of Russia, of Austria, and of Prussia she will launch forth the signal of their deliverance; to the Danes, the Swedes, and the Norwegians she will shout, 'Union!' Lastly, leaving England without allies, Russia pressed upon on every side, Austria and Prussia annihilated, or reconstructed after a more logical fashion, herself surrounded by nations who will have attached their destinies to hers, France will advance towards posterity with that *magnifique cortège* of which the Martyr of St. Helena speaks so eloquently, and the anticipation of which gave to him a pleasurable feeling even on that sterile rock, where perfidy, egotism, and terror held him captive."

This is certainly a gorgeous programme. The only misfortune connected with it is, that it is founded upon baseless grounds and untruthful inferences. England does not set continental powers by the ears. A Scandinavian unity would be rather in alliance with Great Britain than opposed to it. The neutrality of the seas is more threatened in the future by America than by Great Britain, or France, or by any minor naval states that may arise; and as to the liberation of the Poles at the

shriek of the Gallic eagle, the annihilation of Prussia and Austria, the casting off of Great Britain from the councils of Europe, the binding of the Muscovite in chains, and France surrounding herself by nations which shall have united their destinies to hers, these are mere rodomontade and illusions—what the French expressively designates as *outré-cuidance*—the *ne plus ultra* of natural vain-gloriousness, and not in any shape reasonable deductions to be drawn from the present state of continental powers and continental alliances.

Dr. Robinet, author of “*La France et La Guerre*,” is one of those theoretical personages who place social advancement in the van before national and dynastic interests. Such social advancement must have, according to the writer, for mental basis, a faith capable of demonstration, and, for a political basis, peace among all people. But how is peace to be obtained? By France, which represents the Revolution, warring against all perturbing nations in order to preserve a general order! As to Prussia, without any other motives than such as are prompted by a dynastic ministerial and national ambition, without respect for the political organisation which has maintained peace in the West since 1815, it wishes to augment its territory by force of arms, to exclude Austria from the Germanic confederation by violence, and to take its place, by attributing to itself by right of conquest a military and political authority which the latter never exercised. It seeks, by breaking up the bonds of the late confederation, to impose brutally another unity, by which it alone would benefit, and which would only result in Germany being oppressed by a population relatively less civilised, since it presents within itself the superannuated exaltation of military instincts, and the domination of a profoundly retrograde feudality and pietism.

France, on the other hand, is the Revolution!—the centre of the modern movement, the head of the Western republic, whose body is represented by Italy, Spain, and Portugal in the south, and in the north by England and Germany, with Polish and Scandinavian *annexes*. France, therefore, cannot tolerate that the bigotry and arrogance of Prussian Protestantism shall be raised up in triumph over the sociability and good sense of the German Catholic population, or that Prussia should found its insolent and monstrous domination upon the ruins of the German confederation. These are strong words fitting the pen of a revolutionary philosopher, whose principles are a demonstrable religion, and a general peace carried out by France playing the part of a European gendarmerie, and forcing its ideas upon all other powers at the point of the sword. Revolutionary propagandism leaves dynastic and national ambitions in the remote background; it assumes a theoretical basis of a general humanitarian amelioration, and then insists upon that theory being forced down the throats of all people and nations by the military prowess of one dominant power, and which it must do, we are told, “even if it were abandoned to its own forces in that great enterprise!”

The author of a pamphlet of imposing aspect, both in regard to size of page and type and luxury of margin, and which is entitled “*Les Alliances Austro-Française et Austro-Prusso-Russe*,” argues the advantage of a Franco-Austrian alliance over a triple coalition of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. Such a coalition or alliance could, it is said, have

only one object in view, which would be to tumble Napoleon III. from the throne, and to put a Bourbon in his place. "Wisdom," we are therefore told, "counsels France and Austria to unite themselves in an offensive and defensive alliance, so as to direct the democratic movement which manifests itself in every direction in Europe, and yet to preserve themselves from the fatal spirit of conquest which still agitates certain courts. The Austro-French alliance should be at once carried out; it has become a political necessity for Austria as well as for France. It contains within itself a vast programme of prosperity, regeneration, and glory for these two great empires. Any other combination of alliances would be a misfortune for Europe. Let Austria remember Königsgrätz, and do not let France forget Waterloo!!!" There is no doubt that the Emperor Napoleon III. will do his best to bring about the policy advocated in this sumptuous pamphlet, which has a strong official savour about it, and which, we are told, would ensure also the alliance or neutrality of England, threatened by a proximate democratic revolution, and would also neutralise the proximate Russo-American alliance, which threatens to far-seeing politicians the future of Europe.

Bella : horida bella! are the text words of M. Louis Rochat, who also gives his ideas "de la Crise Européenne actuelle" to an admiring public. According to this publicist, the congress for opposing which England and Austria are now in the eyes of a writer previously quoted undergoing the penalties of isolation and humiliation, could have done nothing; it might have delayed war, but it could not have suppressed an armed peace. A capital reform, which shall include the emancipation of the masses, can alone bring about a permanent peace. According to this eclectic writer, all are in the right, at the same time that all are in the wrong. Russia is in the right to claim the Dardanelles, by which it can any day be excluded from the commerce of the world. Poland is in the right when it wishes to reconquer its ancient nationality. Italy is in the right when it claims Rome as its capital. Prussia—the seat of philosophy, arts, and sciences—is in the right when it seeks to regularise and extend its hitherto divided territory and to create a marine to itself. Austria is in the right when it seeks for compensation in the east for what it has lost in the west. And lastly, France is in the right when it seeks to close those gates which a victorious enemy has left open to the invaders of her territory.

But a bad territorial constitution, we are also told, still exists throughout Europe. The generality of states are deprived by that vicious position of things of the conditions necessary for their prosperity, and are hence fatally reduced to pursue their acquisition arms in hand. A general reform is the only remedy for the unfortunate international antagonisms which are daily surging to the surface, and entailing ruinous and sanguinary discords. "A complete *remaniement* of Europe, for Europe, by Europe," is, indeed, according to M. Rochat, "the sole radical remedy to this false position of things."

M. Rochat is not, however, the only man in the field who possesses a talisman by which to settle the affairs of Europe. "Bas les masques," exclaims Louis Abraham, at the head of his title-page, "Question Austro-Prussienne Problème résolu." The desire which Prussia manifests of "rounding itself" at the expense of its neighbours

will, according to this solver of problems, set fire to a train of powder which will involve all Europe in the conflagration! Prussia cannot depend upon the secondary German states, or upon the southern states, which are all hostile to its policy and tendencies! They would all march with Austria against the so-called *unificateur* of Germany. A congress would do nothing. It should be preceded by a decisive war, by which Bismark should be put aside, and a permanent state of peace brought about. This is a solution of a problem which involves the defeat and humiliation of Prussia, and Abraham has an eye to business in proposing it. "We do not know what Europe would grant to the man who would guarantee peace in an efficacious manner, but it must be allowed that such a man will have deserved an honest reward." Not a bad idea. Be Christians, not nominally, but really and truly so. If smote on one cheek, turn the other, and there will be permanent peace in Europe. The Christian could, if this solution of the problem were accepted, have as much deserved "an honest reward" as the (presumed) Israelite who advocates a decisive war.

Happily all the pamphlets of the hour are not penned in the same strain. We have, for example, a writer who, under the assumed name of Ab-Telli, argues in his "*Révolution Allemande et Equilibre Européen*," that German unification arose out of the national reconstitution of Italy. Such a unification, he further propounds, should be German, not Prussian, and Magdeburg should be its capital. Belgium should also unite with Holland, as in olden times. France is powerful, and should be satisfied with its existing frontiers; she has nothing to take from any one. The Pope should be transferred to Constantinople. But the problem of nationalities not being yet completely solved, a European union should be called into existence to determine that which can alone ensure a permanent peace.

So also M. Alphonse de Calonne, in his pamphlet entitled "*La Politique de la France, dans les Affaires d'Allemagne et d'Italie*," argues that "the work that is being accomplished in Prussia and in Italy is not, as is too often pretended, a work of ambition. It is pre-eminently a work of the time, the necessary accomplishment of a twofold destiny, the consequence of an idea of justice and of truth." France should congratulate itself at the movements of these two countries towards unification, and not complain of them. They are so many auxiliaries, that will present themselves in the march of civilisation towards progress. The more powerful these nations become, the more powerful will France also be; and so far from quarrelling about petty ambitions, France should, on the contrary, work at effacing the remembrance of old errors and the bitterness of new jealousies. Would that all thoughtful Frenchmen were of the same opinion as M. Alphonse de Calonne.

The author of a pamphlet entitled "*Napoléon III. et La Prusse*," goes even still further. He argues that the alliance of France and Prussia is not only necessary, but indispensable. France first disturbed the treaties of 1815 by the annexation of Savoy and Nice; Prussia has done no more in annexing the duchies on the Elbe. Prussia can only address itself efficaciously to France in its legitimate aspirations to play a great part in European politics, and by that alliance alone can it carry out those aspirations without the necessity for striking a blow. France,

on its side, should finish for ever with its unjust pretensions upon the banks of the Rhine, and which will ever present an obstacle to a good understanding between it and Germany. If France is a military nation, so also is Prussia a bellicose nation. The two people have tastes in common; they ought to come to an understanding. If France gives up for once and for ever its claims to the frontier of the Rhine, Prussia on its side should make a cession in the direction of Sarrelouis, which would include the coal-mines of Sarrebrück. Prussia could obtain the alliance of France by this territorial concession, and then it would have no enemy to fear, however formidable he might be. Austria would be paralysed, Russia anxious, England humiliated; but neither of the three, feeling their powerlessness in the presence of this formidable league of two homogeneous peoples, would seek to disturb the peace of Europe. The political future of Europe, according to this paradoxical pamphleteer, lies then in the two cabalistic words, "Prussia and France."

The position of Great Britain, in case of war breaking out between France and Prussia, has been most variously discussed. One eminent publicist, remarking upon Louis Blanc's "Letters on England," says: "It is on this question of England's feeling towards Prussia, that M. Louis Blanc falls into what we deem his one conspicuous error. As a Frenchman, he owes to Prussia a serious grudge. Nearly all Frenchmen hate Prussia; and it is only the philosophical among them who can treat her with even a show of fairness. Not only did that power inflict terrible chastisement on the First Empire, but she stands in the way of that French development towards the Rhine, which is the sin, perhaps the necessary sin, of any Napoleonic system. But we English have no dislike to Prussia. She is not in our way; she has very seldom been our enemy in the field. Her people are of our stock, professing our religion, delighting in our literature, and, while showing us a good example to follow in many things, bent on imitating our freedom of thought and speech. Instead of wishing them any harm, we wish them all good, and not for their own sakes merely, but for ours. A French development towards the Rhine is one of those Napoleonic ideas to which England is most adverse. We have as lively a dread of seeing the French eagles at Coblenz, as of seeing the Russian eagles at Stamboul. We should probably go to war, and make it war to the knife, if either bird of prey were to make a threatening swoop. The interests which bind us to Turkey bind us to Prussia, but with closer and more numerous ties, and they are of the kind which hardly depend upon times and seasons, persons and things. Next to our brethren in the United States, our kinsmen of North Germany are our natural allies, and a trouble with either of these nations would have for us the deplorable and detestable character of a civil war."

There is a great deal of truth in this. There is no doubt that the general feeling of England is more in favour of Prussia than of France, notwithstanding our disapproval of the conduct of the former in Denmark, and feelings of resentment created by the occasional haughtiness of petty Prussian officials. But we are also at present, happily, friendly with France, and while we should be placed in a false position in alliance with the second French empire against those who fought so nobly by our side in order to overthrow a first, still there is nothing in the question,

as far as it has as yet gone, to lead to deductions that it would be either our interest or our policy to interfere, however much we might deprecate any aggressive movement on the part of France. Prussia is quite strong enough to defend her frontiers single-handed, and with the co-operation, which would infallibly be brought about on the occasion of any aggressive movement of France on Coblenz or Mayence, of the South German governments, she would be strong enough, under favourable circumstances, even to render the war disastrous to the second French empire.

The misfortune of Germany, and especially of Prussia, is that it is overrun, like most other countries, by a party of dreamy, discontented, obstructive persons, who believe that they belong to the party of progress, when they are, in reality, the obstinate representatives of the party of retrogression. Just as the Conservative party in England has been the only one to carry a Reform Bill, even when opposed by the so-called liberal party, whose only avocations were promised reforms; so in Prussia the so-called party of progress is doing everything in its power to prevent or impede the fulfilment of that unification of Germany which is being brought about by the Conservatives, and which would most tend to the power and prosperity of a common fatherland. Recent experience has, indeed, shown that in many countries besides England the so-called liberals are by no means the most patriotic classes.

When, on the 12th of February of the present year, the Prussian people approached the electoral urns for the North German imperial diet, all sensible men clearly saw the point of view which ought to guide them in the performance of the elective act. Austria had been ejected from Germany, South Germany was vanquished, North Germany connected with Prussia under the influence of the Prussian victories, and the constitution for the North German confederacy agreed on by the federal governments. That constitution did not, it is true, unite all Germany, though there was a desire entertained in many quarters that such should be the case, but the momentary means of power were insufficient for the accomplishment of such an object. The constitution, moreover, did not contain all those liberal guarantees which many people desired, although there were so many points recommending its acceptance. Though it did not unite all Germany, it nevertheless united thirty millions of Germans into one great constitutional commonwealth, and it contained, though not everything that was desired, yet many of those things that were needed. But the principal consideration was, that if the constitution was rejected the whole confederation would necessarily fall to pieces, and that such a mishap would excite the sneers of its enemies at Vienna and Paris. It was this consideration which guided the majority at the imperial diet in passing their votes, and thus was accomplished that work by which the North German confederacy gained a firm foundation. The majority were animated with the national idea, and to that idea they justly sacrificed all their party theories.

There seems, however, much reason to apprehend that the next imperial diet will assume a very different aspect. The national idea appearing to be secured, party theories will resume a greater influence, and parties will show a greater tendency to separate from and to oppose each other than they did at the first imperial diet. The party which voted against the federal constitution is fast regaining its former ascend-

ancy; the progress men are of opinion that now, more than ever, the North German confederation requires as representatives, not men who take into account the actual circumstances and accommodate their actions to the posture of affairs, but characters pursuing their aim with unwavering determination, despising all compromises, and only bent on depriving the government of all power, and reducing it to absolute obedience.

The so-called progress party indulges in the hope of obtaining, by the help of this idea, the majority at the next elections. In addition to this, the confidence which the government had gained by its military victories of last year has well-nigh evaporated among the masses in consequence of the opposition carried on against the government by hundreds of little newspapers and petty periodicals. The populace is made to believe that the government thinks of nothing but how to augment the taxes, and that an augmentation of taxes must inevitably lead to want of employment. In fact, it would be impossible to act more unpatriotically than the progress party does, and if the liberals of the new provinces and of the small states belonging to the North German confederacy were not wiser than the members of the Prussian progress party are, there would be much reason to apprehend that the national unity, which has been gained at such a cost of life and treasure, would be lost again as speedily as it has been brought about.

There are also parties in North Germany, and whole circles in South Germany, hostile to Prussia, who would take pleasure in seeing the North German confederacy tumble to pieces, or Prussia become involved in a disastrous war which would bring about the same deplorable results. These parties aver that Count Bismark was ready and willing to surrender not only the question of guarantees to Germans in North Schleswig, but that that statesman is also willing to surrender both Duppel and Alsen for the sake of preserving the peace, and that he would certainly do so but for the king's opposition. It can, however, be readily foreseen, that as the royal prerogative is paramount in questions of foreign policy and of war, in the event of the latter being brought about by this untoward Schleswig question, the so-called progress party will be brought with the liberals of the new provinces and states under military conscription as part of the North German confederation, and will have to ventilate their theories on the field of battle, whilst the parties hostile to Prussian ascendancy in South Germany will have to give way before that first and most imperious of all the instincts of human nature—that of self-preservation.

It is necessary, to form a correct opinion as to the actual and real amount of the discontent which is said to prevail in the new provinces in consequence of the introduction of institutions from the old country, to understand and to know that the voices expressing that discontent proceed but to a very limited extent from the new provinces themselves. In closely examining the articles which are cited in newspapers of the old country as proofs of dissatisfaction in the new provinces, it will be found that most of them owe their origin to newspapers published in the old country, more especially such as have been edited at Berlin. Many of those papers, particularly the lithographed *Correspondence*, imagine they require discontent in the new provinces for enabling themselves to carry out their factious purposes. Accordingly, everything calculated to hurt

those provinces and to excite their discontent is emphatically expatiated on, and placed in the most unfavourable light. Exaggeration is unsparingly employed, and even the most obvious falsehoods are resorted to. A most productive field is, for example, offered to the opponents of the government by the alterations in the methods of taxation, projected in consequence of the reconstruction of the Zollverein. Those alterations are represented by them as intolerable grievances in the shape of augmentations of the taxes, whereas such statements are utterly unfounded.

The fact is, however, that the existence of a party of malcontents in North Germany no more weakens the existing confederation than the disloyalty of the misguided Catholic peasantry of Ireland weakens Great Britain. The middle and upper classes are almost to a man well affected, and in Ireland, as in Germany, the discontented enlist or emigrate at their own free will, or brood over imaginary wrongs, subjected to the laws which they consider themselves so well qualified to reform or to set at defiance. So also with regard to the anti-Prussian party in the southern states, the effectual creation of that military and political alliance which so recently roused France to a condition of bellicose frenzy, leaves the party in question in the position of a helpless minority, and obliges the southern states, even if they were not called upon to act in case of French aggression by considerations of personal safety, to do so in virtue of the alliance thus concluded. Were the question to be decided between France and Prussia simply one of the cession of North Schleswig to Denmark, of the boundaries to be adopted, and of the guarantees to be given to the Germans residing in that territory, no reasonable beings could establish thereon a *casus belli*. But it is not only that France regards the military power of Prussia with feelings of rivalry, and the unification of Germany as a menace, it is also vain enough to put forward that unification as establishing a domination of Germany in the affairs of the Continent which is injurious to the just influence of France! Such a plea is as insulting to Russia, to Great Britain, and to Austria, as it is to Germany. Is it fit or proper that any one nation should dominate on the Continent to the exclusion of all others? It may be very gratifying to French vanity to consider itself as the arbiter of fashion and elegance, the *caput et frons* of literature, art, and science, the advance guard of civilisation, matchless in arms, and dominant in politics, but the peace of Europe would not rest on safer grounds were all these elements of supremacy firmly established, than if they were even in part disputed by other nations. But to be ever ready to substantiate the claims of France to political domination in the affairs of Europe by force of arms, is to place other powers in such a position of inferiority as to almost make it desirable even to those who, from a multitude of reasons, amongst which friendly regard stands uppermost, would not wish to witness such a result, that a nation which claims so much should be made to feel the bitterness of a condign humiliation.

There is no question but that whilst deprecating a war of conquest, France, even to the extreme democratic party, as represented by Baron Dupin and by Monsieur Jules Favre, look upon the unification of Germany, under the leadership of Prussia, as a danger to the country. This is unquestionably a mere sentimental view of the fact, and is utterly unsupported by historical antecedents, by actual experience, or by common

sense. France has, in the progress of consolidation and in the process of aggrandisement, taken much more from Germany than Germany ever has from France. France has, from the days of Charlemagne to those of Louis XIV., and from that epoch to the times of Napoleon the Great, and even of Napoleon III.—witness the annexation of Savoy and Nice—been more aggressive than Germany. It is true that Prussia has shown herself aggressive in our own times, but it has been solely in view of confederating Germany under one head, obtaining an available sea-board, and of establishing the rule of a Protestant and German dynasty over a united fatherland, as opposed to the rule of a Catholic dynasty, whose sway depended upon the agglomeration of various nationalities. Prussia has in reality, no more than any other German state, made any aggressive demonstration against France, nor is it its interest to do so. It does not seek aggrandisement in the direction of France, and its conduct in the Luxemburg question, a federal fortress held by a Prussian force, and coming when the unification of Germany should have been effected under Prussian rule, as held by the King of Holland only as a federal duke, was decidedly of a marked pacific and conciliatory character. There is nothing, then, in historical antecedents, or in the experience of what is going on in our own times, to warrant the deduction that the unification of Germany is any way a danger to France. Such a unification unquestionably gives much greater power to Germany, as one grand military and political confederation, to resist any encroachments on the part of France, than when divided into a number of different states and territories, acting sometimes, as in the days of the great Napoleon, adversely to one another; but there is nothing on the other side to warrant the supposition that such a unification will be used in an aggressive spirit against France any more than against Russia, Austria, Turkey, Italy, or any other country, excepting Denmark and Holland, in which Prussia urges the rights, so often insisted upon by the Emperor of France himself, of the aggregation of nationalities. If France should enter upon a war of mere rivalry with Germany, the latter, if successful, would naturally put forward those historical and national claims to the Germanic provinces of France, which certainly would not otherwise be brought forward. Common sense would dictate, then, to France the wisdom of remaining content with what she possesses, in the presence of the unification of Germany, rather than to tempt what Napoleon III. has himself designated as “the happy chances of war,” to extend the frontier to the left bank of the Lower Rhine, when the said chances may have as a result the loss of Alsatia and Lorraine.

It has been said that we in England are in the habit of attaching undue importance to the armaments of our continental neighbours. We are apt to forget that France is not protected from invasion by nature as England is; that her territory is counterminous with that of her enemy; and that a much larger armed force is necessary to guard an extended line of land frontier, than if it were open to the country threatened to choose its own point of defence. The army is to France what the navy is to England—the natural and necessary means of protection. It is unavoidable that it should be maintained in a much larger proportion to the population than in countries which are protected by the sea. There is also a greater necessity for the armed force being kept in perpetual readiness for active

service. The difference between an English and a French standing army is, in fact, precisely such as between a ship of war in ordinary and a ship in commission. On our side, perhaps, we are too much inclined to rely upon the potential efficiency of our army, and too apt to let a weapon rust which is so rarely required except for offence. But an active and powerful army is the bulwark of France. She can never afford to run the risk of neglecting that which is her main national resource—the guarantee of her independence, the foundation of her greatness, if not of her existence. This is to a certain extent true, but the French themselves admit that the military levies and preparations at present going on are excessive and onerous beyond precedent; that they exceed what is necessary for the defence of the country, and that they must have an offensive object in view. This, too, at a time when Prussia is neither prepared nor inclined to assume the offensive against France. The conciliatory line of conduct which she adopted, mainly at the instigation of England, in the Luxemburg question, fully attests this. She has enough to do to quiet dissension at home, to bring the confederated states of the north under her political, military, and commercial régime, and to establish a firm alliance with the Southern German states, without involving herself in a great war with a powerful military rival. France may view the aggrandisement of Prussia on the Elbe and in the Danish provinces, and the extension of her influence in Bavaria and Würtemberg with distrust, but to interfere in the domestic arrangements of Germany, and especially to interfere by force of arms, is at once to unite all Germany in one common bond against such presumptuous conduct.

Yet it has been further argued that, whether or not such a country as France, inspired with a proud military sentiment, and with ample cause to be jealous of her prowess, is not sometimes too sensitive to take offence, is a question which strangers can hardly ever decide satisfactorily. Every nation must be admitted to be the best guardian of its own honour, and the best judge of its own interests. There can be no general standard by which to form any kind of international opinion as to whether any nation has an army too strong or too weak. It is one of the vainest things in the world, too, for one nation to preach to another of what should be the measure of its armed force; and this is peculiarly likely to be without fruit when it is suspected, with or without cause, that the country advising has a personal interest in the course recommended. It is easy for such a country as England both to preach peace and to practise it. Our own frontiers are supposed to be sufficiently well guarded; a very doubtful case. We suppose that we have no enemy to fear, and we are certainly and happily careless of mere sentimental rivalry. It is not very easy for us to indulge in large armies upon British soil, even if it were our humour to do so. It is not the kind of vanity to which we are prone. It is no wonder, therefore, that we should be apt to be a little severe in its condemnation when we perceive it in a neighbour. To the intellect of an ordinary Frenchman, trained in the traditions of his country, and little accustomed to regard such questions from a catholic point of view, the fact that England remonstrated against so large a French army would be no argument for its reduction. The French armament is not maintained to please the neighbours of France. However disinterested

we may be in our zeal for peace, we must expect our motives to be questioned so long as nations share in the infirmities of individuals.

But the peace of Europe is threatened to be broken, upon what must avowedly appear to all disinterested observers as a most insufficient pretext. There is no longer any reason to doubt that France is preparing for a war of aggression, or that the French people are inclined for it, to a degree unequalled during the last quarter of a century. They will admit of no rival in arms. The very danger, it has been said, is all the more formidable from the very vagueness of the preliminary causes of quarrel. If it were a case where a positive injury had been inflicted or endured on one side or the other, we might hope that the question could be settled by reference to the general tribunal of the great European powers. But now that Austria has been temporarily humbled, who are the great powers? There are only Russia and Great Britain, and Russia may take one side, or make of a European war a means of personal aggrandisement in the East; but it will not interfere, and Great Britain is by no means so great as an aggressive power to do so with effect. Her very prestige suffered grievously from the spoliation of the Danish provinces.

As to Spain, Italy, Turkey, or Scandinavia, they are but as secondary powers compared with France and Prussia when armed to the teeth. It is well to face the facts as they really stand. Italy, with Rome as a capital, and its finances recruited, may become a great power, and Austria, falling back upon Hungary and her Slavonian provinces, will rise like a giant refreshed; but Spain can only rise by an internal revolution, and Muhammadan Turkey will never become a power in Europe. Norway, Sweden, and Denmark united would be powerful for defence, but as little so for offence as Great Britain. How many had plumed themselves upon the idea that a prominent ground of offence between France and Prussia, which appeared to be a tangible subject for discussion, having been arranged peacefully by the interposition of England, the embers of war had been finally extinguished? The fact of France advancing a claim to Luxemburg was of itself a key-note to war; if it was induced to accept an arrangement, it was simply because it was not ready, and it was the year for harvesting the proceeds of a great Exhibition. The Luxemburg question, like that of Mayenoe, and Rastadt, and the Schleswig question (and plenty of these questions will surge to the surface in the progress of the dispute), were, and are still, only covers for the real quarrel between France and Prussia. It is a question of military and political supremacy, and of the possession of the left bank of the Rhine. In such a case mediation is utterly hopeless. The fact that a good feeling between the two neighbours on the Rhine has not followed upon the adjustment of the Luxemburg dispute, proves that the sources of disagreement lie deeper than diplomacy can reach. It shows that the question between France and Prussia is not one of frontier fortresses or of the interpretation of treaties. The Prussian garrison has departed from Luxemburg, and still the sentiment of France is not satisfied. Prussia, on its side, is as careless to wound as France is sensitive to hurt. Neither can very well recede without subjecting herself to what, in her own eyes, must appear a humiliation. The triumphs of the one country are no less dangerous to peace than the reverses of the other. The one government has lately acquired an unexpected and sudden increase of

grandeur, while the other, almost simultaneously, has been subject in Mexico to a mortifying and disastrous discomfiture. If ever there was a time when we might anticipate a collision between the two countries whom the Rhine divides, it is now. With every exchange of taunts we have an increase of armament on each side; and each fresh proof of material power only makes the possessor of it more sensitive to those verbal attacks which nations, as well as individuals, find it so hard to bear.

By the strict rule of the principle of non-intervention, the quarrels of our neighbours are none of our business. We are bound to let the war be, so long as it does not concern ourselves. But it has been argued that it is hardly possible that such a war should be confined to the Rhine border. No great European quarrel was ever fought out between the two original principals solely, and the tendency for a war to spread and become general is greater in these latter days than ever it was before. Are we, then, prepared to remain with our weapons sheathed in any turn of the quarrel, and even though others, having no more concern in it than ourselves, should think fit to join on one side or the other? We do not at all agree with the issue here anticipated. Instead of the tendency of war to spread in modern times, the new armaments and systems tend to limit its operation. The campaign of 1866, in which Prussia, Austria, Italy, Bavaria, and Würtemberg were engaged, was yet brief, and failed to compromise other countries. If we could afford to hold by non-intervention when Denmark was spoiled of its provinces, and at a time when we could have interfered with effect, there was no longer time to interfere when Hanover was lost to the family reigning over Great Britain. There is no reason to believe as yet that the interests of Great Britain will be more severely jeopardised in a war between France and Prussia, than they were in the war between Austria and Prussia and Denmark, and which led to the war between Austria and Prussia and Italy. If others, having no more concern in the war than ourselves, should think fit to join one side or the other, that is no reason why we should do so, unless our interests, our honour, or our safety became seriously involved in the progress of events and the unforeseen combinations or disasters—as, for example, the overrunning of Belgium—that might follow upon it.

To side with either of the belligerents also presents great difficulties. No good could possibly come of any such Quixotic interference. If ever we had intended to go hand in hand with France, it ought to have been to aid her in establishing an empire in Mexico, and in sustaining the Southern Confederacy. By so doing, we might have placed the British provinces of North America for ever out of harm's way; but to side with France in a war with Germany, would only be to bring Russia and Austria at once into the field. Again, family ties unite this country with Prussia and other German states, yet to side with Germany and enter upon a war with our nearest and most powerful neighbour, whose friendship we have so zealously cultivated, whose commercial intercommunication we have so laboured to enhance, and whose ruler, whatever may be his faults, has always behaved loyally towards us, would be worse than a crime—it would be the greatest possible mistake, and might entail the most terrible reprisals, for what would be justly termed our perfidy, at

some future epoch in our history. France and Prussia may settle their rivalry on the Rhine; it will not the less remain for Great Britain and France to one day settle the question of the sovereignty of the seas with those who claim America as solely for the Americans, and the Pacific and the Atlantic as American lakes. A different system with regard to our colonies might, as we have before propounded, place us in a position of independence with regard to France in case of war with America; but as such a system seems to find no support among those in power, it would, under existing circumstances, be almost suicidal to side against France for the sake of Prussia. To side with France, again, would inevitably entail the immediate breaking up of the Turkish rule in Europe, and the Sultan's provinces would pass almost without a blow into the hands of Russia and Austria. A difference of opinion may arise when others, having no more concern in the war than ourselves, may think fit to join one side or the other; or when others, with the most anxious desire to keep aloof, may get involved in the vortex; but these may be discussed as they arise, and in the mean time diplomatic interference in a question of such magnitude will only expose the interferers to contumely, and involve "giddy heads in foreign quarrel."

A further guarantee to the hope that other nations will not be involved in a war between France and Prussia, is to be found in the fact that neither are as yet supposed to have secured any important foreign alliances. Prussia declares that the best alliance she can have is her magnificent army, in conjunction with the armies of the northern, and it hopes of the southern states, her well-organised finances, her independence of parliamentary majorities in foreign affairs, both as regards peace and war, and lastly, her readiness at all times to stand up for the interests of the German nation, irrespective of territorial divisions. "There is, then," says the *New Prussian (Cross) Gazette*, "no necessity for seeking to establish alliances, for if they be natural alliances they will not be slow to arise of themselves. Moreover, not more or less hazardous experiments, but necessity, as we all know, is the best guide in contracting an alliance." This may be taken as a pretty broad hint to the southern states, as also to such minor states as still hold more or less aloof from the bonds of the North German confederacy.

But as to France, late events have shown that she has been doing her utmost to contract an alliance with Austria, preparatory to the coming war with Prussia. There is, however, every reason to believe that M. de Beust has steadfastly declined to pledge himself to so dangerous a course, nor does it appear that the Emperor Napoleon's anticipation of the Kaiser's visit, by meeting him more than half way, or the visit of the Kaiser himself to the metropolis of France, have overcome the scruples which oppose themselves to such an alliance. No doubt it would be gratifying to the Austrians to have an early opportunity of avenging Sadowa, and there is no telling what the Emperor Napoleon may not have held out to tempt the Kaiser into an alliance; but, on the other hand, M. de Beust's pique against his old rival, Count Bismark, must give way before the consideration that the task of Austria in the projected alliance would be to pull out of the fire the chesnuts which France means to make a meal of. Nor is public feeling in Vienna at all favourable to a French alliance. Common sense is by no means deficient in the Austrian capital, and it

requires but little discrimination on the part of the Austrians to perceive that France, in seeking for their alliance at this the third hour, is looking solely to her own interests, and not to those of Austria. Besides this, the Austrians know full well that all their dealings with the Second Empire have been disastrous; her hostility cost Austria, Lombardy; her friendship did not prevent Sadowa; when a word from the Tuileries would have prevented Prussia's moving a single regiment, France was silent—a reticence which she now bitterly regrets; when Austria sued for the French alliance last year, the reply was, "I will not bind myself to a corpse." The fate of Maximilian has also produced a powerful impression on the Austrians, and has strengthened their conviction that 'tis better using France than trusting France." Such an alliance would, further, be highly unpopular throughout the German parts of the empire; the populations having no wish to war against the fatherland for the mere political and territorial aggrandisement of France. Austria has thus, laying aside the chances of Russian interference, if she throws her power into the balance against Germany, nothing to gain by such a suicidal act but the temporary gratification of a paltry feeling of revenge, whilst she has everything to lose by joining the "hereditary enemy" of Germany.

It is impossible to predict anything as to the results of a war between two great military powers like France and Prussia. France has its traditions of superiority over continental powers; but even under the great Napoleon sad reverses were ultimately experienced. The triumphs of Napoleon III. over the Austrians in Italy surprised most thinking men, and served to confirm the prestige of success; but Magenta was nearly proving fatal to the French forces, and the emperor himself hesitated in presence of the Quadrilateral. The Prussians have also their traditions, and the prestige of recent successes and experience. But those who have read our carefully digested account of the campaigns of 1866 will not have failed to observe that many of their victories over the Austrians and Germans were, notwithstanding their marked superiority in arms, ably, and, in some cases, nearly successfully contested. Even at Sadowa the army corps of the centre was paralysed during the greater part of the combat, and would, in all probability, have been overthrown, but for the successes of the army corps of the left and right. The Austrians were further placed at a great disadvantage by the conflicting opinions of the ruling powers and the commander-in-chief, which led to hesitation, to holding back forces which should have been hurried to the front, and finally, to giving a decisive battle in a false position. France has in its favour its well-known efficiency in military arrangements, and a presumed superiority of weapons, which will be added to that prestige of success which tells so strongly with soldiers, but which is equally quickly cooled by a check. The system of conscription, which permits of substitutes, is also favourable to the raising of large bodies of rude and reckless men, while the raising of officers from the ranks ensures their being led by brave men, who are equally reckless of the lives of the soldiers under their command. The Prussians have also the prestige of efficient musketry instruction with tried weapons.

Their system of conscription, which does not admit of substitutes, is also much vaunted as supplying the army with intelligent combatants;

but the obligation thus imposed upon the middle classes of serving in the ranks, not as volunteers, but as conscripts, is objectionable on many grounds: it deprives the countries that adopt such a system of the sinews of material prosperity, entails ruin on the family, and drives many to America and other distant countries. It is also but imperfectly adapted for bringing that reckless intrepidity into the field of battle which is one of the elements of success—this, however, the experience of the war of 1866 may be fairly said to place in doubt—nor would an army composed even in part of such materials be expected to stand the wear and tear, the fatigues, privations, and exposure of a prolonged campaign. But, again, the old system of warfare, such as in the days of Marlborough and Eugène, causing armies to lay for months entrenched in swamps before strong places, is now utterly exploded. The campaigns in Central Germany, in Saxony, Moravia, and Bohemia, and in Italy, were all brought to a conclusion by combats in the open field, and not by the investment or capture of strong places. Even Königstein was left with its garrison in the rear of the victorious Prussians. The battles of the Quadrilateral were fought both by the French and the Italians in the open fields of Solferino and Custoza with different results.

Taking all the various points of comparison into consideration, the Prussian army corps will be in all respects on a par with that of France, which will only have the advantage of the best fleet with which to operate at available points in the North Sea or the Baltic. The Prussian leaders have the advantage of education and experience, but they have not, like the French, risen from subaltern ranks, and they cannot, therefore, be supposed to possess the same military instinct which has placed the latter in positions of the highest distinction. The Prussian soldier, on the other hand, possesses that Anglo-Saxon stubbornness, and that Teutonic power of resistance, which is best adapted to cope with the impetuosity of the Franks, and if the latter should not meet with brilliant successes on their first advance to or across the Rhine, the campaign is very likely to be to them an untoward one, if not positively disastrous. If the French would, if victorious, rectify their frontiers by annexing the left bank of the Lower Rhine, so would the Germans, if successful, most certainly annex the old Germanic states on the left bank of the Middle Rhine, leaving the Vosges to constitute the eastern frontier of the turbulent Gauls. It would, perhaps, be better for the future peace of Europe that the latter should be the result of a war undertaken without sufficient reasons to excuse the waste of life and treasure, and the misery and wretchedness, that will be entailed upon whole populations by a sanguinary warfare, not to mention the baneful influence of war upon general prosperity, and the chance of involving other non-belligerent nations in this rivalry of two adjacent military powers. If France must aggrandise itself in the presence of a United Germany, it would be wiser to do so by unjust aggressions among the Latin races of the south than by the forcible annexation of the Protestant nations of the north of Europe, and it is not yet certain if the astute Emperor of the French will not yet be influenced by the superior wisdom (laying aside all considerations of rectitude) of the latter course of action.

THE DEEPPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

By M. SULLIVAN.

PART THE EIGHTH.

I.

THE DAY BEFORE.

"SUICIDE!" Mrs. Ashton presently repeated, in answer to a question from Robert. "Yes, she used to hold very odd opinions about suicide when she was quite a girl. I know I used to feel quite shocked at her sometimes."

"I wish she'd put 'em in practice now," muttered Robert.

"She won't do anything of the kind."

"I don't suppose she will, to oblige us. But about these opinions; what were they?"

"I am sure I don't remember, except that they were profane and shocking."

"Something about hanging yourself to the bedpost for a lark?"

"Oh no, Robert; not about doing anything for a lark. I think it was a notion she had that suicide under certain circumstances might be justifiable, if one were very hard pressed. It was wicked of her to imagine such a thing, of course. There was a poem that she was very fond of, composed by Hood, called *The Bridge*—my memory fails me, but I think it was about a girl who behaved improperly, and was deserted by her lover, and drowned herself. I did not think it was a fit thing for Grace to read. I am sure I tried to be as careful of her as I could, but she was so odd and so wilful. Oh dear! she was always a trouble to me—always."

"Never mind that now; try to keep to the matter in hand. Did she copy out the poetry, or write anything about it? Susan has a great bundle of papers somewhere, belonging to her."

"Yes; they are in a box in the front attic. I don't know what they are about; extracts from books, and such-like, I believe."

Robert volunteered to bring down the box, but Mrs. Ashton declined to be left alone, and went up-stairs with him. The papers were tied together in bundles, and were partly, as Mrs. Ashton had said, extracts from books, and partly jottings down of thoughts, fancies, and opinions. Suddenly Robert's eye was caught by the words "*black river*," in the beginning of a poem that was headed "*Esther*," and signed G. A. He set to work laboriously to read and understand it; the realm of poetry was to him unknown ground, but his earnest desire to understand what he read, partly supplied the place of intelligence and cultivation. The poem had been written by Grace after she had read and studied *The Bridge of Sighs*, and some of the verses ran thus:

Down to the sullen depths
Of the black river,
Where the swift currents cease,
Where one eternal peace
Broodeth for ever ;

Slowly it sank, and sank,
Lower and lower,
Swayed by the ebb and flow,
Faintly rocked to and fro,
Slower and slower ;

Sank to the depths at last
Of the still water,
Now an unfathomed plain
Flows between earthly pain
And Sorrow's Daughter.

"Refuge of all," she said,
"Thou wilt not leave me.
Oh, let me come to Thee,
Shut not Thy love from me,
Deign to receive me.

"Thou knowest, Thou, from whom
Nothing is hidden,
That not in recklessness,
Nor in rebelliousness,
Come I, unbidden.

"I leave a living tomb,
This world has grown one,
Oh Holy One and Just,
I come to Thee in trust,
Pity the lone one.

"And as the Jewish Queen
Near the Throne ventured,
Driven by deep despair,
Though no voice called her there,
And was uncensured ;

"Even so stretch to me
The golden sceptre ;
All other hope is gone—
Look with compassion on
Another Esther."

"Who the deuce was Esther?" This was Robert's commentary.

"Oh, some one in the Bible—a Jewish queen, as the poem says. It was not lawful for her to approach the king without permission, but as she was in trouble, and wanted him to help her, she ventured to do so, and he held out the golden sceptre to her as a sign of mercy. Grace turns the story, quite profanely, into the history of a suicide. I don't suppose that any respectable publisher would print such stuff as that."

"Never mind, it will serve our purpose very well. Is there a date to it?"

"No."

"Then we must put one. I think I can manage to date it for this month in her handwriting, but I would rather do it by daylight. To-

morrow I must talk to Susan; and now I think we may as well go to bed."

"I shall not sleep—I shall count the hours till it gets light. Oh, why was she ever born to bring us to this?" moaned the old sinner.

"Why, as to that, I don't suppose she could help being born; it's her infernal obstinacy that drives us to extremes. Get some spirit-and-water before you go up-stairs, and you'll sleep well enough. I shan't be sorry for some myself."

The box of papers was returned to its place, minus the poem that had been abstracted from it, and on the following morning Robert began to work his newly conceived scheme, by persuading Susan to leave Tyne Hall at once.

"But I have some time yet to count upon. I shall be so long away," she answered, in great surprise.

"Well, I don't know about that, Sue. The old one thinks your time may be nearer than you fancy, and, at all events, you will get less and less able to look after Grace."

"But how will you look after her for three months, perhaps, or even longer?"

"Oh, very well. I've made up my mind to come and live down here for a good while, and economise. I shall have to stop here, you see, if you go away, and it will be a good thing for me, and for all of us."

"And your creditors, Robert?"

"Oh, I shall be retrenching by living here. I can find a way to keep them off till dividend time comes round again."

"And where am I to go to?"

"Well, that's what I don't exactly know. I thought that you might know of some one who lets lodgings in a quiet way, and would take you in and look after you, and the kid when it comes."

"I do know of a lodging-house keeper who would take me if she has room," Susan answered, "but I feel, somehow, as if I should never come back. Do you think my cough is worse than when you were last here?"

"No, better. Take a mash every night, and you'll soon get well."

"But I cannot see why I need go away yet," Susan declared.

Robert was anxious not to arouse her suspicions.

"You see," he explained, "the only thing for me just now is to live quietly, that I may not get deeper in the mire. Now, if I go off at once to this lodging-house, and make an agreement with the woman to take you on a short notice, I shall be really obliged to stay here instead of you, myself, and I'll give all my time and attention to looking after Grace. But if you stay here, I shall be tempted to cut as soon as I hear of anything jolly that may be going on. It's so (somethinged) dull in this old beast of a ruin."

Susan saw the force of the argument, and gave her consent to the new arrangement.

Before twenty-four hours had passed over; a temporary home had been secured for her, with all the attendance that her circumstances required, and Robert urged her immediate departure, declaring that if she did not go at once, he should be unable to resist the temptation of attending some races which were about to be held in Lincolnshire, and at which he would be sure to meet some of his old acquaintances, whom he espe-

cially desired to avoid during the next few months. Economy, as he said with a sigh, would be hard to practise, but it would be his only chance; all the cunning of his nature, which with him supplied the place of intelligence, came to his aid as he reasoned with Susan, and finally she allowed herself to be persuaded, and the clock struck the last hour of her stay at Tyne Hall, Basnet. But it was not without many apprehensions that she took leave of her prisoner; she had the great fear before her eyes that women, who are no longer very young, realise with all the more distinctness—the fear of her approaching trial, and of its possible results.

"It's likely enough that you and I may never meet again," she said to Grace; "or perhaps you may succeed after all, and I may get over my trouble only to stand in the prisoner's dock, and to hear you swear away all my chances in this world. But, oh, Grace, don't attempt that; you don't know Robert" (Susan thought that she knew all his plans thoroughly herself), "and you don't imagine what he might be driven to do, if he found you trying to get away. Don't drive him, my dear; for your own sake, for his, for mine and the baby's, try not to think of such a thing. What good would it do you to get us all transported?"

"I must do what I feel to be right, without reference to consequences," Grace answered, firmly.

But when the last farewell was spoken between these strangely circumstanced friends, the prisoner's heart sank, and she felt in some inexplicable way, not that she had got rid of a barrier between herself and liberty, but rather that she had lost a protector and an ally.

Robert watched her very closely during the remainder of the day; and he anxiously inspected the rooms that were allotted to her, to see whether any of the damages and dilapidations worked by time might afford her the means of escape. He came to the conclusion that, unless she could fly like a bird or climb like a squirrel, she was, for the present, tolerably secure. The next day he wrote and posted the following letter:

"MY DEAR SUSAN,—You will be glad to hear that Grace seems to be a little more reasonable since you went away. Perhaps she had some faint hope of winning you over to her own notions, and now that you are gone she sees that it would be useless to try on any game of that kind with me or the old lady. It will be very jolly for us all if she does change her mind, and agree to share with us in all the benefits of the scheme, and I really think I might win her round with care and patience. She is not so infernally obstinate as we thought. I send you this one bit of good news, which is the best that you could possibly have, and remain

"Your affectionate husband,

"R. A."

"P.S.—Grace has just given me a rigmarole of verses that she wants you to copy out. I can't imagine what she wants them copied for, but she has some reason, because she says that after a time she will write to you herself, and tell you all about it. I think it is much better to gratify her in any harmless fancy, so copy them quickly, and be particular to make no mistakes. Put in every word, date and all, and give her nothing to complain of. Burn this, and answer quickly."

"I think that will do," Robert soliloquised; "women are so preciously easy taken in! Stop a minute though, I didn't tell her to send back the verses with the copy."

He added this request, and directed the letter to Mrs. Marsh, after which he walked to the post-office with it himself.

On his return, he found Mrs. Ashton cowering over the fire, in an attitude that was becoming habitual to her.

"It's almost too hot for a fire to-night," he observed, taking a seat beside her.

"Not for me. I get to shiver in the sunshine now, and this place is so damp and miserable, I shall never have a moment's rest till I turn my back on it for ever."

"Well, that time won't be long in coming now. I've written to Susan this very day, sending her the verses, and telling her to copy them out and return them, with the copy. Then I shall have something to show in support of the suicide dodge."

"You told her to send the verses back that you might burn them, I suppose?"

"Yes; I had a notion that she might leave them about with the letter, though I told her to burn it. The letter alone, and the verses alone, would not do much harm; very few people would be able to make head or tail out of either, separately, but together they would be the devil!"

"I am afraid—I am so afraid!" Mrs. Ashton repeated, pursuing the thoughts that his suggestion had conjured up; "it seems that we might be betrayed in so many ways, by so many small chances. And the dreadful work that is before us! If it could only be done in the light! But the darkness is so frightful."

"Hold your tongue, will you?" Robert angrily repeated. "How do you know whether that brute of a servant is listening?"

But Hannah was far too indifferent to all sublunary concerns, unconnected with her own personal comforts, to think of playing the part of a listener.

Susan's answer arrived by return of post, enclosing the verses, and a neatly written copy, which she "hoped would please Grace." She expressed some surprise at Grace's request, and at the doleful character of the verses, and fervent pleasure at the unexpected news contained in Robert's letter. Her reply, and the poem in Grace's handwriting, were burnt, and now Robert told Mrs. Ashton that she must collect her thoughts, and write the copy of a letter to Mr. Renshaw, with all her wits about her. "You are a much better hand at letter-writing than I am," he added; and this was quite true. The letter was written, pondered over, and re-written, and the words, when it was completed, were these:

"MY DEAR MR. RENSHAW,—You will be grieved to hear that both grandmamma and myself have suffered much uneasiness for some time past on account of the very singular mental condition into which our poor Grace has fallen. You will remember her state of nervous depression when she was at Deepdale after the death of her cousin, and both you and Mrs. Renshaw will be sorry to hear that she is now suffering from a more severe attack of the same kind. Everything that we can think of

has been done to cheer and rouse her, but we have not yet called in any medical advice, and grandmamma now agrees with me that it will be necessary to do so. I want to know whether you can refer me to any London doctor who is skilled in treating brain disease, for we cannot help fearing that she is threatened with something of that kind, as she speaks of being tempted to self-destruction, and uses wild expressions at times, especially within the last few days. I enclose some verses that she has composed, and that seem to bear upon the state of her mind at present. If you can recommend some doctor accustomed to treat these sad cases, we shall be very greatly obliged to you, and with kindest regards to Mrs. Renshaw from both of us, I remain,

"Very truly yours,

"ROBERT ASHTON."

"It looks very well," Robert declared, when he had fairly copied it out. "I wonder whether that infernal nuisance of a Brooks has seen old Renshaw since he came here, and has told him that we were going abroad? If he has, we must say that we altered our minds, that's all. Now for the post-office." He went out to post the letter. "A bold stroke," he said to himself, "and then it will be over. Susan may guess, but she will never know. The old one cannot last long, I should think; she is shaky now, and ready to shy at her own shadow. Ought to have blinkers on when she's exercised. When once she's gone, not a soul will know how we managed it—not another soul! But there's a great deal to be done now, and I only hope I may be able to keep the old one up to the mark!" With which aspiration he dropped his letter into the box. "And now, granny," he said that evening, "we must make up our minds to act without delay. That letter of mine may bring old Renshaw down here, as likely as not, and then there'll be a jolly explosion of all our plans. By Jove! I think we had better drown *ourselves* instead of—well, never mind, instead of doing anything else, if it comes to that. *We must act to-morrow night!*"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" the old woman repeated.

"Come, no snivelling," Robert grimly interrupted. "For the last time, are you willing, or are you not?"

"I am not willing. I would rather do anything else, because I am so afraid they will find it out. But there seems nothing else to be done."

"Nothing at all, except to be transported for the term of our natural lives. But if we go properly to work there is no chance of our being discovered, and we shall have plenty of money and the world before us. Are you willing?"

"Yes," the old sinner replied.

"That's settled, then. And now for the best way of acting. There is no moon now, or none to speak of, and to-morrow night will suit us very well. By-and-by you tell her that I am going to take you out for a day's excursion to-morrow, and that she must go with us, because we can't very well leave her at home. She'll be willing enough to go, because she will hope to get some chance of escape, or of speaking to some one, or of dropping a letter, perhaps. I must look jolly well after her to see that she doesn't play any tricks. And we must manage to tire her thoroughly, so that she may sleep heavily—to-morrow night."

"Perhaps Hannah might not sleep well; she might hear us," Mrs. Ashton suggested.

"Oh—a—confound that girl! What on earth shall we do about her?"

"Couldn't we manage to give her a dose of opium? They won't make a——" Mrs. Ashton stopped, and shuddered.

"A post mortem on *her*? No, not exactly, but it might be found out in other ways; it might make her ill the next day, and it would be ruinous to have such a thing suspected. What else to do, though? It would look almost as bad to give her a holiday, and tell her to stay out all night."

"She asked me for a holiday about three weeks ago," said Mrs. Ashton.

"I wish to Heaven she would ask for it now! Did you give her one?"

"No. I said that she could not be spared at present."

"That's better. Do her friends live near here?"

"Oh no, I was obliged to take care of that, to prevent gossip as much as I could; her mother lives seven miles from here."

"That's capital! Now, you tell her that you have not forgotten her request for a holiday—be sure to remind her of it—and say that we are going out ourselves to-morrow, so that she can take that opportunity of going to see her mother. Yes, by Jove! that will be the very thing. Tell her that we may be out late, and that she may stay till the next morning, as we shall lock up the house. See how well everything fits in. We can tell old Renshaw that we took Grace out to cheer her up; it seems the most natural thing to do."

"If the Renshaws come here, they will be very much surprised to find us living in this ruinous old place, with only one servant."

"Yes," Robert answered, "we had better speak about it ourselves, and say it was one of *her* odd fancies to live in as retired a way as possible. We were intending to have the house put into thorough repair, you know, as *she* took a fancy to it."

They avoided the mention of the victim's name.

"And now," Robert went on, "don't forget what you've got to do to-night—to speak to Hannah, and to speak to *her*. Come, you are looking quite young and strong; I see you will do it all well, and make no mistakes."

It was true that the miserable old woman had surmounted, for the time, the infirmities of age, that had fallen on her of late. She had made a strong resolution, and she saw her way clearly out of great dangers and omnipresent fears. She spoke with greater coherence of thought and language than was now usual with her, and powers that were becoming partially dormant, seemed to wake up to assist her in her crime.

Her agreement with the servant was made with as much cunning as Robert could have desired; she referred to the girl's request for a day's holiday, and told her that as Mrs. Robert Ashton was poorly, and out of spirits, they were going to take her for a long day's excursion on the morrow. It followed that this would be the best opportunity for Hannah's holiday; the house would be shut up, and Mrs. Ashton would take the key with her; the hour of their return was uncertain,

might be late, and if Hannah very much wished it, she might spend the night at her mother's house. Hannah wished it very much indeed, and promised to leave all things in order, that she might be missed as little as possible.

She had put off to the last the necessary interview with her prisoner, and now she mounted rather slowly the flight of stairs that Hannah was forbidden to ascend, "because poor Mrs. Robert didn't like to be waited on by an ordinary servant," and that already looked dusty and unswept, for want of Susan's care. Mrs. Ashton crossed a long and narrow passage, and noiselessly fitted a key into the lobby door, for Hannah was never allowed to know that Grace was kept under lock and key. She went through two rooms into one that was furnished with tolerable comfort, and in which Grace was sitting, reading by the light of a small lamp.

"How do you feel to-night?" Mrs. Ashton asked, with a slight quaver in her voice.

"I do not feel particularly well; I miss Susan. She was kinder to me than you are, and with her I got more air and exercise."

"Robert walked with you in the garden only this morning," Mrs. Ashton answered. "However, I came to tell you that to-morrow he intends to take me out for a day's change to West Vale. I am quite ill myself for want of a little recreation, all through your spiteful obstinacy. He does not see how you can be left here, so we propose to take you with us, and Robert told me to tell you to-night, that you may be up early in the morning."

Grace was surprised. Her quick instincts detected danger of one kind or another, but she could not directly connect this idea with Mrs. Ashton's proposal. Any change was naturally welcome to her, and might perhaps bring with it chances of escape, so she answered quietly:

"Very well."

The hours of night wore on, but Grace was kept awake by the presence of some undefined fear; only one pair of eyes closed in the house, and those were the dull and unobservant eyes of Hannah.

II.

THE CRIME.

A FINE autumn morning, with a soft mist upon the landscape, and a few long lead-coloured clouds near the horizon. The four inmates of Tyne Hall, Basnet, were up and stirring betimes; three of them had watched through the long and weary hours of night, and were but little inclined to doze, even in the sleepy time that comes upon the watcher, just after the dawn of day. Hannah was roused to unusual wakefulness and activity by the promised excitement of a journey in the carrier's cart and a visit to her home, and she cleared away the breakfast-things, and left all the materials for a substantial supper in order upon the table.

"Nobbut a match were needed," as she explained to Mrs. Ashton, pointing to a kettle filled with cold water, and seated upon the top of an unlighted fire; with which satisfactory assurance she took her departure.

Mrs. Ashton went up to Grace's rooms, to ask if she had finished her

breakfast and was ready to start, as Robert had gone for the phaeton that was to take them to West Vale. Grace replied briefly that she was ready. She held no unnecessary intercourse now with her gaolers; she blamed herself for having lost many opportunities of appealing to strangers with whom she had come into accidental contact. Some months ago she could scarcely have persuaded herself to take such a step as that; she was then hoping from day to day that she might be able to appeal successfully to the guilty schemers themselves. Now that this hope was at an end, she had fully resolved to take any opportunity of that kind that might present itself, and she hoped that some such chance might arise before the close of that very day.

She walked silently down the stairs with Mrs. Ashton; neither of them spoke, but the same thought was present in the mind of each. The gloomy old house had suddenly grown more gloomy to both of them, the air more oppressive, the empty corridors more resonant with ghostly echoes. Mrs. Ashton was contemplating the crime to which a fatal necessity seemed to be driving her; and Grace was warned by some nameless instinct of a peril near at hand. They both breathed more freely when they stood on the outside of the dark and gloomy building, on the neglected gravel walk, where Robert was waiting for them with a phaeton, to which a strong horse was harnessed. He helped Mrs. Ashton to her seat at the back of the vehicle, and Grace to a place in the front, beside himself, and they drove away.

Not into the village, but through a lonely and unfrequented road, past the new lunatic asylum, and on to the moors, now rich with clumps of yellow gorse and patches of purple heath. Far away over the smooth short grass, that seems to be prevented by some law of nature from growing long and rank in these districts; down shelving hollows, where the horse walked warily, with questioning foot; up long sloping hills, that caught the first light of the sun as he struggled out through the mists of early morning. A ruin stands on one of these, the remains of some feudal stronghold, and as they looked eastward, and saw it between them and the sun, long shafts of light quivered through the gaps and openings in the walls, so that it stood transfigured and illuminated, no longer a ruin, but a temple and palace of the sun. So at least it appeared to Grace; her companions probably saw nothing but a heap of decaying masonry. It was nearly eleven o'clock when they reached West Vale, a very deep hollow, with gradual descents on either side, and clumps of trees scattered, plume-like, over the landscape. Great spikes of foxgloves grew among the feathery fern; the autumn sunlight struck with a dreamy languor between the branches, still heavy with their summer freight of leaves; and the grass was flecked here and there with patches of a golden haze, with which the eye drank in a quiet sense of contentment and of Nature's peace.

A dreamy kind of happiness fell upon Grace, stealing through her fears, as the light drifted through the boughs above her; she had the gift that the world can neither give nor take away, the poet's faculty of holding communion with Nature, of responding to her various moods, and of being gladdened by her gladness. The fears that had weighed upon her mind that morning melted into imperceptible shadows, before the hushed and tranquil beauty of the scene that was spread before her; and when

Robert helped her to alight, she stood on the ferny ground with a smile upon her face that was almost like the reflexion of that peaceful solitude.

Robert secured the horse, and supplied it with food.

"No fear of robbers here, I should think," he observed; "still we had better leave the old lady to look after our traps. Now, Grace, you come with me and take a good long walk. I'm not going to have you falling ill for want of exercise, and wanting a doctor. That would be an uncommonly nice go!"

He spoke carelessly, but some discord from within jarred upon the lightness of his tone. Grace did not perceive it, however. She was giving very little heed to him, and was absorbed in the new beauties that every step revealed to her.

She was happy at that moment; she, who had to lament for ever the results of one fatal weakness, over whose innocent life such black and dismal clouds had gathered, who was menaced by some viewless terror, to which she dared not give a name. She had the highest gift of all, the gift that God bestows on His interpreters, who stand between His comprehending and uncomprehending works, and bring the mind of man into communion with nature. Grace Ashton was a poet, though her gift needed its due meed of culture to attain its full development; at times, when all around her had seemed to be gay and full of pleasure, some cloud in the sky, some shadow on the earth, had thrown its reflexion on her mind and spirits, and had saddened her unawares. Now, in the crisis of her fate, the sylvan peace that spread around her had power to steal into her soul. She walked on for a long way in silence; she did not wish to speak to Robert, for that would only be to break her waking dream; he, too, was glad to be silent, for he had a kind of feeling that after this day he must try to put her for ever out of his thoughts, and that any words of hers, listened to on *this* day, would be apt to stick uncomfortably in his remembrance. So they walked silently up one of the long shelving sides of the vale, and presently came to the level ground above. A long stretch of moor, dotted over with small heath flowers, and with myriads of blue harebells, each trembling upon its slender stalk; there was the tribe of insects inseparable from such scenes, the droning bee, the darting dragonfly, and the blue and brown heath-butterfly, all aiding in some intangible manner to make the moorland scenery complete. As Grace looked before her at that long level waste, she felt in some way as if she were alone with the Creator, as if the great and exceptional trials of her life had *here* no power over her. Her chains fell off, like those of the disciple, at the touch of a miraculous hand.

It was long before they returned to Mrs. Ashton, who was sullenly awaiting them, lost in gloomy thought, deaf, and dumb, and blind, to the surrounding influences of place and season. Robert proposed that they should open the basket of provisions which he had packed beneath the seat of the phaeton, and this strange party sat down, in sylvan fashion, to the last meal but one that they were to share together. It was a sad and gloomy parody on the friendly pic-nic, but it was the criminals, and not the victim, who were most fully conscious of this; she had escaped into a region whither they could not follow her, and if this were to be indeed her last day on earth, it was not an unhappy one. In the afternoon,

Robert recommended Mrs. Ashton "to take a turn for the good of her health;" and now Grace was allowed to walk up and down the vale, for the old woman could not climb the heights above them, and besides, did not wish to go far from Robert, lest the prisoner should by any chance attempt to escape. Of this, however, there was but little fear, Grace being by no means strong, and being so closely watched and guarded. The twilight was falling when Robert turned the horse's head homeward, and when they reached the door of Tyne Hall, they had met with absolutely no human being, except some tourists whom they had seen in the distance, and a bovine-looking man, employed in tending sheep.

The old house was dark, and damp, and cold, but for once Grace was not sorry to find herself within it; the autumn nights were growing cold, and she was thoroughly chilled by her long drive across the misty moors. The match, which Hannah had declared would be the one thing necessary to their comfort, was applied to the fire that she had "laid," and Mrs. Ashton slowly and feebly made the few preparations that were needed, to complete the arrangements of the supper-table, while Grace shivered by the side of the newly lighted fire. She was weary as well as cold, and in need of refreshment, but still greatly benefited and cheered by the change of air and scene that the last few hours had afforded her.

Robert returned from the Green Dragon, to which place the horse and phaeton belonged.

"I couldn't get any one to take the horse at first," he said; "they were all inside, chattering about some accident that happened in one of the coal-pits this afternoon, instead of attending to their work. Get out the spirit, Grace; we shall all of us be the better for a little of it, with hot water. *You* wouldn't be the worse for a few spoonfuls of cognac and water."

Grace answered, that she preferred tea; and after finishing her supper she drew her chair for a few minutes to the fire, and then went up-stairs to bed, the key closing, as usual, on her part of the house.

"It was like her not to take the brandy," Mrs. Ashton muttered, as she seated herself again at the table.

"Never mind; she'll sleep well enough without it," Robert replied; "we've tired her out thoroughly on those hills, and a very good notion it was, instead of giving her a dose, that might have been found out afterwards. Take some more brandy yourself, though." And as he spoke he poured out a large quantity of the spirit into his own glass.

"One thing troubles me," the old woman presently observed; "they'll be finding out Susan, and having her up at the — inquest."

"You don't suppose I've let things go so far as this without thinking of the harm she might do! I shall go for her myself, and bring her here as openly as possible when the thing gets blown; and on the way I shall instruct her in what she will have to say. She will never know; she may suspect, but she will have sense enough not to make a row when the thing is over."

"She will think of her child, and of what it will be best to do on its account," Mrs. Ashton suggested.

"Of course, of course; everything works for us, and as for *her*, she has brought it on herself, and is more to be blamed than we are."

The evening wore on, and deepened into night; the voices of the speakers dropped into a lower key, and they glanced anxiously from time to time at the clock. At about midnight they rose from their places, lighted a candle, and, with stealthy footsteps, visited the rooms that were usually inhabited, "to see," as Robert whispered, "how everything will look when people come in—to-morrow."

"There is nothing about that looks at all suspicious," Mrs. Ashton declared, when they returned to the fire; "only the place looks dusty and neglected, not like any house that I ever lived in before."

"Why doesn't that fool of a servant keep it clean?" Robert asked, angrily.

"She is so stupid; we were obliged to have only one, and the stupidest one we could find. And, indeed, the house is much too large for one servant to keep clean, so Susan has done a good deal to it. To-day it has not been dusted at all."

"No," Robert rejoined, brightening, "because that porpoise of a woman took her holiday, and we went out for a pic-nic, and shut up the house. That will account for a good deal."

"Things do seem to favour us," she remarked, with rather a shaking voice.

"Of course they do; we're sure to carry it through. And even if we were to fail, there's nothing worse before us than what would certainly come if we did not do this. Think of prison-cells and coir-picking."

"I don't know, I don't know," the miserable old wretch repeated; "it would be worse, oh, much worse, much worse!" She nodded her head in a helpless, half-paralysed kind of way.

Robert glanced at her sharply. He feared that she might "turn coward" at the last.

"You mean that hanging would be worse," he said; "let's say it boldly, and have done with it. Now look here: whatever happens, they won't hang *you*—no, not if the worst come to the worst; even the most unlucky devils don't get strung up at your time of life. Few remaining days—and all that. I should go, of course; but as for you, you'd only have to be rather silly and childish, and they'd clap you into one of the prison infirmaries, with a doctor and a parson waiting to be humbugged. They hang people for putting their children out of the way, but they don't do so to people that are old enough to have grandchildren grown up; it would be a shocking barbarity, unworthy of—you know. And if you had great-grandchildren, I believe you might sit on them all round, and people would only say you were a psycho-something study—an interesting criminal, to be taken the greatest care of for the rest of your life. Have some more brandy."

The latest spark of irresolution died out of her mind with his suggestion that her age would, in any case, shelter her from the direst penalty of outraged law.

"It is *she* who forces us to do this," she said, presently.

"Of course it is. And now I am going to give a good look outside." He placed a candle in a lantern as he spoke.

"I must go with you; I can't be left here," she asserted; and they cautiously unfastened the outer door of the kitchen, and went out, both together.

They crossed a portion of the weedy garden, and noiselessly opened one side of what had been the carriage-entrance to a large court-yard. It was four-sided, though not exactly square; the side by which they had entered being bounded by a wall, on the other side of which was their own garden. Stables and outhouses enclosed the court on the right and left hand; and immediately before them there was another great pair of gates, opening upon a narrow strip of lane, only that they were never opened at all. In one corner there was a leaden cistern, or reservoir, originally designed for stable purposes, and now containing about four or five feet of water. Robert imagined the only chance of detection to lie in the possibility of some unseen witness being concealed about the place, and the stables and outhouses were now carefully looked through, with many anxious pauses, but without any result. They returned to the house.

"All seems to be safe and still," Robert whispered. "Now for the preparations."

These were not numerous. They consisted of a dark-blue waistband, with a strong steel buckle, a very large weight belonging to a weighing-machine, with a ring to lift it by, and a bottle of colourless liquid. Robert slipped the blue band through the ring of the weight. "I must take it out into the court-yard," he whispered now; "shall you be afraid to wait a moment by yourself?"

To his surprise, she answered that she was not at all afraid. He quickly returned, took up the bottle and a candle, and went up-stairs without shoes, turning noiselessly the key of the door that guarded Grace's part of the house. Mrs. Ashton remained down-stairs, while he advanced very slowly and cautiously, screening his candle that its light might not fall upon the door of the victim's room, and pausing after each step to listen for the faintest sound. He stood at last close to Grace's door, from which the light was still carefully screened; and now he heard, distinctly, a deep and regular breathing, as of one profoundly asleep. His plan had succeeded so far, and Grace was thoroughly tired out by the fatigues of the preceding day.

He put down the bottle and the candle, and applied both his hands to the task of opening the door without noise. He knew that the door did not possess either bolt or key, and that the hinges did not creak. He stood at last inside the room, and there had been no change in the deep breathing of the sleeper.

He went back for the candle and the bottle; he kept the bottle in his hand, and set down the candle where its rays could not fall on Grace's face.

He saw her face, though, distinctly enough, as his eyes became accustomed to the shadows of the dimly lighted room. Her bed was small and low, without curtains, and with a white coverlid. Her light hair was combed back from her forehead so as to show her features completely, very fair and delicate features, with a slight bloom on the cheek, the result of the past day's excursion and of the moorland air. The palm of one hand was underneath her chin, such a pretty hand, only a little too thin for a girl of her age; she had not gone to sleep with any painful thought upon her mind, for the whole expression of her face was peaceful and untroubled.

There came now to Robert the moment that comes, sooner or later, to

the worst and most callous sinner. As he looked at her, something appealed to him not to do this great wickedness, to do anything, go through anything, give up anything, sooner than do *this*. Something made him remember, made him feel with new force and significance, that her life had been one with his before this world's light had dawned upon either of them. He remembered now with photographic accuracy small and loving acts of her childhood, toys given up to him, excuses found to screen his faults, tasks that her quicker intelligence had mastered without difficulty, and that she had so patiently explained and re-explained, to save him from blame and punishment. The witness by which the untaught heathen are to be condemned or justified was striving with him now, and he went very softly out of the room again, and stole down the stairs, at the foot of which Mrs. Ashton was waiting for him.

She raised her lantern, and saw that he was alone; she looked up at him with an expression of anxiety strained into horror.

"What is wrong?" she whispered.

"Nothing. She is fast asleep. But something came over me, I don't know what. I wish we could cut it, somehow."

The old woman turned upon him with a ghastly grin.

"So *you* are the one to be frightened when it comes to acting instead of talking," she whispered; "and instead of gaining the fine fortune that was to put the world at our feet, we are to be transported as unsuccessful swindlers!"

His cold heart turned to stone beneath the influence of her sneering words; his mind closed with a kind of snap on his former resolution, and never wavered again.

He said nothing, but went back to Grace's room, and took out a handkerchief, which he saturated with liquid from the bottle, and held at a little distance from the face of the sleeper, drawing back himself that he might inhale as little as possible of the stupifying drug. Grace moved uneasily, and then became quite still; her sleep was changing to stupor. He saturated the handkerchief again, and put it upon her face; he might touch her soon without any fear of awaking her. Presently he ventured to speak, to move her hand, her arm, her head; he might as well have tried to elicit signs of consciousness from a corpse.

He put the bottle in his pocket, to be used again in case of need, and laid the handkerchief over her face; he lifted her in his arms, and carried her quickly down-stairs, past the place where Mrs. Ashton was still standing. He whispered a single word, pointing to Grace:

"Dead!"

Mrs. Ashton glanced sharply at her, and then answered:

"So much the better."

One breathless moment, and they stood by the outer door of the kitchen, left wide open; another, and they were out of doors in the "cold light of stars," for the wind had cleared away the mists of an autumn night, and the stars shone brilliantly.

Straight to the reservoir, without an instant's delay; Robert had left the weight, with the band attached to it, upon the angle of the low leaden wall; the band was buckled round the victim's waist, the handkerchief was snatched from her face, and she and the weight together were dropped into the water. There was a flash of white, a great hole in the water that filled up instantly, a few bubbles, and nothing more.

SENTIMENTAL AND PROSAIC, IN CONTACT AND COLLISION.

A CHAPTER OF IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES.

WITH A SEQUEL TOUCHING PETER BELL AND PRIMROSES.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

THE most contemplative of Mr. Helps's Friends in Council, in a work published subsequently to the one which bears that name, after describing his meditations in a wood, tells us how he stepped out of the wood into the beaten road, a change which he always felt to be like what occurs in the mind of a man who, having been wrapt in some romance of his own, suddenly disengages himself from it, and talks with his fellows upon the ordinary topics of the day, affecting a shrewd care about the price of corn,* and the matter-of-fact matters of this worky-day world.

Stout Silas Foster, in the *Blithedale Romance*, typifies the "hard and fast" matter-of-fact intellect with which the poetical and sentimental temperament so frequently comes into contact and collision. Miles Coverdale and his dreamy companions—"a knot of dreamers" is the heading of the chapter—on the first night of their gathering at Blithedale, cluster together round the hearth, and build splendid castles (or phalansteries rather) and picture beautiful scenes among the fervid coals they gaze on. "Stout Silas Foster mingled little in our conversation; but when he did speak, it was very much to some practical purpose. For instance: 'Which man among you,' quoth he, 'is the best judge of swine? Some of us must go to the next Brighton fair, and buy half a dozen pigs.' Pigs! Good Heavens! had we come out from among the swinish multitude for this?"† Silas plays the like part in the midnight scene of dragging the water for Zenobia's body, where his running commentary of prosaic reflections, coarsely common-sensical, deepens by a certain grim realism the tragical shadows of the picture, while it relieves by contrast the agitation of the other actors.

Franz Horn is of opinion that the presence of Horatio in the churchyard with Hamlet assists in relieving the funereal effect upon the reader. The "practical turn of mind" of the "excellent but somewhat limited Horatio" shows him immediately that all these fine speculations of Hamlet on death and on the skulls which he handles lead to nothing, and he is anxious to be gone. His exclamations are the "miserable common-places of the barrenest conversation,"‡—almost the perfection of imperfect sympathy, in their way.

Moore, in his *Diary*, has an "*A propos* of loss of friends, somebody was saying the other day, before Morgan, the great calculator of lives, that they had lost so many friends (mentioning the number) in a certain space of time; upon which Morgan, coolly taking down a book from his office shelf, and looking into it, said, 'So you ought, sir, and three more.' "§

* *Companions of My Solitude*, ch. vi.

† *The Blithedale Romance*, ch. iii.

‡ *Shakspeare erläutert von Franz Horn*.

§ *Diary of Thomas Moore*, June 6, 1828.

Sancho Panza is a pre-eminent type of the prosaic in contact with Don Quixote's crack-brained poetics. Witness his answers to the Don's high-flown inquiries touching Dulcinea. What was that queen of beauty doing, on the squire's arrival? stringing pearls, perhaps, or embroidering some device with threads of gold for this her captive knight? "No, faith!" answered Sancho; "I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back-yard of her house." And so on with a series of Quixotic fallacies. One thing the Don is assured, however, that Sancho will not, cannot deny; when near her, he must have perceived a Sabæan odour, an aromatic fragrance, a something sweet, and sweetly nondescript—a scent, a perfume—as if he were in the shop of some refined and exquisite perfumer. But Sancho has perceived no other strong smell than what exudes from hard labouring people in hot weather; for Dulcinea was hard at work, and the weather was hot.* Sancho's rough and ready realism is always at hand as a solvent to disenchant the Don his master, could anything do so. Two such natures in such constant cohesion as well as collision, are a study, and by a master.

Fielding's Partridge is of Sancho's type, in the answers he makes to Mr. Jones's rhapsodies about the moon and lovers, during their journey together among the Gloucestershire hills one cold night. If Jones often sighs from sentiment, Benjamin as often groans from an empty stomach. "Who knows, Partridge," cried the former, "but the loveliest creature in the universe may have her eyes now fixed on that very moon which I behold at this instant?" "Very likely, sir," says Partridge; and adds that if *his* eyes were fixed on a good sirloin of roast-beef, the foul fiend might take the moon and her horns into the bargain,† for what he eared. Did ever Tramontane make such a reply? is his companion's remonstrant query.

When Lucy, in Miss Ferrier's Highland story of *Destiny*, expresses her lively admiration of the site and surroundings of Mr. McDow's manse, that reverend gentleman professes himself delighted to hear her say so, and expatiates on the "amazing convenience" of the steam-boat on the loch, that now comes regularly twice a week. Besides making a most interesting object in the view, "I get my tea and sugar brought to my very door by her for a mere trifle. I can even get a loaf of bread from Glasgow within four-and-twenty hours after it's out of the oven, for a penny or so additional,"‡ &c. &c. To the same category may be referred Theodore Hook's stockbroker, Mr. Apperton: for instance, in the discussion with Miss Maxwell as to the watering-place they shall visit,—Hastings being named, the lady praises the country about it as pretty, and refers to the many agreeable objects in the neighbourhood, while the spot itself is historically interesting. "So it is," said Apperton, "and I dare say it is a nice place enough; but they gave some friends of mine, last year, an infernal bad dinner at an inn there—thirteen shillings a bottle for claret—and the fish not over good." Brighton is then suggested, and is not secluded enough for Kate Maxwell's taste, but Apperton thinks better of it: "They tell me the beef isn't good at Brighton," continued the stockbroker; "but I dare say we shall be very happy; the mutton,

* Don Quixote, ch. xxxi. *passim*.

† Tom Jones, ch. lxxxviii.

‡ *Destiny*, ch. xiv.

my friend Hopkins says, is famous, and fish I know is uncommon cheap." There was no romance in this, remarks the author, adding, that "when-ever he [Apperton] came out with his matter-of-fact prosing, poor Katherine sighed, and thought of"* somebody else, more after her own mind.

From another of Hook's fictions take Rodney the poet, and his per-versely prosaic wife. One of their conjugal colloquies begins on his part with this poem inviting her confidence: "The mind, when overcharged, droops, as it were; and like the rose suffused with evening dew, seeks, if I may be allowed the expression, support from its kindred branches. I have much to tell, and much to ask of you." "Well, I'm sure I shall be very glad to hear what you have to say; but—" said Mrs. Rodney, "while I think of it, I'd better tell you that Evans charges sevenpence-halfpenny a pound for that mutton which we had last week, and Mrs. Fisher tells me they get theirs at Miller's for sevenpence." "Mutton, my angel," said the poet, "mutton as nutriment is wholesome, nay need-ful," and he expresses admiration of his Cordelia's unsophisticated house-wifery. "But at this moment, Cordelia, I am too much engaged in matters where hearts are concerned to lend myself to other topics." "The hearts, my dear," said Mrs. Rodney, "are fourpence-halfpenny anywhere, that is, if you take the livers with them."† "Oh, lovely East!" raves Madame Carolina in Mr. Disraeli's first novel, with a certain unsympathetic Baroness for listener: "Why was I not oriental? Land where the voice of the nightingale is never mute! Land of the cedar and the citron, the turtle and the myrtle—of ever-blooming flowers and ever-shining skies! Illustrious East! Cradle of Philosophy! My dearest Baroness, why do you not feel as I do? From the East we obtain everything!" "Indeed!" said the Baroness, with great sim-plicity; "I thought we only got Cashmere shawls!"‡ So with Mr. Mystic's rhapsody, burlesquing Coleridge's lay sermon, in one of the late Mr. Peacock's satirical novelets: "Mystery! I hail thee! Who art thou?—Jargon! I love thee! Who art thou?—Superstition! I worship thee! Hail, transcendental Triad!" Mr. Fox cut short the thread of his eloquence by saying he would trouble him for the cream-jug.§—Mr. Hannay epigrammatically hits off two of his characters by saying that the daughter was very fond of the moon, while her father considered it a kind of patent, self-acting lamp.|| When Lord Lytton's Maltravers asks Ferrers, the cynical worldling, if ever he felt poetry, and Ferrers repeats inquiringly, "Feel it!"—the other rejoins, "Yes; if you put the moon into your verses, did you first feel it shining into your heart?" "My dear Maltravers," is the reply, "if I put the moon into my verses, in all probability it was to rhyme to noon. 'The night was at her noon'—is a capital ending for the first hexameter—and the moon is booked for the next stage. Come in." "No, I shall stay out [in the moonlight]." "Don't be nonsensical." ¶ By moonlight there is no nonsense like common sense."¶¶ In such moods and tenses (or times), the nature of a Lumley Ferrers is almost as antipathetic to that of a Maltravers as, in

* Maxwell, ch. iii.

† Vivian Grey, book vii. ch. vi.

|| Eustace Conyers, ch. vi.

‡ Passion and Principle, ch. iv.

§ Melincourt, ch. xxxi.

¶ Ernest Maltravers, book ii. ch. i.

another of Lord Lytton's stories, was that of Mervale, with his sarcastic laugh, to Glyndon, when enamoured of Viola, and ennobled by the passion. "Who does not know the effect of the world's laugh? Mervale was the personation of the world. The whole world seemed to shout derision in those ringing tones."* The ridicule may be of a kind to carry the reader with it, such as that of Peter Pallmall in the play interposing homely prosaics into his sister Polly's poetics :

Pallm. Polly, where are you going?

Polly. Going to hear the nightingale.

Pallm. She's hoarse, and doesn't sing to-night; so go to bed.

Polly. Peter, you have no sentiment—no respect for melancholy.

Pallm. Respect! To bed with you. I like to hear the nightingale, myself, between the sheets.

Polly. Stars—flowers—dewdrops—moonlight, and a lover kneeling. Ah, Peter, that's real poetry!

Pallm. Real rheumatism, if the gentleman kneels long. Bed, Polly, bed.

Polly. And then, with faithful ring-doves cooing from a bush—(screams)—Oh, Peter!

Pallm. What's the matter?

Polly. It's a—a spasm. (*Aside.*) 'Tis the Lieutenant.

Pallm. Spasm! I knew how 'twould be; it's those rabbits.

Polly. Rabbits! Unromantic fellow! Your vulgarity, Peter, would kill a whole circulating library.†

Such, again, as that of Mr. Slick in colloquy with sentimental "sister Sal," who, if he don't "go the whole figur' with her," in admiring what she admires as sweetly romantic and pathetic, is "as mad as a hatter," and rates him with characteristic effusion: "You hante got no soul in you at all, Sam, says she, I never seed sich a crittur: I do believe in my heart you think of nothin' but dollars and cents." Whereupon he hoaxes her into explaining the inexplicable to him, to "pint out the beauties" of the passage she so extremely admires, laughing at her in his sleeve the while, and anon wearing the laugh on his sleeve, so that she sees it, and flings out of the room "a-poutin' like anything." It's grand fun, that, the Clockmaker declares, "and don't do a gal no harm nother, for there is nothin' like havin' a string to a kite, when it's a-gettin' away out of sight a'most, to bring it down agin. Of all the seventeen senses, I like common sense about as well as any on 'em, arter all; now, don't you, squire?"‡

The history of the fourteenth century has been characterised by Michelet as a strange medley of opposite qualities, of serious drama and rollicking extravaganza—a romance of Arthur and farce of Scaramouch. The whole epoch is double, and squinting, he says: contrasts prevail; prose and poetry in all directions give one another the lie, and rally one another. "It is a Midsummer Night's Dream, . . . where the noble Theseus figures by the side of Bottom the weaver, whose fine ass's ears turn Titania's head."§ To any historical inquirer with an eye for the humorous, these interlacings and cross-threadings of the ideal and the

* Zanoni, book iii. ch. x.

† The Prisoner of War, Act I. Sc. 3.

‡ The Clockmaker, Third Series, ch. xv.

§ Michelet, *Histoire de France*, l. vi. ch. i.

real, the grand and the grotesque, will be found in plenty, whatever the century under review.

Horace Walpole catches eagerly at an anecdote he found t'other day, as he tells George Montague, in an old French author, "which is a great drawback on beaux sentiments and romantic ideas. Pasquier, in his '*Recherches de la France*,' is giving an account of the Queen of Scots' execution; he says, the night before, knowing her body must be stripped for her shroud, she would have her feet washed, because she used ointment to one of them which was sore." Horace quotes, too, from "a very old trial of her," which he bought from Lord Oxford's collection, where it is said that she was a very large lame woman. "Take sentiments out of their pantoufles, and reduce them to the infirmities of mortality, what a falling off there is!"* No woman a heroine to her chambermaid, seems to be the moral of this Horatian philosophy; and Walpole was an adept in such deductions and practical improvements; often playing to sentiment the part played to Lord Lytton's Egerton and Nora by "Levy always near (type of the prose of life in its most cynic form)."[†] Sentiment is roused from her attitude of reverie by such approach and contact, much as the Solitary in Wordsworth was roused from *his*, in the darksome aisle of the little church among the mountains—standing apart, with curvèd arm reclined on the baptismal font; his pallid face upturned, as if his mind were rapt, or lost in some abstraction;—"gracefully he stood, the semblance bearing of a sculptured form that leans upon a monumental urn in peace, from morn to night, from year to year.

Him from that posture did the Sexton rouse;
Who entered, humming carelessly a tune,
Continuation haply of the notes
That had beguiled the work from which he came."[‡]

For the gravedigger in "Hamlet" is not the only one of his order to betray no feeling in his business, so far as that can be predicated from a habit of singing while grave-making.

O'Keeffe, the dramatist, in his *Recollections*, tells how once, at a supper party, he was in his turn asked for a song, "The Flowers of the Forest"—pathetic words to a pathetic melody: "I sung my best; and the company were all delighted, and I as delighted with the sound of my own voice, as my hearers could be; when Captain Jones, a young friend of mine, who sat next to me, and who had been looking full in my face some time, exclaimed in a loud and abrupt tone, 'Zounds, O'Keeffe! what a long hair you've got in your eyebrow!'"[§]

Wordsworth once told a story to Miss Anne Scott, whose father preserved it in his *Diary*, the object of which, as she understood it, was to show that Crabbe had no imagination. Crabbe, Sir George Beaumont, and Wordsworth, we find, were sitting together in John Murray's room in Albemarle-street; where Sir George, after sealing a letter, blew out the candle he had used for that purpose, and exchanging a look with Wordsworth, began to admire in silence the undulating thread of smoke which slowly arose from the dying wick; when Crabbe—put on the

* Horace Walpole's Letters, ii. 162.

† My Novel, book xi. ch. xvi.

‡ The Excursion, book v.

§ Recollections of John O'Keeffe, i. 355.

extinguisher. Miss Scott laughed at the instance, and asked if the taper was wax, and being answered in the negative, seemed to think—and no doubt Sir Walter agreed with her—that there was no call on Mr. Crabbe to sacrifice his sense of smell to their admiration of beautiful and evanescent forms.* Sir Walter had occasionally a zest for confronting the sentimental with the common-sensical, the poetical with the prosaic. He records in a letter to Joanna Baillie his “particular entertainment” with an answer she had made to an application from James Montgomery, “because,” Sir Walter writes, “it happened to be precisely the same with mine: he applied to me for a sonnet or an elegy, instead of which I sent him an account of a manner of constructing chimneys, so as scarcely to contract soot; and, secondly, of a very simple and effectual machine for sweeping away what soot does adhere.”† Few men could more have enjoyed than he the reply of the female guide at St. Kevin’s bed, to Plunkett’s announcement to her, after he was gone, that he was a poet. Cathleen, says Mr. Lockhart—who was one of the party—treated this with indignation, as a quiz of Mr. Attorney’s. “*Poet*,” said she; “divil a bit of him—but an honourable gentleman: he gave me half-a-crown.”‡ Sir Walter was as capable as Sydney Smith of ridiculing, as the latter did, the “high-faluting” style, for instance, of Mr. Davison’s remarks, on the “virtuous marriages of the poor”—and about its being the poor man’s boast to have the privilege of laying out his life in his family’s service—“his home is the school of his sentiments,” &c.,—all which, said Mr. Smith, in his *Edinburgh* review of Mr. Davison’s book,§ is viewing human life through a Claude Lorraine glass, and decorating it with colours which do not belong to it. “A ploughman marries a plough-woman because she is plump; generally uses her ill; thinks his children an incumbrance; very often flogs them; and, for sentiment, has nothing more nearly approaching to it than the ideas of broiled bacon and mashed potatoes.”|| Impatience of cant often makes even the poetically disposed resort, of malice aforethought, to this vein of quasi or demi-semi-cynicism. When Stuart the painter died, and people said in America that he had left the brightest prospects in England, and returned to his own country, from his admiration of her new institutions, and a desire to paint the portrait of Washington,—Sir Thomas Lawrence, like Crabbe with the stinking wick, put an extinguisher on the current fumes of this “odour” of sanctity, by saying, “I knew Stuart well; and I believe the real cause of his leaving England was his having become tired of the inside of some of our prisons.” A remark, by the way, which gave occasion to a *bon-mot* of Lord Holland’s in reply: “Well, then, after all it was his love of freedom that took him to America.” The story is told with enjoyment by Stuart’s more distinguished fellow-countryman and fellow-artist, C. E. Leslie, R.A.¶—later in whose memoir occurs a mention of his visiting the Dyke with Rogers when at Brighton together, when the aged poet, as they sat in his carriage looking over the vast expanse of country below them, pointed down to a village that seemed all

* Diary of Sir Walter Scott, Jan. 1, 1827.

† Scott to Miss Baillie, Feb. 12, 1824.

‡ Lockhart’s Life of Scott, ch. lxiii.

§ On the Poor Laws.

|| Sydney Smith on the Poor Laws, in *Ed. Rev.*, 1820.

¶ Memoir of Leslie, i. 101.

peace and beauty in the tranquil sunset. "Do you see," said Rogers, "those three large tombstones close to the tower of the church? My father, my mother, and my grandfather are buried there."—"Really?"—"No, but I should like to be buried there." On telling this, adds Mr. Leslie, "to a literary friend, a man, too, who aspired occasionally to be poetical, he exclaimed, 'What a lying old rascal!'"*

Noticeable among the anecdotes given by the same finished painter and pleasant penman, in connexion with the present subject, is one of Stothard, prefaced by the remark that, full as that artist's countless works are of exquisite sentiment, Leslie never once heard him use the word "sentiment" in his life. "I spake to him one day of his touching picture of a sailor taking leave of his wife or sweetheart, and he said, 'I am glad you like it, sir; it was painted with japanner's gold size.'"[†] Stothard and Constable pic-nic'd together one summer's day in Coombe Wood; and as they lay on the grass, enjoying their meal under the trees that screened them from a July sun, Stothard, looking up to the splendid colour of the foliage over their heads, said, "That's all glazing, sir."[‡] Such utterances, on such occasions, come upon some minds with the harsh effect pictured in Mrs. Browning's poem, of a shock of cruel disenchantment:

We drop the golden cup at Herè's foot
And swoon back to the earth,—and find ourselves
Face-down among the pine-cones, cold with dew.
— Such ups and downs have poets.§

Margaret Fuller was one day sitting, we may be sure in mystic reverie, wrapt in ecstatic contemplation, on Table Rock, at Niagara, close to the great fall. A visitor came to the same spot to take his first look. "He walked close up to the fall, and, after looking at it a moment, with an air as if thinking how he could best appropriate it to his own use—he spat into it."||

Mr. Howells at Venice observed one day an English family party, in the gallery of the Venetian Academy, examining Titian's "John the Baptist," at which for a while they gazed in silence. But after some time, as the "sublime figure of the Baptist, one of the most impressive, if not the most religious, that the master has painted, and the wild and singular beauty of the landscape made itself felt through the infinite depths of their respectability, the father of the family and the head of the group uttered approval of the painter's conception: 'Quite my idea of the party's character,' he said, and then silently and awfully led his domestic train away."[¶] Paterfamilias Bull contrasts favourably in this finale with the (presumed) Yankee at the falls.

In the journal kept by Miss Cornelia Knight during her long residence abroad, there is a story of the Prince of Solms becoming enamoured of a young lady who was just about to take the veil: he fancied, however, that his attentions were beginning to shake her resolution, and that, before the day of profession dawned, she would prefer him to a cloister. Greatly encouraged was he in this hope, by the fact that one day, after

* Memoir of Leslie, p. 236.

† Ibid., p. 133.

‡ Ibid., p. 134.

§ Aurora Leigh, book i.

|| Summer on the Lakes, by Margaret Fuller Ossoli, ch. i.

¶ Venetian Life, by W. D. Howells.

he had paid her a long visit at the grate, and had no great reason to complain of her cruelty, she begged of him, as a particular favour, a lock of his hair. At once the flattered Prince cut off one for her. At his next visit he found her particularly lively and agreeable. "May I presume," he then and therefore said, "to hope that you have given up all idea of a convent life, and have cast a favourable look upon myself?" "So great is my affection for you," replied the lady, "that I have just finished making a wig for *il Bambino Gesu* out of your hair; and if you come to my profession to-morrow you will see it on the altar."* Depo-
nent saith not whether the effect on the Prince's nerves was like that produced on Scythrop by Marionetta's imperfect sympathy, in Mr. Peacock's fiction: the young man had thrown himself at his cousin's knees, and breathed a thousand vows in the most passionate language of romance; and Marionetta listened a long time in silence, till her adorer had exhausted his eloquence, and paused for a reply. "She then said, with a very arch look, 'I prithee deliver thyself like a man of this world.' The levity of this quotation, and of the manner in which it was delivered, jarred so discordantly on the high-wrought enthusiasm of the romantic innamorato, that he sprang upon his feet, and beat his forehead with his clenched fists."† So Huldah, in "The Gayworthys,"—though she is no Marionetta,—when courted by moonlight by Ebenezer, who is still less of a Scythrop. In vain the moon-raptured man beseeches her to leave her bread-pan, and come out of doors—for of all the June nights he "ever see, this is the crowner." Huldah understood him and his moon-rapture: the heavenly satellite had mighty little, in reality, to do with it; the same old story veiled itself so, in his homely New England dialect, that Lorenzo breathed to Jessica out there in Venice. "Huldah, however, eschewed the whole, as moonshine, all of it; and taking herself away out of its perilous gleams, walked straight over to her bread-pan; remarking only, very unsympathetically, as she did so, that 'she'd seen the moon afore; she guessed there wasn't anything special about it; at any rate, she hadn't time to look.' " Eben goes "mooning" on; speculating, as he has heard others speculate, and some dogmatise, on the size of the moon: "For my part, it looks as much as anything like the biggest meller punkin 't ever I see!" "I can find something that's enough like that, without going to the moon to look for 't."—Anon, poor Ebenezer shifts his stand-point of speculation from the moon to the stars, and exclaims the wistful star-gazer: "See here! Do you b'lieve all them stars has got people in them, like us?" "I should hope not, exactly. The Lord's got his hands full if they have." Huldah would neither be drawn into sentiment nor speculation; she was bent to-night upon the purely practical; and Eben could see plainly from the way in which she plumped her capable hands into the pan, and began the sort of calisthenics that had developed her shapely arms to their comely proportions, that he must choose a shorter road to his object than all the way round among the constellations.‡

Even when, instead of apparently imperfect, there is perfect sympathy

* Journal, &c., of Miss Knight, ii. 236.

† Nightmare Abbey, ch. iii.

‡ The Gayworthys, ch. iii.

between a pair, there is nearly sure to be some prosaic adjunct to ruffle the limpid surface of their romance. Quite typical in its way is that little touch of prose in Byron's picture of Haidee tending Juan, where Zoë begins the vulgar work of getting breakfast ready. Here is Haidee:

And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying
Who die in righteousness, she lean'd; and there
All tranquilly the shipwreck'd boy was lying,
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:
But Zoë the meantime some eggs was frying,
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it—
She drew out her provision from the basket.*

Mr. Herbert Spencer observes, in his disquisition on the Philosophy of Style, that where the idea of absurdity is due to extreme insignificance, it may be greatly intensified by placing it after something highly impressive. And he cites from Balzac what he considers a good illustration of the effect gained by thus presenting a petty idea to a consciousness that has not yet recovered from the shock of an exciting one. Balzac's hero writes to a mistress who has cooled towards him, the following letter:

"MADAME,—Votre conduit m'étonne autant qu'elle m'afflige. Non contente de me déchirer le cœur par vos dédains, vous avez l'indélicatesse de me retenir une brosse à dents, que mes moyens ne me permettent pas de remplacer, mes propriétés étant grevées d'hypothèques.

"Adieu, trop belle et trop ingrate amie! Puisseions-nous nous revoir dans un monde meilleur!

"CHARLES-EDOUARD."

The intensified effect of placing the extremely insignificant after the highly impressive, gains still more in intensity, as Mr. Spencer shows,† if the form of phrase implies that something still more impressive is coming—as in Charles-Edouard's valedictory aspiration.

This sort of collision of ideas it is that constitutes the piquancy and point in much of the Beppo school of poetry; it makes the fun of much that is facetious in Frere, and Ingoldsby, and Bon Gautier, and F. Locker. This kind of surprise it is that forms the *terminus ad quem*, for instance, of Béranger's champagne reveries in *le pays charmant de Cocagne*:

Oui, dans ton empire,
Cocagne, on respire . . .
Mais qui vient détruire
Ce rêve enchanteur?
Amis, j'en ai honte:
C'est quelqu'un qui monte
Apporter le compte
Du restaurateur.‡

So in an Ingoldsby "Fragment," where the narrator records his sublime contemplations within the Abbey, where Tudors and Plantagenets were sleeping all around:

* Don Juan, canto ii.

† Essays: Scientific, Speculative, and Political, First Series, p. 258.

‡ Chansons de Béranger: *Voyage au Pays de Cocagne*.

I stood alone!—a living thing midst those that were no more—
 I thought on ages past and gone—the glorious deeds of yore—
 On Edward's sable panoply, on Cressy's tented plain,
 The fatal Roses twined at length—on great Eliza's reign.
 I thought on Naseby—Marston Moor—on Worcester's "crowning fight;"
 When on mine ear a sound there fell—it chill'd me with affright,
 As thus in low unearthly tones I heard a voice begin,
 "—This here's the Cap of Giniral Monk!—Sir, please put summut in!"*

Or take a voice from Netley Abbey, in Mr. Barham's Legend of Hampshire:

And yet, fair Netley, as I gaze
 Upon that grey and mouldering wall,
 The glories of thy palmy days
 Its very stones recal!—
 They "come like shadows, so depart"—
 I see thee as thou wert—and art—
 Sublime in ruin—grand in woe—
 Lone refuge of the owl and bat;
 No voice awakes thine echoes now!
 No sound—Good gracious!—what was that?
 Was it the moan,
 The parting groan
 Of her who died forlorn and alone,
 Embedded in mortar, and bricks, and stone?—
 Full and clear
 On my listening ear
 It comes—again—near, and more near—
 Why 'zooks! it's the popping of Ginger Beer!†—

a beverage in favour with the sort of pic-nic parties who profane that sacred ground.

Tate and Brady may almost be said to approximate to this peculiar school of composition when they thus paraphrase, or some would say effectually burlesque, a verse in one of the Psalms:

First sign'd to Abr'am, next by oath
 To Isaac made secure,
 To Jacob and his heirs-at-law
 For ever to endure.‡

One would think, it has been remarked, that the author of this version must have been a parish clerk under the direction of a country attorney.

Sheridan's burlesque exemplifies poetical second-sight in Tilburina, who hears and sees a number of things that are not,—seeing and hearing the Spanish fleet in action; while her father, the Governor of Tilbury Fort, bids her hold her peace, telling her she is crack-brained from love, and that the Spanish fleet she cannot see, because—it is not yet in sight. Dangle suggests that the Governor seems to make no allowance for the poetical figure Puff has talked of; and Puff replies and explains, "No, a plain matter-of-fact man;—that's his character."§

Christopher North, in the *Noctes*, is fond of these grotesque transi-

* *Ingoldsby Legends: A Fragment*, by Seaforth.

† *Ibid.*, *A Legend of Hampshire*.

‡ *The Critic*, Act II. Sc. 2.

‡ *Ps.* 105, 10.

tions or *reductiones ad absurdum*. As where the Shepherd is rhapsodising to the top of his bent on the awfulness of thunder, and magniloquently dilates on the low quick beating of his heart "when simultaneous flash and crash rends Natur to her core," &c. &c. &c.,—North interposes with a bluff, "The short and the long of the matter seems to be, James, that when it thunders you funk." A page afterwards the Shepherd's excessively long and flowery exposition of the "rush o' thochts and feelings" which has overflowed his soul on contemplating a "wee bit dew-wat gowany, . . . amang the grass that loves to shelter but not hide the bonny earth-born star, glintin' up sae kindly wi' its face into mine"—which has hundreds of times affected him as profoundly as ever did the Sun himself setting in all his glory—"while a' nature becam for a moment owerspread wi' a tender haze belonging not to hersel, for there was naething there to bedim her brightness, but existin only in your ain twa silly een, shedding in the solitude a few holy tears!"—all this is followed by the Professor at the supper-table saying, "James, I will trouble you for the red herrings."* In a subsequent dialogue, it is North who does the sentimental, and Hogg who reduces it to the absurd by interjected prosaics. North, in the arbour, is in the act of shaving, and sublimely soliloquises the while, that autumn morning. "How beautiful the fading year! A month ago, this arbour was all one dusky green—now it glows—it burns with gold, and orange, and purple, and crimson! How harmonious the many-coloured glory! How delightful are all the hues in tone!"—SHEPHERD: "Are na ye cauld staunin there in your linen? For I see you through the thin umbrage, like a ghost in a dirty shirt."—NORTH: "Sweet are autumn's rustling bowers, but sweeter far her still—when dying leaf after dying leaf drops unreluctantly from the spray—all noiseless as snow-flakes—and like them ere long to melt away into the bosom of mother earth. It seems but yesterday when they were buds!"—SHEPHERD: "Tak tent ye dinna cut yoursel—it's no safe to moraleese when ane's shavin. Are ye speakin to me, or was that meant for a soliloquy?"† Of course the old man eloquent takes not the slightest notice of these interpolations or interpellations; but goes sounding on his dim autumnal way.

It is a severe shock to Edmond, the lover, in one of M. Souvestre's *Histoires d'autrefois*, when, *plein de cette exaltation* which his idealism has worked up to high-pressure mark, as he waits for his *belle cousine*, Rose, in a perfect *élan d'enthousiasme*, he is doomed to hear her father, the bourgeois, call out to her to know what was the price of sugar when she left Nantes, a fortnight ago,—to which demand *la jeune fille* answered, "Fifty-three centimes," with a readiness, "qui fit faire un bond à son cousin." Another question follows: "Et à combien nous sont-ils [les sucres] revenus à Nantes, tous frais compris?" to which the answer is equally prompt on the part of the young lady book-keeper, "Quarante-huit centimes, terme moyen."—"Dieu me pardonne! pensa Edmond, elle songeait aux prix courants en montant le joli sentier de l'oseraie.—Les deux réponses de Rose et le ton bref et joyeux avec lequel elle les avait prononcées venaient de changer entièrement le cours de ses idées. Il avait un instant entrevu sa femme révée; maintenant il retrouvait sa

* Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. ii. pp. 224 sq.

† Ibid., vol. iv. p. 140.

cousine *la teneuse de livres*.”* Already, in the same story, had Edmond Bian been disenchanted in a milder sort. He had been standing on the bank of the Loire, admiring the spectacle of mingled foliage, masts, and white houses, presented by that river *du côté des Salorges*, and observed a tall, pale, bald, middle-aged man, who stood near him, leaning his head on his left hand, and gazing on the river-bed, with a melancholy air. Edmond drew nearer, in confidence of fellow-feeling, and addressed the pensive stranger as one who was, like himself, lost *en admiration devant ce spectacle*. What a beautiful view! how charming the *barques qui glissent là-bas*, whether in sky or water you can scarcely tell; that islet again, with the look of a basket of verdure floating on the stream. . . . “Mais à qui pensez-vous donc, tout silencieux?—L’homme chauve détourna sa figure pâle, et régarda le jeune homme avec des yeux bleu-porcelaine.—Je pensais, dit-il, qu’il n’y a pas assez d’eau en rivière pour que la *Créole* puisse monter; ce retard nous fera perdre au moins un demi pour cent sur nos cafés.—Edmond fit un pas en arrière et tourna brusquement le dos sans répondre.”†

Goethe’s English biographer remarks in the case of that great man’s letters to Frau von Stein, which are incessant, and show an incessant pre-occupation, that certain readers will be shocked, perhaps, to find so many details about eating and drinking; but that when they remember Charlotte cutting bread-and-butter, they may understand the author of *Werther* eloquently begging his beloved to send him a sausage.‡

Perhaps the most cruel shock to the system produced by these colliding opposites is where the self-complacency of flattered sentiment has been innocently deluded by misapprehension into a state of exaltation, from which it is abruptly hurled by a summary disenchantment, when the presumed flatterer explains his meaning.

Mr. Cadell told Leslie the painter during his stay at Abbotsford, that as Sir Walter was leaning on Tom Purdey’s arm, in one of his walks—and, by the way, Leslie gratified Sir Walter with a small whole-length sketch of his faithful Tom—the latter said, “They are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me.” “I am glad to hear it, Tom.” “Yes, sir, for when I’ve been out all day, hard at work, and come home vara tired, if I sit down with a pot of porter by the fire, and take up one of your novels, I’m asleep directly.”§

There is a story of Mrs. Wordsworth being enchanted by the emphatic love professed by a peasant’s wife for the stock-dove species. Here was a good woman, however lowly in estate, and homely in manners, who could enter into the poetry of the Poet of the Lakes and Mountains, at any rate so far as regarded the stock-dove. But eagerly inciting the dame to open out her heart further on the subject, how cruelly was Mrs. Wordsworth disenchanted by her sympathetic companion going on at once to say, and with equal or more *empressement*, “Some like ’em best broiled, but stew ’em with onions for me!”—Had it been Wordsworth himself, it might have gone hard with him not to beat that woman.

* *La Bourgeoise*, ch. iii.

† *Ibid.*, ch. i.

‡ Lewes, *Life of Goethe*, book iv. ch. iv.

§ *Memoir of C. R. Leslie*, i. 96.—The diction and details of the story, as thus told, have a look of not being quite so Scotch as when the Scotch publisher told it to the Anglo-American painter. Mr. Leslie probably could not, and would not, have said that, *literatim et verbatim*.

“I tell the tale as ’twas told to me.”

Miss Goodman tells how the English Sisters of Mercy observed a Romish Chaplain for some months to pass away the time in tending a pet lamb, which he led about by a scarlet string; and how in the early morning he might be seen gathering the rose-leaves with the dew yet upon them as a breakfast for the gentle creature. They were quite concerned one morning at perceiving the priest about to take his walk unaccompanied by his favourite, and passed in haste across the hall to inquire for it: to their great grief he informed them that the lamb was killed. They waited for the particulars of its untimely fate, concluding the savage dogs to be guilty; but the most unromantic father went on to say, "I found it in excellent condition; feeding an animal on rose-leaves certainly improves the flavour of the meat."*—Think, says Dr. Boyd of St. Andrews, of the great author, walking in the summer fields, and saying to his wife, as he looked at the frisky lambs, that they seemed so innocent and happy, he did not wonder that in all ages the lamb had been taken as the emblem of happiness and innocence: "Think of the revulsion in his mind when the thoughtful lady replied, after some reflection, 'Yes, lamb is very nice, especially with mint sauce!'"†

Porthos, one of M. Dumas's immortal three, quite interests D'Artagnan by relating his woodland experiences, how he, the burly giant, roots up trees, to keep his hand in, and also to take some birds'-nests; finding that more convenient than climbing up the trees. "You are as pastoral as Tircis, my dear Porthos," is the Gascon's admiring comment. "Yes," resumed Porthos: "I like the small eggs: I like them very much better than larger ones. You have no idea how delicate an *omelette* is, if made of four or five hundred eggs of linnets, chaffinches, starlings, blackbirds, and thrushes."—"But five hundred eggs is perfectly monstrous," D'Artagnan ventures to object.—"A salad-bowl will hold them easily enough," answers Porthos.‡—The quasi-cynic, Fairthorn, in Lord Lytton's novel, refuses the appeal for bread-crumbs by the swans on Darrell's lake, with the exclamation: "Ay, you may grunt; I wish I had you—in a pie!"§ Grunt and snort—has the swan-song of antiquity come to that?—to say nothing of the pie. But where to find an end to these rambling omniana?

Stay!—let me see!—
Ay—here it shall be
At the root of this gnarled and time-worn tree,
Where Tray and I
Would often lie,
And watch the bright clouds as they floated by
In the broad expanse of the clear blue sky,
When the sun was bidding the world good-bye;
And the plaintive Nightingale, warbling nigh,
Poured forth her plaintive melody;
While the tender Wood-pigeon's cooing cry
Has made me say to myself with a sigh,
"How nice you would eat with a steak in a pie!"||

* Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy.

† Recreations of a Country Parson, Second series, ch. iii.

‡ Le Vicomte de Bragelonne, ch. cxliii.

§ What will He do with It? book xii. ch. iv.

|| The Ingoldsby Legends: The Cenotaph.

GLORY AND MISFORTUNE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART II.

THE inventory of effects, the calculation of profits, were over, and early next morning Mr. Joseph was summoned to the presence of his patron, whom he found examining some bills of exchange.

"Be seated," said Mr. Guillaume, pointing to a chair.

Now it was the *first* time that the old draper had ever desired a clerk to be seated in his presence. Joseph Lebas started.

"Joseph, the inventory is finished?"

"Yes, sir; and the dividend is one of the best you have had."

"Don't use these newfangled words, sir—say *the product*, Joseph. Well, my boy, it is but fair to say that we owe partly to you these results, and I have therefore resolved not to keep you longer on a salary. Madame Guillaume has suggested giving you an interest in the concern. A-hem, Joseph! Guillaume, Lebas, and Co. will sound very well, won't it? We must add the Co. for sound's sake."

The unbidden tears sprang to the eyes of Joseph Lebas, as he replied:

"Ah, Mr. Guillaume! how have I merited so much goodness? I have only done my duty. I am poor, and it was enough that——"

He stopped, and rubbed the cuff of his left arm with his right hand, not daring to look up. The old man smiled, and bethought him that the modest youth required some little encouragement.

"However, Joseph, I do not know that you deserve much after all, for you do not place as much confidence in me as I place in you."

The clerk looked up in surprise.

"You have secrets from me, sir. For upwards of two years I have told you all *my* affairs—there is nothing on *my* mind concealed from you, but you! Which way have your thoughts been wandering, sir?"

Joseph coloured violently.

"Aha!" cried Mr. Guillaume, "you fancied you could deceive a sly old fox like me, did you? But I can see what I can see."

"What!" exclaimed Joseph, examining his patron's countenance as attentively as his patron was examining his. "What! you know then that . . . I love?"

"I know all, you dog!" replied his respectable patron, chuckling and taking him by the ear; "and I pardon all, for—did I not do the same myself?"

"And you will bestow her upon me?"

"Yes, and fifty thousand crowns with her, my boy! I shall give you that sum, and we shall enter on a new firm; we shall stick to business together, my son—for there's nothing like business after all. Fools may say that there is no pleasure in it; but, to be at the bottom of everything—to watch your time with anxiety, to outwit your neighbour, *in a fair way, mind*—to buy cheap and sell dear—to set on foot an extensive

speculation—to tremble lest it should fail—and to see it at last successful—hey! Joseph—*this* is gaming to *some* purpose: this is life! Like old Chevrel, I shall die at my post; but I shall take it easy, Joseph—when——”

In the heat of the greatest rhapsody which the worthy Guillaume had ever fallen into, he had not noticed his clerk, who was crying like a child.

“But, Joseph, my poor lad, what is the matter?”

“Ah, I do so love—*so* love, Monsieur Guillaume, that I believe . . . I fear . . . my heart fails me——”

“Well, well, courage, my boy!” cried the softened father; “you are happier than you think, for, hark’ee, Joseph, she loves you! I know it, that I do.” And he peered with his little green eyes into Joseph’s face as he half whispered the last words.

Transported beyond himself, Joseph Lebas shouted, “Miss Augusta, Miss Augusta!” And he was rushing from the room, when he found himself clutched in an iron grasp, and his thunderstruck patron brought him vigorously back.

“What has Augusta to do with this matter?” asked Mr. Guillaume, in a voice that petrified the unhappy clerk.

“Is it not her . . . not her . . . that . . . that I love?” stammered he.

Mr. Guillaume, disconcerted at his own want of penetration, seated himself slowly, and placing his hands before his face, began to reflect on the awkward position of things, while poor Joseph, the picture of shame and despair, remained standing before him.

“Joseph,” said the old merchant, addressing him with cold dignity, “it was of Virginia I was speaking. I know that love cannot be commanded; but I also know your discretion. You will think better of all this, for I will not let Augusta marry before Virginia; your interest is ten per cent. in favour of Virginia.”

The poor clerk, whom love had inspired with miraculous courage, clasped his hands, and poured forth such a torrent of eloquence, that Mr. Guillaume’s systematic ideas began to yield.

“What the devil, Joseph! you know very well that there are ten years between the ages of my daughters. Why, man, Mademoiselle Chevrel was no beauty, yet she has never had cause to complain of me. What would you have? Perhaps the affair can be otherwise arranged; we shall see—but Madame Guillaume! Humph! Well, well—offer your arm to Augusta this morning, my boy, when we go to mass.”

The conclusion of these disjointed sentences delighted the lovelorn clerk. He had already, in his own mind, fixed upon a friend to be the husband of Miss Virginia, and, squeezing the hand of his intended father-in-law, he left the room with a tripping step, and an assurance that all would go right.

“What will Madame Guillaume think!” was a reflection not particularly comfortable to the doughty draper when he was left to himself.

At breakfast, Madame Guillaume and Virginia, whom the prudent master of the house had left in ignorance of the morning’s disappointment, favoured Joseph Lebas, much to his embarrassment, with sundry very

significant looks. The clerk's evident bashfulness was greatly appreciated by his mother-in-law to be ; and, in high spirits, she permitted herself to joke a little in allusion to the delicate affair uppermost in her thoughts. But these digressions from her wonted propriety were rebuked by the imperturbable gravity of her husband, whose love of decorum was so potent as to induce him to desire that Mr. Joseph and Miss Augusta should walk together to church that morning ; a degree of delicacy on his part for which the matron duly honoured him.

"Do you not think, Miss Augusta," said the trembling clerk, "that the wife of a tradesman in good credit, like Mr. Guillaume, for example, might amuse herself a little more than your mother does ?—that she might wear jewels, and keep a carriage ? Oh, if *I* were married, I would take all the labour, and let my wife enjoy herself. I should not let her be in the shop. Mr. Guillaume is quite right to do as he does, because it suits your mother's taste. But if a wife knows how to superintend everything, cast up accounts, write a letter on a push, and attend to her household affairs, so that she should not be quite idle, it would be enough for me. And after seven o'clock the shop should be shut ; then for amusement. I would go to public places—to parties—but—you are not listening to me !"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Joseph ; but what do you say to painting ? That is a fine employment."

"Yes ; there *are* some master house-painters who make money."

Thus marshalled, the party reached the church of Saint Leu, and took their places under the arrangement of Madame Guillaume, who placed Augusta on one side of her, Virginia on the other side, and next to her Mr. Joseph Lebas. During the first part of the service all went well between Augusta and Henri de Sommervieux, who, leaning against a pillar, used his eyes with much devotion ; but subsequently Madame Guillaume discovered that her youngest daughter was holding her prayer-book upside down. She began to rate her soundly, when, raising her veil, and following the direction of Augusta's glances, she perceived through her spectacles the young artist, whose elegant figure and dress bespoke him rather some cavalry officer out of regimentals than a sober man of business. It would be difficult to imagine the violent flurry into which the starched Madame Guillaume was thrown on discovering a clandestine acquaintance, the danger and extent of which her prudery and ignorance made her greatly exaggerate.

She snatched the tell-tale prayer-book from Augusta's hand, and placed it properly, exclaiming, in a low voice, which was almost inarticulate from rage :

"Hold your book straight, miss, and do not be so sinful as to raise your eyes from your prayers, or I'll make you repent it. After church, your father and I will have a word with you."

This rebuke came like a thunderbolt to poor Augusta. She felt ready to faint, but struggled against the sensation for fear of causing a scene in the church. However, it was easy to see how much she was agitated, for her prayer-book trembled in her hand, and tears fell fast on every page she turned.

The artist was favoured with a furious look from the glaring eyes of

Madame Guillaume. He understood the mystery, and departed angry and excited, determined to leave all opposition.

"Go to your room, miss," said Madame Guillaume to her daughter, on their return home, "and see that you do not stir from it until we call you."

The conference between Madame Guillaume and her spouse was long and secret; but Virginia, who had been kindly consoling her sister, was so conspicuous as to steal to the door of the council-room to listen and pick up a little of what was going on. On the first journey that she made from the third to the second story, she heard her father say:

"Would you kill your daughter, madam?"

"My poor dear!" said Virginia to her distressed sister, "papa is defending you."

"And what are they going to do to Henri?" asked the simple girl.

Virginia again descended, but this time she remained longer absent, for she had overheard that Mr. Lebas loved Augusta. It was ordained that, on this memorable day, a house generally so calm should be a hell. Mr. Guillaume threw Joseph Lebas into despair by confiding to him that Augusta loved a stranger. Lebas, who had lost no time in advising one of his friends to propose for Virginia, saw all his hopes overturned. Miss Virginia, overwhelmed by the knowledge that Mr. Joseph had in a manner refused her, was seized with a violent headache; and, lastly, the explanation which had taken place between Mr. and Mrs. Guillaume, bringing to light some differences of opinion, had, for the third time in their lives, caused a dissension which manifested itself in a very disagreeable way. It was late in the day when Augusta, pale and trembling, and with red eyes, was ordered to appear before her parents. She gave frankly the short history of her love, and, reassured by something in her father's look, she took courage to pronounce the name of Henri de Sommervieux, confessed that she had written to him, and with tears in her eyes declared that she could never be happy if she were sacrificed to another.

"But, Augusta, you do not know what painters are!" cried her mother in a tone of horror.

"Madame Guillaume!" exclaimed the father, with a stern look that imposed silence on his wife. "Augusta," said he, "artists are in general beggars. They are spendthrifts, and almost always good for nothing. The late M. Joseph Vernet, the late M. Lekain, and the late M. Noverre, used to deal with me. Ah, if you but knew how this Noverre, how the Chevalier de Saint George, and, above all, how M. Philidor served your poor grandfather Chevre. They are odd sort of people, I assure you. They can talk very finely, their manners are vastly fascinating; never did your Monsieur Sumer . . . Somm——"

"De Sommervieux, papa."

"Well, well, De Sommervieux be it! Never was he sweeter upon you than the Chevalier de Saint George was upon me the day I obtained a sentence from the consul against him. They called themselves quality folks, too, formerly——"

"But, papa, Henri is noble . . . and he writes me that he is rich; his father was called the Count de Sommervieux before the revolution."

At this, Mr. Guillaume looked towards his terrible better-half ; but, like an obstinate woman as she was, she sat in sulky silence, beating her foot against the floor. However, she could not constrain herself long, and had just burst into invective, when the noise of a carriage driving up to the door arrested the storm.

In another moment Madame Vernier was announced, and looking by turns at the three actors in this domestic scene, she exclaimed :

"I know all, and I come to Noah's Ark like the dove with the olive-branch. You will find this allegory in the 'Genius of Christianity,' Madame Guillaume. But do you know that this Monsieur de Sommervieux is a charming man. This very morning he presented me with my own portrait, done in a first-rate style. It is worth at least six thousand francs," she added, slapping Mr. Guillaume on the back. "I know Mr. de Sommervieux intimately ; he was introduced to me a fortnight ago. He is the life of all my parties now. I know, too, that he adores Augusta, for he told me so himself. And he shall have her. Ah, cousin, don't keep shaking your head so, as much as to say 'He shan't have her.' Do you know it is said he will be created a baron soon, and that he has just been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honour by the emperor himself at the salon? Monsieur Vernier is his notary, and knows all his affairs ; he is worth twenty-four thousand livres a year. Why, the father-in-law of such a man *might* become something—mayor of a town, for instance. Was not Mr. Dupont made a count because he was a mayor, and had to congratulate the emperor on his return from Vienna? Oh, I vote for the marriage. I quite adore this charming young man. Never mind, Augusta, you will be so happy, and all the world will envy you. The Duchess de Carigliano, who comes to my soirées, is quite crazy about Henri de Sommervieux. Some people are even so ill natured as to say that she only comes to my house to meet him, as if a little duchess of yesterday as *she* is, should consider it any condescension to visit *me*. Augusta," she continued, having paused a moment to take breath, "I have seen *the portrait*. Bless me, how beautiful it is ! Do you know the emperor sent for it to see it, and said to the high constable that if many such women could be found at his court during the visits of so many kings, he would not find it difficult to maintain the peace of Europe."

It is easy to divine the result of Madame Vernier's seductive discourse. The storms with which this day had commenced resembled those of nature, leaving, when the clouds had cleared away, a more bright and beautiful serenity.

At this singular epoch commerce and wealth were more than ever imbued with the mania of making great alliances, and the nobility of the Empire were not slow in availing themselves of these inclinations. Mr. Guillaume was extremely opposed to this deplorable passion ; his favourite axioms were that, to be happy, a woman should marry a man of her own rank in life ; that one was always, sooner or later, punished for endeavouring to mount too high ; that love so seldom resisted the wear and tear of domestic affairs, that to be happy long it was necessary to find very solid qualities in each other ; that one must not be cleverer than the other, because they should assimilate in everything ; and that *when a husband spoke Greek, and his wife spoke Latin, they ran a*

great risk of being starved to death ;—this latter sentence, in short, was a sort of proverb of the old man's. He compared unequal marriages to those sorts of stuff made of silk and cotton, in which the silk always cuts the cotton in the end. However, there is so much vanity at the bottom of every man's heart, that all his boasted prudence gave way before the volubility of Madame Vernier, and the severe Madame Guillaume herself consented to receive Monsieur Henri de Sommervieux.

The old man went to look for Joseph Lebas, to whom he explained the new order of things, and that same evening beheld under the roof rendered illustrious by the young painter, himself and his dear Augusta, Monsieur and Madame Vernier; Joseph Lebas, who contented himself with taking patience; Miss Virginia, whose headache had worn off; and Monsieur and Madame Guillaume, whose good humour was at its height when, during the dessert, Henri de Sommervieux made them a present of the identical picture which they had gone in vain to see.

"How droll!" cried Mr. Guillaume, "that thirty thousand francs should have been offered for a picture of this place!"

"There are the very frills to my cap," remarked Madame Guillaume.

"And those stuffs hanging up!" added Joseph; "one could almost handle them!"

"Draperies are always an improvement," replied the painter. "We modern artists would be but too happy if we could attain to the perfection of the antique draperies."

"You like drapery, then?" cried Mr. Guillaume. "Odds bodkins! look at *that* damask, my young friend. Since you esteem commerce, we shall understand one another. And why despise it? The world commenced by commerce, since Adam sold Paradise for an apple; that, by the way, was no very famous speculation, good sirs!"

And the old draper laughed long and loudly at his own wit—wit with which the champagne, which he had been freely circulating, had inspired him. The eyes of the young artist were so blinded by love that he fancied his future connexions very amiable, nay, almost agreeable, and he did not disdain to enter into their not too refined hilarity. He therefore pleased generally.

In the evening, when the guests had departed, and while Madame Guillaume was hurrying from table to chimney-piece, from chandeliers to candlesticks, blowing out the lights, her husband called Augusta, and thus addressed her:

"My dear child, you shall marry your Mr. de Sommervieux, since you wish it. Risk your capital of happiness if you will, but *I* am not to be taken in with these fine stories of gaining thirty thousand francs by spoiling good canvas. I know well that money which is got so easily flies as fast. Did I not myself this very evening hear that hair-brained young fellow say, that money being round, it is good to make it roll? He does not seem to know that, if it is round for prodigals, it is flat for those who have sense enough to put it up. Now, my girl, this fine gentleman of yours speaks of giving you smart carriages, splendid jewels; if he *has* money, and chooses to spend it upon you, so be it—I have nothing to say to that; but as to what *I* am to give you, I have no notion that the gold amassed with so much difficulty should go in coaches and trumpery gewgaws. Those who spend too much are never rich. Paris can't be bought with fifty thousand crowns, and, though I may leave you one day

or other some hundred thousands of francs, I shall make you wait for them, please Heaven! as long as possible. I got your betrothed into a corner, and, d'ye see, it was no great task for a greybeard like me to come round a half-witted artist, so he has consented to marry without any claim on your fortune. I shall have an eye to the contract, too, that the money he talks of settling on you may be tightly tied down. Why, child, I hope to be a grandfather by-and-by, and I must look sharp in good time for my grandchildren's interests. Swear to me never to sign any deed without my advice, or, if I shall have gone to rejoin our Father Chevreil, swear to me that you will always consult Joseph Lebas, your brother-in-law. Swear!"

"I swear it, father," said Augusta. Satisfied with her promise, the old man kissed her on both cheeks, and soon after the whole household were buried in repose.

A few months after this memorable Sunday, two very different marriages took place at the church of Saint Leu. Augusta and Henri de Sommervieux presented themselves at the altar in all the *éclat* of youth and beauty, richly dressed, and with a brilliant equipage in attendance. Virginia, led by the modest Mr. Lebas, and brought thither in a decent hackney-coach, quietly followed her younger sister, like a shadow necessary to the harmony of the scene. Mr. Guillaume in vain endeavoured to have Virginia married first. The clergy thought fit to give the precedence to the most elegant of the brides.

In the evening the family separated after a sumptuous entertainment, and one of those solid suppers of which the present generation do not even retain the remembrance. Monsieur and Madame Guillaume remained in the handsome house they had lately taken in the Rue du Colombier, where the marriages had been celebrated, Monsieur and Madame Lebas returned in their hackney-coach to their old quarters in the Rue Saint Denis to direct the affairs of the "*Chat qui pelote*," while the artist carried his beloved Augusta in triumph to one of the most tasteful dwellings in Paris.

The warmth of Henri's passion for his young wife seemed to increase rather than to diminish during the first year of their union, and not the slightest cloud appeared to trouble their matrimonial horizon. Henri seemed to revel amidst the flowery paths of poetry and love, while Augusta lived in the clouds. Unaccustomed to reflection, she thought only of the passing moment, and satisfied that her Henri was devoted to her, she fancied that the ardour of his feelings would never abate. She made no calculations for the future, and did not, as a well-trained woman of the world would have done, begin by a thousand pretty little caprices to create an empire over her husband. Thus she learned no lessons but those of love; and though now a wife, and the mistress of a family, she remained the simple girl who had lived so obscurely in the Rue Saint Denis. She never thought of trying to acquire the manners, the information, the tone of that society with which she was now destined to mix; and if she chanced to say anything at variance with Henri's ideas, the young artist laughed as one laughs at the first faults which a stranger makes in our language, but which at length become tiresome if they are not corrected. In process of time, however, Augusta became a mother, and Henri, who had neglected his profession since the marriage, which had added such a charm to his life, felt the necessity of returning to his

labours and previous habits. He devoted himself assiduously to painting, but it was also necessary to go into the world, and society soon resumed its claims upon him. For a time Henri was vain of showing off his beautiful wife, and the admiration accorded to her flattered his self-love, while to Augusta it was a new harvest of pleasure to shine in the glory borrowed from her husband's talents, and to see herself the envy of all the women. But, alas! it was the last light which conjugal happiness was to shed upon the unsophisticated Madame de Sommervieux, for her husband's vanity soon took the alarm, when, in spite of all his watchfulness, she betrayed her ignorance of good society by some inelegant expression or narrow-minded idea.

The character of Henri de Sommervieux, kept under for upwards of two years, first by the anxieties and afterwards by the charms of love, broke out in its native colours when that passion had in a great degree subsided beneath the chilling hand of time. Poetry, painting, and the exquisite pleasures of the imagination, however neglected for a space, will always assert their empire over cultivated minds. And Henri's had only slumbered because he had been lost in a dream that had fascinated his senses, and blinded his mental vision. But when the lover had, like a child, gathered wild flowers until its hands were full, the scene was changed.

If the painter showed his wife any of his finest sketches, the designs for his best compositions, he only heard her remark, like her father :

"It is very pretty."

The admiration which she evinced for her husband's paintings seemed to spring from her love for himself. She liked them because they were *his* work : it was the artist, not the art, she valued, and one look from him was worth all the pictures in the world. In short, Henri could not deny the evidence of his senses. Augusta had no soul for the refined pleasures of life ; she inhabited not his sphere ; she was utterly commonplace. Ordinary people cannot conceive the sufferings of that being who, united to another by the most intimate of ties, is obliged at all times to repress every working of the mind, and to annihilate the imagery which a magic power has, as it were, compelled them to create. For such a one it is a lingering torment, more hard to be borne because fate ordains that they shall be companions for life. It is not well to thwart the bias of nature, for *that* is as inexorable as necessity itself.

Henri took refuge in the calm and silence of his studio, hoping that the habit of living among clever people might improve his wife, and develop in her those germs of talent which some believe to be inherent in all minds. Augusta was too sincerely pious not to be shocked at the conversation of the beaux esprits of the day ; she thought their bon-mots little better than blasphemy, and therefore she carried into the midst of the brilliant society in which she moved a feeling of distrust, which rendered her somewhat of a constraint. In fact, she was a gêne, and artists' gênés are apt to become disagreeable. They amused themselves by ridiculing the sanctity and the primness of poor Augusta, who had involuntarily acquired some of her worthy mother's excessive prudery of demeanour. A few epigrams, written, as it were, in the spirit of friendly badinage, reached Henri's knowledge. There was nothing positively offensive about these jeux d'esprit, therefore he could take no notice of them ; but they left a dangerous impression on a mind so easily in-

fluenced as his was. Thus he began insensibly to feel a coolness towards his wife, which, if not speedily overcome, *could* only go on increasing; for conjugal love may be compared to the ascent of a steep hill: once at the top, you must avoid a single downward step, for the descent is as rapid as slippery; the painter's love, unhappily, was on the declination. Henri, considering himself thrown away upon a person so inferior as he now deemed Augusta, fancied himself justified in neglecting her; while Augusta, having nothing with which to reproach herself, met his coldness by a reserved and melancholy silence. She never complained, but her altered looks conveyed reproach.

Sometimes, when Mr. de Sommervieux, fatigued with painting, left his studio before the usual hour, he would find Augusta mending with minute care his linen, or that of the house. She furnished liberally, and without a murmur, the money required for the extravagances of her husband; but, to make amends for this, she was strictly economical upon herself and the little details of housekeeping. Such economy Henri looked upon as mean and vulgar, for artists generally know no middle state between prodigality and ruin. It would be useless to dwell on the succession of trifles which, step by step, undermined the domestic happiness of this ill-assorted couple. Henri seemed now to like any place better than home; but his favourite haunt was the gay abode of the fashionable Duchess de Carigliano, and it was not long before a charitable friend enlightened the innocent Augusta on the nature of his attachment to that celebrated coquette. At one-and-twenty years of age to see herself neglected for a woman past thirty, was no small mortification to the dispirited Augusta; nor was this at all compensated for by the adulation she received from the most fascinating rousés of the day, for, in the midst of seductions, Augusta remained virtuous. Too late she perceived that there are *mésalliances* in mind as well as *mésalliances* in manners and rank; a veil, as it were, was removed from her eyes, and she beheld those deficiencies on her own part, arising from her want of education, which placed so formidable a barrier between the complete union of her soul with that of Henri. Her love for him led her to excuse him, and to lay the blame on herself, and she determined, by improving herself, to make herself more worthy of his regard.

With an energy miraculous in a woman unaccustomed to mental exertion, Madame de Sommervieux endeavoured to change her character, her manners, and her habits. But though she toiled through volumes, though she laboured with perseverance, she only succeeded in becoming less ignorant. Quickness of repartee, and the graces of conversation, are either gifts of nature or the fruits of an education commenced in the cradle. She could take pleasure in music, but could neither sing nor play with taste; she could read literary works, and admire poetry, but it was too late to embellish her rebellious memory; she could listen to intellectual or brilliant discourse, but was quite unable to join in it. Then her bigoted religious opinions and former prejudices showed themselves at every step, and prevented her assimilating with the people among whom she now moved. Worse than all, there had stolen into Henri's mind a sort of prepossession against her, which she could not overcome, and the very excess of her desire to please, the very terror she felt of offending him, embarrassed her so much that she often trembled in his presence.

MENTAL ABSTRACTION.

"It is better to be in company with a dead man than an absent man," some writer has remarked, but I forget who it was. The remark must not be understood as regarding absences of mind assumed to deceive observers. Some men have recourse to these in order to be supposed, by exhibiting an appearance of profound thoughtfulness, that they are capable of a reflection which is not in their nature. In reality they are only pondering on the existing deception they practise, and considering how it will be likely to fulfil their expectations. It is a fact that the minds of the larger part of mankind are governed by sensual impressions implicitly followed, with no appeal to reason. Some would fain be thought wiser than nature made them, and appear with a show of absence to sustain the impression, so that if they cannot exhibit the wares supposed to be in their possession, they think they shall not have credit for them, just as the common dealer in goods wishes to have credit for a vast assortment in his warehouse unseen, as well as for those in his shop, and this he would indicate by some trickery. Such persons, by taciturnity and gravity of bearing, endeavour to indicate mental depth under a shallow superficiality. Their mental absence, as they would have it to be, is but a fictitious abstraction that imposes upon observers, or the idea of a profound intellect in more than customary activity. There is an ocean of Atlantic magnitude between real thinkers and those who imagine they are thinking only because they put on the appearance of it.

There is no excuse for this shallow affectation of what with some is next to impossible. It is the extreme of ill manners to use disguises in our social intercourse, if it be not an insult to others. A weak mind can alone generate the idea. It is not to be pardoned that any member of a social body should seek credit for violating the simplest of conventional regulations, under the plea of an inattention that is fictitious, for it is a species of falsehood, an attempt to deceive others if they are not among the most discriminating, in order to obtain a consideration for what does not really exist.

To pass over this fictitious abstraction, the result of vanity, which is but wilful inaction, mistaken by others for a real, and only noting it in a passing manner as a part of the subject, however little related to it or the reverse, thus guarding against any mistake, it is proper to proceed to the more immediate object. Real absence of mind upon subjects of importance, often, indeed, of such great importance compared to the usual concerns of the hour, with men of a habit of deep thought, is often a visit beyond the regions of this "diurnal sphere." It is no matter that it happen in the seclusion of the study, or in solitude amid the beauties of nature; in the secluded chamber of the crowded city, or on the mountain-peak. Anywhere, in short, where the interruptions of busy life or the calls of society cannot interfere. It is necessary to bring all the faculties of the soul to bear upon the particular topic which occupies the mind, either for objects of research or demonstration; and this constitutes the mental abstraction, without which the secrets of nature or the discoveries of science would have been ineffectually sought in the develop-

ment, although as yet the progress made may be but little. The mental abstraction of the Newtons and Lockes of their time was of the accompaniments of their wonderful discoveries, the usher, as it were, at the entrance into the great temple of scientific discovery.

There could be no simulated abstraction of mind with such men, like that which most persons have seen put on by pretenders. The assumption and reality differ—in that, in the former instance, a man may not have the ability to think about anything, and still have the appearance of thinking to others. In the reality, the mind is absent, because the absence is but secondary, and comes involuntarily, the primary cause being overpowering mental application.

Some will fall into absent fits when in conversation, from their small stock of material being exhausted. They have “said their say,” as the phrase runs. Some are absent from the pride that, feeling it has not ability to sustain an argument, keep a discreet silence, and get credit for abstraction in that mode. Others appear abstracted because they can converse on nothing “out of the shop,” to use a common-place phraseology. The affectation of singularity is not without example in such cases, as well as the air of self-importance that, from affected abstraction, would fain make it be believed that the “fate of Cato and of Rome” were under consideration in minds that in reality shall be a positive blank. Here an imposture is played off, destitute of the common adroitness of the professors of the art, and played off, too, assumptively by one who is not perhaps wholly destitute of knowledge, but who cannot display his stock so far as to conceal its scanty character. No plea of habit or ill breeding can be accepted in good society for the display of this kind of hypocrisy.

Besides a real abstractedness in men of studious habits, who are engaged in important pursuits for which silence and solitude are necessary, it is assumed sometimes by others in pursuits that scarcely demand a thought, in order to add weight to what is little more in levity than mere vapour. The more eminent men among the ancients passed much of their time in studious abstraction. It was when passion was calm, and the spirit collected and folded up, that it could dwell uninterruptedly upon the glorious visions of a hallowed inspiration, that the nobler thoughts of the foremost mortal beings were generated to elevate and enlighten their kind. The abstractedness of such reaches beyond the limit of their domicile or study. It is discovered amid the pensive outdoor ramble, and among the works of nature, but hardly ever in the crowded haunt. Of many examples on record of mental absence among men of the higher order of intellect, but few have occurred in general society. The studies of those who had something left of the men of the world in their habits caused them to leave their more precious thoughts and soul-directed inquiries at home, even when they shared the hospitable board of a friend. There a metaphysical inquiry, or a question in science, would be like those nonentities to the world, the unknown tongues of the Scotch parson Irving, of which he left no grammar; not but that the abstractedness of men of study may have accidentally betrayed itself beyond their domicile, in the foreign atmosphere of the rich and courtly. In the latter case the bias of good breeding, which tempers the agreeable insincerity of courtly manners, would forbid the wilful ex-

hibition of what, in such an atmosphere, must be strangely foreign to its habits.

Sensible people do not, as we find from common experience, mingle in society to think, but to unthink—"pour *distrain*," as the French would say. The great operations of the mind are not carried on in the crowd, nor aided by fellowship, though ambitious rivalry may do something in its favour. Hence, academies of art that teach beyond the elements in the way of direction are always injurious to a high walk of art, being alone nurseries of a decent mediocrity. They check genius, level high-mindedness, and cause a mannerism which, in one thing or another, is soon made the supreme law. But enough of those who only affect to think before others, and think of nothing; who are, as poor Dunn Hunter once said of rattlesnakes to the present writer, "very quiet, but very disagreeable company."

It is pleasanter to address oneself to that description of *rêveurs* who have become abstracted from studious habits, and rarely if ever offend against good manners, than to address fanatics of any creed. It has happened, perhaps, without regard to truth, that some clever men have forgotten themselves by a sudden fit of abstractedness in society, or, perhaps, out of a forgetfulness of their position at particular moments, which may be justly set down to a constitutional want of recollection how they are situated. Such persons often err by mistaking the topic of conversation through momentary inattention, and make comments of a nature the very reverse of what might be expected. Sometimes they only hear a part of what is said, and remark upon that portion in a strain diametrically opposite to what they should do, and indeed would, if they had heard the whole. Persons of this description are apt to talk to themselves, and respond to their own questionings. The late Lord Dudley and Ward was one of this order of *rêveurs*. He would question and answer himself in his fits of abstractedness, and, though things were said of him that were not true, there is no doubt that he sometimes committed himself in this way, even with royalty itself. His lordship, however, must not be classed with the Solons of his time, but rather with the Eccentrics, who, if not now in existence as a club or society, many years within individual remembrance justified their name by their deeds, and neither societies nor single men can do more.

The abstracted form no part of the company which surrounds them, for their minds are far away from it.

"What are you thinking of, George?" said a young lady of my acquaintance to her brother, who sat silently in the midst of a pleasant party of young persons without uttering a word.

"I was thinking about a bill which came back yesterday, my dear. Who could have doubted the solidity of the acceptor?"

"George, George, what is the bill to us, who have met for a little social pleasure? We don't want the City office brought into Upper Seymour-street. You had better go home, and sit mannikin fashion by the drawing-room fire; it is the best place for a man *distrain*."

It was a commendable rebuke to the brother, whose mind was in his counting-house, in which it would have been more complimentary to the company had he kept himself. Yet even this young man's mind was somewhere, but what can be said of him whose mental absenteeism is

“nowhere,” as the jockeys say of a horse not placed ! What can be said but that he is a perfect simpleton, on whom nature has bestowed the gift of innocence through his natural incapacity for sustaining a heavier burden than the new-born infant.

But there is an abstractedness which may rank among those virtues which we admire, but which are beyond our power of imitation. Great minds are often marked by traits which, while in little ones they are faults, become so placed in those of an opposite nature that they are the means of producing foliage in the shade of which mankind is refreshed. The concentration of all the faculties of the soul upon a single difficulty is often an operation for which millions have to bless individual abstractedness in the higher order of mind.

It is difficult to separate from the profounder operations of the soul in this respect the idea that it is confined to any but the spiritual part of man. The term “spiritual” must not be understood in the sense it is used by the ghost-seers and the superstitious of the present day, but in the sense of the action of those incorporeal faculties or powers, and the reason both inherent and peculiar to that part of man which is imperishable. That there are such no thinker can doubt who only judges by the light of nature, for the reason of man proceeds from the reason of God.* It is not too fanciful at times to imagine, in the way flying thoughts sometimes arise, that we may deduce much more than we think in the way of proof of the undying principle in man from our aspirations and hopes. Thus we never hope for what is impossible, although we may hope for that which is improbable. We may suffer fancy to run riot into the impracticable, to invent, and soar above the clouds or descend into the deep, but we never hope to realise such ideas. Hope, from being confined to improbable or probable possibilities, may thus define the boundary of human action. It may be said this is only the result of universal experience, but it seems something more. The limit of our hopes is not that of our desires, for the former are bounded, and therefore subjected to reason. Our desires may extend to physical impossibilities, but our hopes are held within a more limited circumference.

The passage of St. Paul in the Corinthians, where he speaks of revelations and his ignorance when he received them, of where he was, whether in heaven or on earth, clearly points to an extraordinary abstraction of spirit or mind, though miracle-mongers will have it otherwise solely *quia impossibile est*, or because it is impossible, which fanatics make a main ground of belief.

The Mahometan doctors in their numerous sects are divided in opinion regarding their prophet, who asserted that he had been taken up into heaven ; but this statement, it appears to some of the mufti skilled in the Koran, admits of a doubt as to the meaning, and they insist that he only intended to imply he was in a sort of mental trance or abstraction of mind, which placed him in the third heaven spiritually. Others given more to the miraculous way of thinking prefer, no doubt, the least probable course, on the ground that the more improbable statements in faith are always to be preferred for credence, as more worthy of so great a

* ‘Ο δὲ γ’ τ’ ἀνθρώπων λόγος πέφυκ’ ἀπὸ τοῦ Θεοῦ λόγος.

ΕΠΙΦΑΝ.

favourite of Allah. Staunch Mahometans, in favour of the more miraculous side, insist that the prophet paid the contested visit *in propria personâ*. Thus it comes in the East to the old Western query,

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

One thing is certain, that neither in scientific nor literary studies, nor even in divinity, will much be achieved without seasons of abstraction, of more or less duration, dependent upon the nature of the sentient faculty in the thinker and on the greater or less difficulty of the subject.

There is more than one kind of mental abstraction, that which comes from the thought being fixed intently on the same pursuit, detaching the senses from external objects, owing to the attraction of that sense absorbed in the contemplation of one object. There is also a species in which the senses are dead to external things, the soul within itself occupied in observing the mysterious images which are presented to it, when it seems to live, move, and have a being unconnected with materiality. This must not be confounded with the exercise of the imagination in the conception of fanciful things, or in what the vulgar term "castle-building," nor must it be classed with mere occupation, to the exclusion of surrounding objects from attention to what is before it. The mental abstraction referred to is that which originates in study directed to one point in a particular pursuit in science, or in some branch of literature, which leaves the senses idle, the invisible, or "infinite," to quote the fanciful Germans again, being the occupant of the abstracted spirit, and the whole operation going on within, abandoning materiality for a short space of time, until the lost one awakes, as it were, from a reverie. Absorption in writing and thinking at the same time is an employment which, being mixed and mechanical, from requiring the exercise of the sight as well as touch, can hardly come under that class which arises from insensibility to external objects, and which some style "meditation," though in the latter term it would seem that there is some implied purpose in the absence of mind, a rumination for a determined end.

The time employed in literary composition is a season of abstraction always grateful, although it is laborious. Were there no pleasure in composition itself, were the outpourings of genius not a pleasing kind of abstraction in their conception and recordation, the absence of mind which they inevitably produce from the crosses, and idle bustling, and trifling of society would be ever dear to those who can be partakers in it, from being its own "exceeding great reward." Time thus passes imperceptibly away, and yet usefully. The world wags as it is wont, in the same round of stale repetition, but the mind abstracted in literary or scientific pursuits, enlarging its compass at the same time, vindicated its own immortal essence, before the Christian era established that doctrine and Christian principles were extant, except so far as they are embraced in the law of nature. Under the law of Moses the Jews knew it not. They seem to have imbibed some crude idea of immortality during the captivity, whence the Pharisees supported it, but it was still denied by the Sadducees.

Who can define the nature of mental abstraction in its relation to the difference between mind and matter? When a writer of thought—for this must be understood, since so many write without thinking at all—

when such a writer finds all the hours of the day pass away as if they were only minutes, when he seems to have lost time itself in the pursuit of what belongs to the "infinite," his abstraction appears a delightful triumph of spirit over matter, carrying into it all that is not a participation in the grovelling pursuits of the high or low vulgar in life. It is this abstraction of the soul from common-place things which elevates and sharpens genius, kindling enthusiasm, and enabling a mortal man to live an age in a day. The concerns troubling mankind in the mass, high and low, are all dead, what is before him alone being active and present, appearing upon a higher level than seems consistent with mortality, until it become a whispering of something beyond earth's dim spot, some delicious passing odour of immortal fragrance wafted by and borne too quickly away before it is fully inhaled.

There is no studious man who has been in the habit of perusing an author, interesting only perhaps to himself, who feels no annoyance when broken in upon by a trivial interruption. He becomes a little irritated, if he does not exhibit the feeling in a more marked way, and lays down the book, which it is possible he may never again take it into his head to peruse. The links of thought it had connected together are broken. The attention of the student or philosopher is much more deep and intense than that of the common reader. It is not to be interrupted without mischief; indeed, the apprehension of such an event it is which makes him seek seclusion. He has banished from his mind the realities which are around him. He wishes to concentrate his faculties on one fixed point. His imagination expands its wings to far distant regions, or takes him up to the stars that glow and sparkle in the serene of night over his head. He is observing them with an enthusiasm which gets every moment more lively within himself. He is carried away to distances only to be measured in mind by mathematical comparisons. He convinces himself that his desire is to obtain something of the mystery of their nature besides his power of calculating their distances. He reflects that such objects beyond this simple view can, after all, have no relation to one of an existence of only a few years. Their more abstracted relations only as far as yet ascertained would be superfluous knowledge, if he had no spiritual existence hereafter. The Deity created everything with a purpose, and on that knowledge it is not wrong to beg a question. Thus, independent of any other source, arises a strong argument for the future existence of man. This kind of abstract study no doubt imbued the minds of the Chaldeans in their observations of the stars in the level country and clear atmosphere where Zoroaster (Abraham?) taught his sublime theism—was it not kindled from the heavens? Night, too, was ever the time for abstract study.

In our own climate it is the same, and tends to similar abstractions and results unconnected with "the infinite," as the Germans phrase it. We then partake in studies where we can remove ourselves farthest from mortal littlenesses; thus weaning the soul from the body. This expatiation of the soul, to coin a new word for unlimited expansion, is of the nature of a mild intoxication. We were one day sitting in a window on a level with the street, waiting to see a grand funeral pass. We took up a book to pass the time, got more and more interested in it, and then laid it down, meditating deeply on its contents, and so remained. The funeral passed

by unnoticed and unthought about until a person came into the room and asked a question regarding it.

Some have described this abstraction of mind as productive, while it lasted, of a confusion of the faculties from some pleasurable cause; it is, no doubt, an insensibility to external things, an utter abnegation of all but the subject which absorbs the soul at the time. The movement of a limb, which some people denominate "a trick when thinking," is often all the bodily movement observable while half a day or night seems to pass in an hour, when the mind is thus, as it were, magically influenced. Yet on an accidental interruption for a moment, a reply to a request by rote, as it were, seems to show a double action going on, the abstraction of soul being uninterrupted, but instinct in full action. A servant enters the room and asks for a crown. The hand obeys the request, and passes into the pocket, the tongue speechless, and the reverie still unbroken. The request is understood and answered, as if the response had enlisted the understanding in reply, though that was assuredly not tested in the matter, the servant having usually come at the same hour with the same request. The reply was instinctive, or that of animal reason alone.

Another illustration. We were in deep thought when entering a bedroom to open a drawer for a pocket-handkerchief. The drawers had been moved a week before to the other side of the room. We did not go where they actually stood, but went at once to the old place, and were disappointed. Was not such an act of the nature of instinct in animals? The faculties of the soul were far away from the spot at that moment; the animal faculties were present and active—those faculties acquired by usage without reflection, or mind, which is the same thing. Perhaps—for who knows to the contrary?—this kind of abstraction may define the line between animal or habitual knowledge through experience and human reason, man sharing both.

The abstraction in study much prolonged, where it causes excitement, as it does with some persons, is probably injurious to particular temperaments, but such are rare cases. Patience may be tried in recondite investigation, and irritability be caused, but those who are deeply read in mathematical studies know how needful unruffled nerves are to such pursuits. In those works which deal in scenes of passion, where the imagination is powerfully excited, there is seldom any protracted abstraction either exhibited or required. Even in the composition of such works, those who write them have nothing to unravel, nothing to puzzle, painting only the pictures fancy presents. Those parts calculated to affect the writer's passions develop themselves gradually in general, and do not flood his feelings as they do the feelings of those who read them in connexion with all their passionate details, to whom they present a finished scene, while to the author they only unfold themselves fractionally, one part passing out of the sensorium to make way for a successor. This labour requires simple abstraction alone, being destitute of that profound self-absence which exercises the reason, and requires the utmost mental stretch from its complexity, as in difficult mathematical problems. Addison gives an account of one class of mental absentees that must rank low in the scale of the order. In fact, some acts are more those of carelessness than of abstraction dignified by the highest employment of the understanding. A moralist was walking out with his friend, when the

latter picked up a pebble of a very curious form, and said he should preserve it, and give it to one who was fond of curiosities. They walked together for some distance farther, the pebble still in the hands of its discoverer, when he was asked by his companion if he knew the hour. With the pebble still in his hand, he took out his watch: "We have seven minutes yet to spare for another turn, or even two," he replied. Then both turning round to second the word with the deed, the locality being on the verge of the Thames, the pebble-finder put his discovery deliberately into his fob, and played duck and drake in the Thames with his watch. The same writer adds, that he did not undeceive his friend, as he did not like to be the messenger of bad news, such kind of distractions being assuredly *mal-à-propos*. He remarked, at the same time, that it was but just to make a distinction between him who becomes abstracted because he really thinks and him who is found in that state because his mind is at the time in a state of perfect vacuity, or entirely destitute of thought. This is a distinction too obvious for comment, and of a species so common, that the blind might detect the difference.

The Rev. Robert Hall, it has been recorded, while a student, boiled his own eggs for breakfast. He was observed one morning by a friend who entered the breakfast-room at the moment to put his watch very deliberately into the boiling water in place of the egg.

Twice in life we have committed odd errors from abstraction. In a town in which we spent the larger part of earlier life, about a couple of hundred yards from the paternal dwelling, there were three houses built exactly alike. In the farthest off of the three lived a lady and her three daughters, the only persons in those houses whom we had visited. We knew the inmates of the others only by sight. We had been occupied with a matter of some concern that morning, and went afterwards to call at the third house. In a "brown" study, we knocked at the first door in place of the third. A servant opened it, and, without asking for any one, we walked up-stairs to the drawing-room, passing the astonished servant. The door of the room to which we had ascended opened just as it was reached, and two children, coming out, looked at us with surprise, and one of them awoke us from our mental absence by saying, having no doubt observed us go into the other house at various times, "This is not Mrs. T.'s house." The truth flashed upon the mind; we looked foolish enough, no doubt, and made way down-stairs and into the street at once. More than twenty years afterwards we lived in Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, on the north side, not far from the Edgeware-road, where the houses are of a uniform construction. The late Mr. Shiel had been sitting with us, and we had walked with him a part of the way to his quarters at the Burlington Hotel. Leaving him in Bond-street, we returned home, deeply engaged in thinking of something he had communicated regarding public affairs not necessary to mention. We had got back to within five doors of our own residence; observing a door standing open, a servant in the passage, we entered and pushed on, and so up-stairs. We were so absorbed in thought, that we did not regard her features, and actually had one hand on the lock of the drawing-room door to open it, when a very fine gilt weather-glass close on the wall upon the right hand of the landing-place caught the eye; strange voices at the same time were heard in the room. The truth

flashed upon us at once. If we had opened the door, "What a fool should we have looked, in a room full of strange people in a private house." So we thought as descending the stairs rapidly, and before we reached the door. "I thought I was at my own door—you let me pass—I might have been a thief," was the hurried remark to the servant, still in the passage. "Oh, sir, I knew your person; you live a door or two off."

One of the most remarkable cases of abstraction that ever occurred to anybody happened to ourselves. It seems incredible, but for all that it is true. We were for some years a resident, at Plymouth during the French war, and often attended naval courts-martial. One of these was held on board the *Salvador del Mundo*, a noble first-rate of a hundred and ten guns. The weather was cold. The ports in the ward-room and doors where the trial took place were shut upon that account. The prisoner was an officer, a remarkably fine young man, of respectable parentage, about twenty-two years old. There were not twenty persons present except the members of the court-martial, the prisoner, and master-at-arms. We stood close to the unhappy man, who had shot his captain. He was condemned to die, making no defence. He had taken too much wine, and his captain had threatened to disrate him. The court-martial broke up. Saying only a few words to one of the officers, we mounted to the upper deck. "I smell powder," we observed to a lieutenant passing. "I should wonder if you did not smell powder; have we not just saluted an American frigate come to anchor?" "How strange! I declare I never heard a gun." "Well," he replied with a smile of incredulity, "the sound does keep much outside the ports!"

We never did hear a gun, but recollected that once or twice we had shifted our feet, no doubt from the tremor of the timbers. We solemnly assert again that we heard nothing. It was a heart-rending affair. We were close on one side of the prisoner, the master-at-arms being on the other. He was a very fine-made young fellow, and behaved with great firmness, nor would he make any defence. To be hung at the yard-arm was his sentence. Though his crime was unpardonable, and it was a very unusual scene, so rare an occurrence as an officer placed in such a situation absorbing the feelings of all present. We had none but for the business before us. The fire of twenty-one heavy guns in the waist of the lower deck did not break our attention. The shifting of the feet, as if something made them unsteady, was involuntary; we only recollected we had done so afterwards, and conjectured the tremor from the firing to have been the cause; there was, indeed, no other. It is difficult to imagine how intensely sometimes we thus become abstracted. Abstraction may be caused by the action on the part of some external object, or from the mind being, as it were, folded up within itself, and the cause being wholly internal.

Plutarch gives us a remarkable example of this kind in the death of Archimedes during the siege of Syracuse by Marcellus. He was intently studying his geometrical diagrams when the Romans got into the city. So intent was he upon his labours, that he perceived nothing of the noise and tumult without. A soldier broke in and ordered the mathematician to follow him to Marcellus, which, according to one account, he refused to do until he had completed his demonstration, on which the soldier killed

him. Another account states the matter differently ; but it appears that he was so absorbed in his geometry, that he knew nothing of the storming of the city or of the Romans being in possession of it.

There are several instances of great abstraction of mind related of Sir Isaac Newton, which are almost too well known to repeat. Sir Isaac had invited a nobleman to dine with him at a certain hour, and his expected guest came accordingly. The table was laid ready for the repast, but Sir Isaac did not make his appearance. After waiting a considerable time, perhaps an hour or two, the guest rang the bell and bade the servant tell his master he had arrived. The servant excused himself by saying it was more than his place was worth to interrupt Sir Isaac. The titled guest, by this time tolerably hungry, asked what there was for dinner, and a fowl being mentioned, he desired it to be brought. Hungry as he was from his long fast, his lordship soon picked its bones, and had replaced the cover over them, when Sir Isaac made his appearance, declared how glad he was to see his lordship, and asked him if he would take pot-luck, though he did not know what he had to expect. Taking off the cover and observing the bones, he said, "I forgot I had dined!"

The foregoing was not the only instance related of Sir Isaac's occasional abstractions. He never married, as is well known. There was a lady whom he had an inclination to lead to church. To make love mathematically is of all uses to which the calculus can be applied the most inefficient and foreign to its nature. It surpasses even a Newton's power to square love's perjuries, or divide sighs and looks into infinitesimal portions. No logarithmical tables can be formed of the degrees of affection, nor can the differences between the love of one sex or the other, or the specific gravity of their passions, be tested by the most initiated. Sir Isaac is said to have seated himself by the side of the lady, his pipe in his mouth, and then, falling into a fit of abstraction, to have taken her hand (how her heart must have beat at that moment!), but in place of pressing it with an amatory warmth, indicative of the proposal he was about to make, he thrust her finger into the bowl of his pipe, actually making it a tobacco-stopper. The natural consequence was, that the indignant lady declined being the wife even of the mortal who may be said to have unveiled the goddess Isis, and drawn forth into light those secrets of nature that were before inaccessible to mankind.

CYRUS REDDING.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XXIV.

It was on a cold, clear evening about the end of October, that two gentlemen, sitting in the dining-room of a fine modern house on the coast of Devonshire, drew their chairs towards the cheerful fire as soon as the butler and footman had removed the substantial and elegant dinner, and had placed on the polished table beside them various wines and fruits. All around bespoke the combination of wealth, taste, and management; the furniture was sumptuous, and the servants well drilled and active. The mansion was romantically situated on an eminence that commanded a full view of the sea, then glittering in the beams of a rising moon, which gilded the sails of the various vessels gliding along in the distance. The pleasure-grounds which surrounded the commodious habitation were kept in such a state of neatness as to have a pleasant and cheerful appearance notwithstanding the advanced season. Late autumn flowers and shrubs still continued to bloom under the shelter of the verdant evergreens, so judiciously intermixed with the other trees as to give, even in approaching winter, and in that moonlit evening hour, an air of life and freshness to the general coup d'œil of the agreeable scene. One of the gentlemen was advanced in age—judging by his hair, which was white as snow—but his face, though considerably wrinkled, was still possessed of a glowing hue, enhancing the brightness of his small keen black eyes, which were full both of fun and fire. In person he was little, thin, and wiry-looking, and one arm was evidently stiffened by some injury formerly received. His dress was peculiarly neat, betokening an active and well-regulated mind, notwithstanding the changes continually passing over his countenance, which had something fitful in its animation, his mouth at one moment indicating a considerable degree of hastiness of temper, and at another pursing up to so comical an expression of humour as to make his whole appearance extremely pleasant and piquant, while his loud and mirthful laugh displayed a set of teeth still uncommonly fine and uninjured by age.

The young man who sat opposite to him was in the very morning of life, tall, finely proportioned, and dauntless looking; his rich black hair curled in thick masses on his proudly placed neck and full, intellectual forehead, while the bronzed cheek betrayed that the glow placed there by nature had been obscured by exposure to a tropical sun. His eyes were peculiarly dark and flashing, and might have indicated violence both of temper and feeling, had the expression not been redeemed by a certain sly sweetness that played about his handsome mouth and round, firmly formed chin, while his laugh and teeth discovered some relationship to his old companion, the first being frank and joyous, and the last beautifully white and even. This irre-

sistible laugh quite metamorphosed the whole appearance of the youth, entirely altering the expression of his otherwise haughty features, and half closing his bright bold black eyes, so as to combine all the other startling indications given by his changeful physiognomy into a look of blended penetration and merriment. His movements and attitudes were free, animated, and energetic, carrying conviction to the beholder of his possessing complete command both of mind and muscle, and stamped with an air of fearlessness and power the whole exterior of this magnificent specimen of a young British sailor.

No sooner had the servants left the room, than the old gentleman filled a bumper of "good old port," and, raising the glass to his lips, fixed his eyes on his young companion with a look of pride and joy, wishing him, as he did so, all possible success in the glorious career he had commenced, and which appeared to promise everything for futurity.

"Faith, Guy, my boy!" he said, as he placed the empty glass on the table, "you are truly the child of good fortune. You go off from your father's house, 'will ye nill ye,' and throw yourself into the navy, with no other patronage than what a foolish old fellow like myself could give you, and distinguish yourself so much in some little skirmishes that occur as to receive the commendations of all your superior officers. Not but that in this matter you were somewhat indebted to your great physical force, which made the hardships of a midshipman's apprenticeship indifferent to you. But then you quarrel outrageously with a stiff old grand-aunt; and, notwithstanding your undutiful conduct, behold! she dies and—like true woman, full of contradiction—leaves you all her money. Again, you return when your time as a middy is out, and find yourself immediately appointed to another ship; and, to crown your luck, your eldest brother gets himself shot, as he richly deserved, and you become heir to your father's fortune. Why, my lad, you promise fair to tread a bright and triumphant path in life, and old Uncle Stanley has nothing more to do than to drink to your success in war and love. With that handsome person and dare-devil manner of yours, there is no doubt but that you may carry off any woman in England you choose, be she married or single."

The admiral laughed his merry laugh as he emitted this bright idea, and twinkled his eyes at Guy with a sly and roguish expression, betraying thereby that he had been rather a bit of a pickle himself in his younger days.

"Married women!" answered Guy, in his usual careless manner. "Indeed, uncle, they may all go to the devil, or remain with their husbands, for aught I care about the matter; and as for love—though I acknowledge that I like a bit of a spree as well as most young fellows—yet love is a confoundedly dangerous concern, and I shall try all I can to keep out of the scrape for many a long year to come."

"Tut, tut, nephew!" replied the old gentleman, tapping the lid of his snuff-box. "Don't defy the little god, otherwise he may take you by surprise when you are not expecting it. So, 'Here's to the lass with the bonny blue eye,' he pursued, again filling up his glass,

"for I suspect, Guy, that a blue eye will catch you;—reason good, that you have got a fine pair of black ones yourself."

"Oh! I like them of all colours in my own way, uncle—black, brown, grey, and blue; but I have no time to waste upon them just now. I have but an hour or two to spare, for I started off on this short visit to ask of you a great favour."

"A favour!" ejaculated the keen old sailor, looking at his grand-nephew with surprise. "What favour can a fortunate fellow like you have to ask of me, boy? It appears to me that the only favour I can now grant you is to die as fast as I can, and leave you my fortune to swell the amount of your well-filled coffers. You know that was settled long ago, my lad. For years you have been the son of my adoption."

A momentary contraction crisped Guy's manly brow.

"Uncle," he said, "don't shock me. One of the things I most anxiously desire on earth is, that you may be spared for many a year to cheer me by your friendship and sympathy."

Truth is imperative and convincing; the admiral felt that there was no insincerity in the words. He twinkled a tear from his eye, and, stretching his uninjured arm across the fireplace, seized Guy's hand, and giving it a hearty shake, replied, with animation:

"I believe you—I believe you, my dear boy. Rough old seaman though he is, Algernon Stanley well understands the language of the heart. But what is it, my lad? What favour can a useless super-annuated sailor grant to a prosperous youth like you in the present bright phase of his fortune?"

"Frankly, then, uncle, it is to exert your influence with the Admiralty to get me, as soon as possible, appointed to another ship."

The old man opened his eyes to their fullest extent, and stared at his nephew with astonishment.

"Another ship!" he exclaimed. "Why, what is your objection to the *Terrible*, one of the very best vessels in the service?"

"I have no objection whatever to the *Terrible*, my dear sir, but I don't much like the person who commands her. I fear my brother-in-law captain."

"Fear him!" repeated the other, with astonishment. "Why, surely, Guy, a young fellow like you, already distinguished for his audacity and courage, cannot possibly feel *fear*? You don't mean to say, after being so highly commended for your bravery, that you are going to show the white feather, do ye?"

Guy laughed his loud irresistible laugh.

"No, no, uncle; the white feather is one that shall never be stuck in my cap. But I must try to explain the matter clearly, to enable you to comprehend the odd position in which I am placed."

Drawing his chair closer to that of his old friend, and bending towards him, he then proceeded, speaking in a low and distinct voice, whilst the admiral, crossing one leg over the knee of the other, and leaning back in his easy-chair, with his snuff-box in one hand and a silk pocket-handkerchief in the other, fixed his gleaming eyes on his nephew's face, and pursed up his mouth with a droll expression of keen attention and interest.

"Well, first let me enlighten you as to the fact that I am only heir to half my great-aunt's fortune, and that I am but depositary for what remains, to apply it for the benefit of another person when I come of age. It appeared odd enough, did it not, that an old woman, with whom I had been at war from my infancy, whose peculiarities I laughed at, whose authority I braved, whose cattle I used to send scampering over her corn-fields—to *her* the most provoking feat I could possibly have performed—should discover my perfections so far as to induce her to leave me all she had? Yet she did understand me thoroughly," he continued, after a short pause. "She was a singular character, my Aunt M'Naughton! She was just one of ourselves, uncle—a tough old admiral of a woman, brave as a lion, hard as iron, stern in command. I think I stood more in awe of her than I ever did of anybody in my life."

"And that does not appear to have been very much, by your own account, nephew," observed the old sailor, with a chuckle at his own well-timed remark.

Guy smiled; his conscience could not accuse him much on that score. Then, glancing at the small ornamental clock on the chimney-piece, he went on more rapidly:

"We parted in anger, and I joined my ship. Before this happened, however, I must tell you that a new relation had appeared amongst us, the little Italian aunty you have heard me mention, the daughter of my father's mother by a foolish second marriage. When I returned home at the holidays from the academy where I had been sent in disgrace, I found the poor thing in the family cowering like a frightened bird in the midst of hawks, unkindly treated by my father and mother, tyrannised over by my younger brother and sister, and neglected by the whole household. I took a great fancy to the child—she is nearly three years my junior—and tried all I could to make them more kind to her; but I believe I only did ill, for after I went back to school my mother, to get her out of the way, banished her to Aunt M'Naughton's uncomfortable house, whom, at the same time, she endeavoured to prejudice against her. But Tiny's character was like a bright spring of water forcing its pellucid drops through the fissures of a hard rock, proving by their limpidity how pure was the source from which they emanated."

"Upon my word, Guy," interrupted the old gentleman, "I think you were born to be an orator instead of a sailor."

"Not I, indeed, uncle. I only speak truth as I feel it; but to go on with my story, for it is an odd enough one. My tough admiral of a great-aunt soon became aware of her bright and good qualities—there never was a cleverer woman than Aunt M'Naughton—so she took her into high favour, and became very kind to her in her own queer way. Well, as I have understood the matter, my father and mother hated the girl worse and worse, or rather my mother, for my father is but a cipher."

"Dutiful!" murmured rather spitefully his attentive auditor.

"And when I came home," pursued Guy, "to bid them all farewell before going to sea, I fired out upon the subject, and that was partly the cause of my quarrel with my great-aunt before my departure."

My memory rather stings me here," continued he, pausing perturbedly in his explanation, "but I have no time for mincing matters. I returned from my first cruise, and in a moment of extreme depression and irritation in consequence of some painful family events—with which you are well acquainted, uncle—I wrote a violent letter to dear little Tiny, in which, among other abominable things, I wished Aunt M'Naughton were dead, and that she might leave her all her fortune. By an odd chance this edifying composition fell into the old lady's clutches, and one might naturally have concluded that it would have finished me for ever with her; but not a bit; quite the contrary; it prepossessed her completely with a conviction of my disinterestedness and generosity. I was just about to sail again, when, to my astonishment, I received a missive from her, telling me that, as she understood our ship was under orders for the Mediterranean, she begged that I would try to obtain permission to visit Palermo at my leisure, and there endeavour to procure every possible intelligence about Tiny's family; above all, what had become of her father, and what kind of estimation he was held in among his own relations and country-people. Captain Stourton, with whom I sailed, was kind and considerate, and on my explaining to him that the reason of my request was touching a family matter, when we came to anchor in the Bay of Naples he gave me both leave of absence and time to procure the desired information. The account I elicited was very satisfactory in some respects, but quite the contrary in others. I found that the family of San Isidora was titled, ancient, and distinguished; but as for Ascanio, the descendant of an impoverished younger branch, and the little girl's father, he was reckoned a great musical genius to be sure, but a downright *mauvais sujet*. His marriage to my grandmother was well known, and likewise that he had forsaken her for a public singer to whom he had been devoted; this woman he had at last accompanied to the United States, where she had died, and then, to keep up the excitement of life, he took to play, and became a confirmed gambler. Of his having a daughter no one seemed to be aware, and I took good care not to enlighten anybody on the subject. All this information I communicated to my aunt, and then I received another letter from her commending me highly for my prudence and intelligence, and asking my candid opinion as to what I thought she should do for this unfortunate unprotected girl, who, she added, devoted herself entirely to promote her comfort, without a single *arrière pensée*. So I wrote at once, frankly and bluntly, that it appeared to me she could do nothing less than leave her half her money. Back came an answer in due course, in which were betrayed the stiff sailor-like peculiarities of her character. She said that she had pledged herself to my father that he or his should inherit her fortune, and that she could not possibly break her word; but in order to make all matters fit well, and to keep up appearances, I suppose, she intended to make me her heir, and that she trusted to my honour to follow out my own ideas as soon as I came of age. She never seemed to contemplate the possibility of my dying in the interval. Of course I readily accepted the terms—which, on her part, was something like cheating the devil in a cunning way—and I did so, moreover, without any

qualm of conscience, as she assured me solemnly that she had all along purposed to leave me half her fortune, and to divide the rest among my sisters. Now, however, she added, late unfortunate circumstances have rendered the last part of my intentions unnecessary; you have no sister but one remaining, and your father is sufficiently wealthy to enable him to portion her handsomely, particularly as your infatuated brother Frederick's conduct renders consideration for him unavailing. And here ended my correspondence with my eccentric old relative."

The admiral took a pinch of snuff with rather a puzzled air.

"But what has all this to do with your wishing me to get you exchanged into another ship, Guy? for I don't quite understand," he asked, looking at his nephew with much curiosity.

"This is the very point on which my request hinges," answered the young man, earnestly. "War I would wish to see; and as for death, I dread it as little as most men, but I do fear that, by some unlucky chance, I may go out of the world before I can make good Aunt M'Naughton's intentions towards poor Tiny."

"Ah, ha! I begin to comprehend," observed the keen old gentleman; "and you think your honourable brother-in-law would have no objections to place you in some dangerous predicament to help you off the stage, as in that case he would be likely to succeed to all your aunt's fortune, as well as your father's unentailed possessions?"

"Exactly so," answered Guy. "I don't like the man at all, uncle; there is something very sinister about him, and others think the same of him as I do. On my last arrival in England, I found a letter waiting me which Aunt M'Naughton had written after Rachael's marriage, and left in the hands of Mr. Munro, expressing a similar opinion. She warns me in it to be upon my guard, and hints at the idea of his having married from some expectation of his wife inheriting her wealth. She again alludes to my promise about Tiny, and adds that she feels the conviction of her interests being much more secure in my hands than if she had bequeathed the money to her in a legacy, which she was certain would only have involved her in a lawsuit."

"But, Guy, my boy, these are not the days of perils by flood and field," said the old gentleman, looking at him anxiously. "Your brother-in-law is an officer in the British navy, and, considering how well investigated everything is at the present reforming time, it is unlikely that even the most hardened villain should in a public capacity attempt anything of a questionable nature."

"What you say is quite true, uncle, yet still we all know how completely arbitrary a sovereign the captain of a man-of-war is on board his own ship. But it is not violence I fear—though he has a confoundedly bad character among the men who have served under him—it is his cunning I dread; I read this vice in every word he says, in every glance he gives, and its effects may be the more fatal to me, as I am quite well aware that I do not possess the valuable quality of caution in a sufficiently strong degree to oppose to it, if I came to be subjected for any length of time to its workings."

The admiral sighed deeply—a most unusual thing with him—and remained for a minute plunged in a reverie.

"But what leads you to have taken this strong impression of insincerity in the man?" he at length resumed.

"His extreme anxiety to get into commission at this precise time, and to have me on board his ship," answered Guy, "which I found out in different ways; also the manner in which he courts me, though I clearly perceive that he hates me at the bottom of his heart. Listen, uncle," he continued more earnestly, and speaking in a lower tone of voice; "you are well aware that moral causes may work out a physical death; well, for the last few weeks he has sought by every possible means to keep me bound down beside him in London and Plymouth, and has striven unceasingly, by indirect channels, to plunge me into the grossest dissipation. With Strickland, his first lieutenant—an old shipmate and companion in debauchery—he is hand and glove, and while laughing before me at every duty divine and human, he leaves it to the other to pilot my way to excess of every description."

"This is horrible!" exclaimed the old man, starting. "And how, my lad, have you contrived to steer your course so clear as to preserve your mind and blood untainted?"

"By acting the hypocrite, uncle—a part I don't much like; but the stake for which I play is singularly important—one dear to my heart and conscience for this poor helpless girl's sake—so I feign to be sentimental and in love, and have hitherto contrived to ward off the evil, which I hope to be able still to do until the danger is past. For any length of time, however, I cannot promise. My nature is impetuous and fiery; I still want nine months to be of age, and what I most dread for myself is, my breaking out some day upon this rascal brother-in-law, and thereby committing an act of insubordination. I have therefore flown to you, uncle, to beg you to come to my rescue, and, if possible, to get me an exchange by the time we touch at New York, that, as soon as I land on American ground, I may free myself from the coils of this man-serpent and his villanous accomplice."

"The time is short, but it shall be done, my lad, if I have a shadow of influence remaining with the Admiralty. At all events, I shall exert both private and public interest to the utmost, and if I fail to meet your views at the moment you wish, God will befriend you, my brave, generous boy!"

As he spoke, both the old and young sailor rose from their seats, cordially embraced, and remained for an instant locked in each other's arms; then Guy, tearing himself away, rushed from the house, and in a few minutes afterwards was scampering on his mettlesome horse in the direction of Plymouth, from which port he expected to sail on the following day.

XXV.

THE first faint streaks of the grey October morning were beginning to render visible the more prominent objects of the brilliant city of Paris, when the door of a room of a house in one of the remote streets slowly opened to admit an old lady, muffled up in a peignoir, and otherwise in such *déshabille* as to show that she had just risen from her bed. She paused on the threshold of the chamber, and surveyed

with a sigh the packed boxes all around, giving evidence of the near departure of the occupant; then advanced towards the couch on which that occupant still slumbered. It was a fair girl who lay before her in that deep unconsciousness which marks the sleep of health and innocence; one rounded and snowy arm was thrown above her head, and her redundant silky hair, having escaped from the net that had confined it, was scattered in rich profusion on her pillow, while her softly coloured cheek formed a beautiful relief to the long dark eye-lashes which rested on it.

The old lady drew a chair close to the bed, and gazed with a tender and pitying interest on the lovely sleeper; then, bending towards her, she pressed her lips to the polished forehead, with the obvious intention of awakening her from her profound repose. As she did so the girl started, and, opening her lustrous eyes, gazed at the unwonted visitor with a look of bewilderment, then half rose up and threw back her fair tresses from her brow and bosom.

"What is it, signora?" she exclaimed, confusedly. "Is it time to go? Have I slept too long?"

"No, dearest Christina," answered the other, soothingly; "the morning is but in the dawn, and I came to pay you an early visit that I might talk undisturbedly with you before your departure. Lie back on your pillow, cara, and listen attentively to what I am going to say as to the words of one with whom it is more than probable you may never meet again."

Christine obeyed, while the tears poured down her cheeks, for she felt confusedly at the instant, as if it were her destiny to part with every one whom she loved and trusted on earth.

The Signora Cypriani's head generally shook a little from the effects of a slight stroke of paralysis, but at this moment the movement was more apparent from the general stillness of the rest of her figure, and the grave and important thoughts with which she was internally agitated. Her grey hair was combed back from her fine forehead, and her large melancholy eyes, with their marked eyebrows, looked more than usually black and expressive. She laid her withered hand on the bedclothes, and earnestly regarded her weeping protégée.

"Poor child!" she said, "and your tender heart overflows with sorrow at parting even from a dull old woman like me, whom you have known but for so short a time. Your powers of sympathy are very great, Christina; in *that* you are all Italian. I weep too, carina, but *my* tears are inward. I have been most happy in your society, Christina—more happy than I could possibly have been with any one else, for your pure and gifted nature has refreshed my exhausted feelings and warmed my chilled heart. In placing you with me, my child, your father acted wisely, for he knew that though old and desolate, still I was one from whom you could learn no ill. In *that* he did well for the time that is past. Would that I could answer as certainly for the future."

Christine drew a long breath; she felt as if a veil was about to be raised from her eyes to display truth in all its nakedness, and she tried to muster mental strength to meet the stern reality.

"Tell me at once, dear signora," she faltered out, in a low tone of

voice, turning pale as death as she spoke, "what is the mystery about my father, for I *feel* there is one?"

"He is a *gamester*!"

Slowly and distinctly articulated the old lady, following with her penetrating eye every change in the eloquent countenance of her young favourite. Christine started. The words of Mr. Munro, when he apprised her of the prophetic doubts of her great-aunt, rang in her ears.

"For any other vice on earth but this there may be a cure," proceeded the earnest Italian, "but for this none—none in the world. It is a passion that sweeps all before it; duty, affection, everything is swallowed up in the whirlpool of the gambler's infatuation. Your father loves you, Christina; he loves you, I verily believe, as well as ever father loved a child, but even this strongest of affections will give way before the madness of play. I come to warn you to be upon your guard, poor girl! for you are about to steer a dangerous course—one in which you may be wrecked ere you are aware, if unconscious of the danger that surrounds you."

Christine felt for a moment overpowered; then the recollection of the wisdom of Mrs. M'Naughton's arrangement for securing her independence suggested itself, and she breathed more freely as she imparted the fact to her kind and anxious old friend.

The Signora Cypriani smiled sadly.

"Your relative has done well, my child," she answered, "but even this is nothing in the circumstances in which you are placed. Money in your father's hands goes like water poured into a sieve. At this very time he is in the habit of playing deeply every night, and, I understand, has been losing greatly. To supply the means of indulging in this frenzy, he is capable of everything. Are you aware of his intentions with regard to you?"

"Intentions! No," replied Christine, hesitatingly, "further than that he talks of taking me to Italy to present me to his relations."

"He intends you for the stage," quietly answered the other. "Your voice is superlative, your talents brilliant, your person beautiful. Of your success there is no doubt. But what would all the success in the world do when a gamester hangs upon you to absorb the tide of fortune as fast as it flows in? There is but one safety for you, Christina, and that is to marry. A public career is a dangerous one; you, a young, imaginative, generous, unsuspicious girl—you will be surrounded by men of wit, wealth, and rank. To win the beautiful prima donna will be the general aim, and those who harbour dishonourable intentions are always unscrupulous in the means resorted to in order to gain the desired end. Snares will be laid to entrap you, and your father's madness will be made a net for your entanglement. I speak the truth," she added, with increasing earnestness. "I, the poor widow of a wronged and banished man, whose abilities and learning were his only nobility, yet do I know the world well, and such inevitably will be the case. Such will be your position, dearest girl! and your father will seek to remove all honourable proposals in order to keep you to himself as a mine of wealth, from which to draw stores for the gratification of his deadly vice."

Christine shuddered, and raised her eyes towards her benevolent hostess with an imploring expression.

"Have you no friend in Scotland?" continued the signora, more energetically still. "Have you no friend in Scotland, no relative, on whose protection to throw yourself, if things should prove themselves to be as I depict them? Is there no one whom you could call to your rescue in case you found yourself involved in danger?"

"Yes," answered Christine, "there is one who would fly at all risks to save me, and who, I am sure, would do so in the midst of every misfortune, but," she added, sorrowfully, "he will probably be far away, and bound down by his profession; he is a sailor."

"Ah, ha! you love, then?" interrupted the signora, anxiously.

"Oh no!" answered Christine, simply; "he is my nephew, though older than I am. It is the young man of whom you heard us speaking the other morning."

"The youth who has the fortune, is it not, that your father expects he will leave to you?"

"Leave to me!" exclaimed Christine, with amazement; "*that* he cannot possibly expect."

"He does," replied the other, musingly. "Money is the source of many blessings, it is true, but likewise of many difficulties," she pursued. "This fact alters the case, and renders your situation but the more intricate and bewildering. In these circumstances I know not what to advise. I can only put you upon your guard, Christina. Avoid vice; for believe me, my child, that if ever your heart should so far mislead you as to place you in a position simply equivocal, you are lost for ever in this world. Your endowments are those to excite envy; yours is not a character to support contempt, and the education you have received has not been calculated to throw that halo round immorality which makes one forget the past in the intoxication of the present. Shun the great and gay of the other sex, and only yield your affections when you have indubitable proof that the object is deserving. And now I have nothing more to suggest, and can only pray to the Father of all mercies that one so good and gifted may be preserved from the dangers with which she is threatened."

Christine threw herself into the signora's arms, who, begging her to be calm as she tenderly pressed her to her heart, told her that she must now get up and make herself ready for her journey, as the hour approached when they must bid one another farewell.

How languidly poor Christine arose to prepare for her departure! To bid the excellent old lady adieu was sufficiently mournful, but when she reflected on her warning her heart sank within her. Her father was a gamester! thus, then, was the mystery explained that had so long harassed her; now she knew the secret of his morning exhaustion and occasional gloom, as well as that of his anxiety for the perfecting of her musical talent. She was nothing to him but an object of calculation on which to speculate for the indulgence of his frenzied vice, and the world before her presented but a long scene of struggle and misery. Here, indeed, was a sedative for the pride of mental power and the vanity of personal attractions; those very gifts that distinguished her from others she now learned to consider in the light of misfortunes, and

thus was the buoyant girl's mind schooled to humility and prudence in the very morning of life, when the animal spirits are highest, and hopes of the future brightest and most bewildering.

Her toilet finished, and her boxes closed, she threw herself upon her knees and prayed for strength to meet the difficulties which surrounded her. Her prayer was a pledge to the Almighty that she would keep herself "pure and unspotted from the world," for the sake of Him who died to save us; and that whenever it was His pleasure to call her hence, she would go to her rest worthy of the love and respect of Guy, of the affection and interest with which her great-aunt had honoured her, and of the solicitude of the few friends that remained to her elsewhere.

On entering the breakfast-room she found her father impatiently expecting her, and looking more pale and worn-out than usual. The morning meal was hurriedly despatched, and hastily embracing her kind old friend she followed him down-stairs to the carriage already waiting to take them to the railway, where the rest of the party were to meet them. On getting in she threw herself back, and covering her face with her handkerchief continued to weep bitterly until it stopped at the station and she entered the waiting-room, where she was introduced to their *compagnons de voyage*, whom she then saw for the first time.

Mrs. Trevor, the matron of the party—a woman between forty and fifty—still possessed great remains of beauty; her figure was tall, slender, and well proportioned, and there was a certain air of languid elegance in her movements which harmonised with the expression of her face. Her eyes were large, black, and soft, her other features regular but inexpressive, and her still round cheek well coloured. In short, she had altogether a very prepossessing exterior, although to the quick perception of Christine there were wanting in her countenance those lines which indicate deep feeling, reflection, or strength of character. The eldest daughter, Nicola, or Nola, as her mother and sister abbreviated the name, might not only be considered a beauty, but evidently had no doubt of the fact herself. She was taller than Mrs. Trevor, was more fully formed in person, and carried her head with an air of decided superiority; her eyes—also like her mother's—were large and black, but much more bright and fiery-looking; her nose might have been termed too high, but was well formed, and gave a good outline to the face; and the pouting and rather insolent mouth, from being red, set off her strong and irregular teeth to some advantage. Sophy, the younger one, had apparently inherited her looks from the other side of the house; she was short and fair, had light-brown ringleted hair and blue eyes, with a pretty little nondescript nose; and there was something sentimental and sweet in her smile which not only displayed white and even teeth, but likewise dimpled her round chin in a very becoming manner. Much less striking in exterior than Miss Trevor, she would yet have been far more pleasing had it not been for a certain sly martyred expression which she sometimes assumed, more particularly when addressed by her sister. They were all three of a class quite new to Christine, who felt no great sympathy with any of them, and whose mind was too much preoccupied

with her own harassing thoughts to bestow more attention on them than what their relative positions absolutely required.

After travelling for a little time, however, she could not fail to remark that her father was paying assiduous court to the elder lady, towards whom he occupied himself with many *petits soins*, she receiving his attentions with singular complacency. Nola Trevor drew herself up in a corner of the carriage in silent dignity, looking extremely haughty, with an air of being offended with every one of the party, while Sophy softly addressed Christine from time to time as if she sought to make amends for her sister's want of courtesy. At length the train stopped at the station where they had agreed to dine, and they proceeded to an hotel close at hand. On being ushered into a sitting-room, Mrs. Trevor threw herself languidly along a sofa, declaring that she felt too much tired to be able to proceed farther that night; and thereupon began a long confidential conversation in French with Signor San Isidora, who bent over her with deferential attention. Nola, meantime, stationed herself at an open window, and commenced humming some passages of a new opera, which, if neither very distinct nor accurately executed, were nevertheless sufficiently audible to attract attention, consequently many curious glances fell upon her from passers-by—nay, one or two gentlemen began a regular promenade backwards and forwards in the street below. Sophy took possession of a seat in the same window, and drawing forth pencil and paper, seemed to occupy herself in sketching a church in view, but every now and then she let her soft blue eyes fall upon the curious impertinents who paraded to and fro, then turning them beseechingly upon her sister, standing in *alto-relievo*, gently implored her not to sing so loud, as it was attracting observation; at the same time keeping her seat, and pertinaciously pursuing her self-imposed occupation. Christine, with temples throbbing from grief and nervousness, sat at the other side of the room, shivering in the chilly air that blew in upon her from the opposite window where the two lovers of the fine arts were stationed, nor could she help feeling curious as to what could be the subject of discourse between her father and Mrs. Trevor, nearer whom she did not like to move for fear of appearing to listen. Poor girl! the ways of the continental world were quite new to her, and she had much to learn before becoming habituated to the manner of conducting themselves in which the vain and common-place part of her country people indulge when on foreign ground.

At last the dinner made its appearance, and they sat down to table, where the delicate attentions of Signor San Isidora continued unabated towards the still lovely Mrs. Trevor. No sooner was the meal finished, however, than he started up, pulled out his watch, declaring he must be off to an appointment he had with an old friend in the town, making Christine wonder when that appointment could have been made, as he had scarcely stirred from the room since they had arrived. The other ladies seemed to take no note of this contradictory circumstance, Mrs. Trevor only gently avowing her great regret at losing his society for the evening; then pulling out her well-filled purse, she begged him to settle accounts for her, as the early hour at which they were to start in the morning would leave her no

time to do so herself. Signor San Isidora charged himself with the commission in a polite and amiable manner, and after expressing the most anxious hope that she might not suffer from the day's exertion, he made his exit. When he was gone, Mrs. Trevor again took possession of her sofa, and turning languidly towards Christine—as she lay on it at full length—observed, with considerable animation:

“What a charming man your father is, Miss San Isidora; how fortunate we are in having so delightful a companion!”

Poor Christine started, for she was at the moment thinking of the probability of his having gone to some café to game, so she forced a constrained smile, and answered, that she was happy Mrs. Trevor should find him agreeable and useful.

“Oh, much more than that,” replied the other. “I think him quite a pattern man, so handsome, polished, and accomplished, and, at the same time, so regardless of himself, and so solicitous to promote the comfort of others.”

Christine raised her aching eyes, and looked at the lady with surprise, knowing that their acquaintance in Paris was a very recent one.

“He has as yet had but little time to show his solicitude,” she observed, while a sweet but faint smile curled for a moment her beautifully cut lip. There was a gleam of her usual self in her face as she spoke, and she saw Nola Trevor start, and regard her searchingly as she looked up from a book she had provided herself with, and Sophy send a stealthy glance across the table, where she was occupied in netting a purse. “What made them both look at me?” thought she. “Have I said anything wrong or rude?” Then turning towards the languid matron, she rejoined, in one of her soft, low cadences of voice: “It is a great pleasure to me, Mrs. Trevor, that you find my father a pleasant travelling companion, and I trust that you will have no cause to change your good opinion so long as our little journey continues—nay, I am sure that nothing will be wanting on his part to keep up the favourable impression he has been so fortunate as to make.”

“You are a sweet girl,” replied the reclining lady, sentimentally, “but how *could* you be otherwise when you are the daughter of *such* a father.”

Christine was at a loss how to answer this observation, being at the moment internally agitated by the conviction that it would have been fortunate for her if her father had been different in many respects; but this was a secret of the heart, and she felt the tears fill her eyes as she endeavoured to thank Mrs. Trevor for the implied compliment.

Tea was soon brought in, and she revived under its exhilarating influence; her headache diminished, her grief-dimmed eyes began to sparkle with a little of their usual brilliancy, and her gentle manners to expand to their habitual gracefulness in accepting the civilities of the elder and younger ladies. As for Nola, she honoured her with no further notice than a rude stare from time to time. At length they withdrew to their respective rooms, and the harassed girl sought in vain to calm her perturbed thoughts as she lay listening for her father's return. His chamber was next to hers, and it was *very* late

before he came back, but she knew by the tone of his voice, as he spoke to one of the servants in ascending the stairs, that he was in high spirits. "He has been fortunate at play to-night," she thought, as she turned on her pillow; the fear of the moment was past, and she soon sank into a profound sleep. Alas! poor Christine, this was the first time she waked and watched the gamester's return; the first in a long series of anxious nights through which she was destined to pass with a heart feeling and bleeding for the father whom her judgment and principles condemned as the man.

THE COUNTRY GIRL IN LONDON.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

SHE left the wooded valleys,
The streams that babbled mirth;
She left the garden's alleys,
And flowers, bright stars of earth:
She left the church grey peeping
Among the village trees,
No more to hear the sweeping
Bell-music on the breeze;
She trusted, of joy dreaming,
And hoped a brilliant fate;
His love was but love's seeming,
The mask fell off too late.
The night was dark and dreary,
Winds bitter as her woe;
She wandered weary, weary,
The long streets to and fro:
Spurned and cast off for ever,
No friend, no helper nigh—
Return in shame? Ah! never—
Here better sink and die.
And so the lost one wandered,
Through London's 'wildering mart,
And deeply, sadly pondered—
God help that breaking heart!
The wintry rain was falling,
No house would shelter give;
So to a door-step crawling—
For even she would live;
To a cold door-step crawling,
Timid she sat her down,
One dear name faintly calling,
Till sobs that name would drown:
Yes, he was dear, though cruel;
Though false, she loved him still;
Suffering to love was fuel,
Burning through good and ill.

The Country Girl in London.

The blast was rudely blowing,
 Sleet driving through the night;
 Within warm fires were glowing,
 And laughter echoed light;
 She drew her limbs up shivering,
 Folding her little hands,
 Her lip with anguish quivering:
 A form beside her stands;
 He asked her business gruffly;
 For fear, she nought could say;
 He raised, and thrust her roughly;
 She sighed, and moved away.

To beg for Nature's needings,
 Struggling, she bowed her pride;
 Her poor worn feet were bleeding,
 But tears she strove to hide:
 The great shops now were closing,
 Closing on longed-for bread;
 Soon honest Toil, reposing,
 Would press his welcome bed;
 A workhouse-gate was near her—
 Entrance she begged in vain;
 "Too late—they would not hear her;"
 So forth she passed again.

On, on, more weary, creeping,
 On, on, more hopeless, sad;
 Feeling the cold blast sweeping,
 In her thin garments clad;
 She reached an archway lonely,
 The iron road above—
 There would she hide; God only
 Would look on her in love;
 There would she, unmolested,
 Crouch till kind morning rose,
 Till her poor limbs were rested,
 Calm thinking on her woes.

Against the cold stones leaning,
 Dragging the slow, slow hours,
 The arch but badly screening
 From driving, drenching showers,
 She passed the time, now weeping,
 Now gazing through the dim,
 Her tattered dress close keeping,
 To warm her numbing limb:
 She moaned but seldom, stooping
 Her face upon her breast,
 Her thin white hands low drooping—
 She would, but could not, rest.

A torpor now oppressed her,
 And feebly came her breath;
 It was not sleep which blessed her;
 Was it slow-coming death?
 And yet her lip was smiling;
 Heart's light on darkness stole;

Dear fancy was beguiling
The dying maiden's soul.
O Fancy! thy swift pinion
Can pass the gulf of pain,
And 'neath thy bright dominion,
Lost bliss once more we gain.

She saw her native village,
Far from vast London town,
The fields prepared for tillage,
The old elms nodding down :
She saw the dear green garden
Oft played in when a child,
Ere sin her heart could harden ;
She felt the zephyrs mild ;
And birds were round her singing,
The flowers all blooming fair,
And village bells were ringing
Soft joy on evening's air.

A chorus of sweet voices—
Her sisters are at play,
And 'mid them she rejoices,
Happy and pure as they ;
And on one breast now leaning,
A mother's arms embrace ;
She reads a tender meaning
In that forgiving face—
'Twas gone—the maiden started—
The arch, cold arch of stone—
The picture had departed ;
Alone—again alone !

Alone—and she was dying ;
Her cheek was white and cold ;
To God she now was sighing,
To Him her sins were told :
Her little feet were chilling,
Her eyes slow lost their ray,
With life's last tears now filling ;
She knelt and strove to pray :
" God, pardon !" slowly drooping,
The wronged, the lost one sighed,
And then, her forehead stooping,
She hid her face and died.

MUHBOOB JAN.

PART IV.

SOME time after Khurreeam Buksh's establishment in the city one of the enterprising Britons who invariably find their way to any foreign country arrived at Delhi; he did not come as either a trader, or a traveller who was in search of information, and wishing to take notes; indeed, either of such characters might have found the place much too uncivilised, for the police regulations were not sufficiently stringent for the first, and a traveller, in conducting his inquiries probably (unless immediately provided with credentials from the government) would soon have had a summary stop put to his proceedings, however philosophical. But this man came to exercise the profession of which he had made himself a master. It was one that, of all others, would then have met with encouragement, and even still now would meet with extensive favour from all people in power and possessors of wealth in India. The applause and the substantial reward also with which persons in the East are ready to welcome any medical man who is successful in performing a cure of any kind is of a nature to remind one of the history which is told in Holy Writ, when the performance of miracles by the apostles elicited the ready worship of the awe-struck bystanders.

In the reign of Shah Jehan, when one of his daughters had fallen sick, and providentially a medical man named Boughton was present in the city, the emperor sent for him to try the effect of his skill. The doctor saw the invalid and prescribed for her. A cure followed. She became restored to complete health. When the emperor, overjoyed, saw his darling child well again, he sent for the doctor. He said, "I shall not offer you elephants, horses, gold, jewels, slaves, for were I to do so it would be like limiting the amount of my gratitude; but ask me anything—any boon in the power of wealth to give, and I shall give it you." The doctor asked him to give permission to the English to trade and form a settlement in Bengal. The boon was granted, and thus the germ of the commerce between the countries originated, and the avenue to fortune to England was opened, and the foundation of her greatest monetary acquisition had its first commencement. This, which is only faintly glanced at in most of the histories written about India, is a traditional fact that one hears the natives often recount. In order to show the extreme ignorance of medicine which exists now, and the want of knowledge in the healing art throughout the provinces of India, particularly the treatment of physical cases, it is quite sufficient to quote from the journal of any traveller who has been amongst them. One of the most approved writers in Persian, Saadi, states that when a boy fell sick his friends had no other remedy to think of to effect his recovery than either to sacrifice a goat, or to go to a moolah and get him to open the Koran by making what is called a faal, that is, inserting your finger in the book and opening it at random, and seeing from what words are put at the top of the page whether the will of Fate or Allah decrees that the child will recover, or the contrary. Even the circumstance of one of

the most popular of their writers describing such a state of things as existing argues the extremely crude condition of medical science, although, doubtless, there were persons in the country at the time that he wrote who made some show of preparing prescriptions.

The young man who arrived at Delhi was determined to adventure all hazards, and to care for no privations in the pursuit of the object that he was intent upon, namely, realising a fortune amongst the natives of rank. He was a Scotchman, who had taken out his diploma in Aberdeen, and he thought that the number of probationers who entered upon the same career at the time that he did was so large as to render his chance of succeeding as a practitioner at home very precarious; so, having had an introduction to some influential East India Company's servant in London, he managed first to procure an appointment as ship doctor in one of the vessels going to Calcutta. This enabled him to reach the distant country which was the El Dorado of his hopes without being put to any expense. He was of that shrewd, settled, concentrated character that almost universally distinguishes his countrymen. Clever without being accomplished, sedate without being courteous, very obsequious to all of superior rank and station, but still unyielding in his opinions; very chary of his civilities to any that were strangers to him, but above all, of such a completely selfish turn as to keep his own interest incessantly in mind, and set aside any pursuit or any pleasure which did not lead to being profitable to himself. The most disinterested phase in his character was his love of his country and countrymen; and though probably he had chosen a line of life which would cause his future residence to be situated far away from all hopes of hearing either of it or of them, yet the cordial feelings of his heart were as freshly allied to his home and its inhabitants as when he first left Scotland.

The best educated of the sons of men are the natives of Scotland, generally speaking; the prudence, forbearance of speech, calmness, and good common sense, which are found with only few of the young men of other countries, are very rarely indeed wanting in a young Scotchman. When we say, then, that they are well educated, we mean that they have received, nearly all of them, rich and poor, a training which serves them for the purpose of enacting whatever part in life they choose to enter upon. And I cannot but think that it is the universal respect for religion, and early initiation in the doctrines laid down in the Bible, that are mostly influential in giving them the high moral sense which, wherever they are situated, they show themselves possessed of. But it is certain that, though the population of their country may not be equal to that of London, yet there is scarcely a spot in the civilised globe where you may not meet a Scotchman, and if there should be any opening for a young man seeking to make his fortune you are sure to meet many. This young doctor, during his passage out, had prescribed for the family of a civilian who was going out to the country from England. This civilian was high in rank in the service, and when he arrived at Calcutta it was a year after they had received the news of the battle of Delhi won by the English from the Mahrattas. A little while afterwards came intelligence of the cession of the province of Agra, and now he was appointed by the East India Company to go up as far as the great city to regulate some financial arrangements subsequent to the possession of the city

by the English. When he accepted the situation, and went thither with his wife and child of two years old, he thought one of the great desiderata in his establishment at his new residence would be the presence of a medical man, so having experienced on board ship the care and attention as well as good average knowledge of Dr. Mainchance, he offered to take him with him up the country, and to apply to the proper authorities in order that he might receive a certain salary for his services to any of the men in the employment of the East India Company. I do not enter on any description of the politics which prevailed in India at this period, nor yet of the proceedings of the British army, but both happened at this particular epoch to be very conducive to the furthering of any young man's prospects who was about to try his fortune. As there was not the least reason for this doctor's confining his practice to any small number of Europeans who might be residents, he was most anxious to give to the rich natives who might possibly require his services the benefit of his advice, and he accordingly promised to himself the hope of winning golden opinions from the higher orders amongst the Indian gentry if he should casually ever succeed in curing any one amongst them.

Shortly after his arrival a case occurred which, though it might have seemed a very simple problem to any one educated in Europe, yet it baffled the skill of any of the Mussulman hukkeems. When the civilian and his wife, one fine evening, shortly after their arrival in Delhi, were proceeding in their English carriage through one of the narrow lateral streets of the town—the surface of the street was in wretched order—they were driven by a native coachman, who never thought of paying attention to the safety of the passengers that were on foot, but even drove on close to two horsemen who had just turned by a sharp angle into the same street, and immediately on their horses perceiving the strange vehicle one of them stood immovable and the other shied, and that so suddenly that he threw his rider, who fell stunned on some stones that were beside the wall on one side of the narrow street, and his leg was broken. When the civilian saw what occurred, he desired the native coachman to pull up, and getting out of his carriage, he went up to where the horseman had fallen. His feelings of humanity induced him to interest himself about the unfortunate man, and also he was determined to produce the most favourable impression of the English, who were soon to be masters of the land, upon the minds of all the inhabitants in the great city. He spoke to the man, and he desired one of the servants to hold his horse. He said that he felt very sorry that his vehicle had been the cause of the horses being frightened, and hoped that when he told him his name and residence he would allow him to take him in his carriage to where he lived that he might be properly attended to. On this the other horseman, who had stood by, but was unable to render any assistance, thanked the civilian, and said that the man was his servant, and his name was Morad Alee. He spoke then some words to Morad Alee, and advised him to get into the carriage, so with the assistance of the servants they lifted him in, and he lay down inside it by the civilian's wife, and they drove to Khurream Buksh's house, whither the civilian also accompanied them, and stayed until he had been taken out, and when he was carried gently to a charpoy in the *murdana*, Khurream Buksh said he would send for a native doctor.

The civilian then drove home with his wife (who, whilst he had been with the sick man, had stayed in the zinana with Muhboob Jan), and when they arrived there it seemed to him that it would not be amiss to consult Dr. Mainchance on the subject of this native having met with the accident, so he sent to his house to tell him that he wished him to come as soon as possible; and presently the doctor arrived. When he had heard all that Mr. Johnson—which was the civilian's name—could tell him relative to the native, they both agreed that it would be better for them to return to Khurreem Buksh's house, and accordingly they drove there. But the doctor took care to provide himself with all the apparatus necessary for setting a broken limb, and the boards, with all the bandages and implements which could be possibly required, so there was some little delay before they reached the house where Morad Alee was staying. They came there at last. It was in a street lateral to the Chandnee-chok, and a very narrow one. The man was lying on a charpoy, and in great pain, and four or five of the best hukkeems in Delhi had come and applied fomentations and tied cloths round the broken limb, which they had no idea of rejoining; but the man being in great torture, they had just proposed giving him opium to soothe it. The civilian and the doctor began by inquiring how he felt, and when the latter heard of what had been done, he said to Mr. Johnson, "If they want to bring on mortification and subsequent death, they are going in the right way to do so. I would propose setting the limb, and have the boards and bandages all ready for that purpose, and if you can persuade them to dispense with all these men's assistance I shall be glad to try and see what effect an ordinary application can produce. When I see the limb I shall soon be able to decide as to what treatment it should be subject to."

When Mr. Johnson explained this to Morad Alee, he felt very much reluctance in allowing himself to be put under treatment by a Feringhee. He had never been told any story of their being skilled, and he felt in doubt. But Khurreem Buksh, coming in soon afterwards, had a long colloquy with Mr. Johnson, and the latter succeeded in persuading him that the very best thing for his servant would be the treatment of this medical man. And it was, indeed, evident that the native doctors were very helpless in the matter; so he at last told Morad Alee to let the wise hukkeem Inglese see his leg, and trust to the favour of Allah, who had kindly decreed that his calamity and its antidote should come from the indirect intervention of a number of causes, all to be traced to the same person. It was only a simple fracture, and the doctor, having washed the limb and joined it, bound it round with bandages, and placing it in a proper frame, he gave orders relative to the patient being kept very quiet, and on no account to move his limb, and to guard against anything being swallowed or drank which would be likely to cause inflammatory symptoms. He then went away in company with Mr. Johnson. Khurreem Buksh had such confidence in his servant's fidelity, and such were his feelings of regard and friendship for Morad Alee, that he was beyond measure grieved at first when he met with the accident; but now that he saw the determined and self-possessed way that the Feringhee hukkeem set about his case, he began to entertain hopes of his recovery. He was resolved that no pains should be spared to attend to the patient, and he hired a nurse to watch by him continually. But no nurse or other

person could have been half so efficacious as his own dear little daughter, Muhboob Jan. She was constantly at his bedside; she comforted him continually with hopes. The doctor visited him daily, and in process of time he found that the object which he had in view was likely to be accomplished. This was a junction of the parts without any symptoms of inflammation taking place. Owing to the very temperate habits of the patient—who, like all the inhabitants of India, was a man of most abstemious life, so far as regards refraining from strong drinks—the severed parts soon adhered, and the man, being patient and quiet, soon had the satisfaction of finding his limb restored to the same state as it was in before the accident, although he was not yet allowed to walk upon it, and was, indeed, obliged to keep it perpetually in the rests. To him and to his master it seemed a wonder and a miracle. They were ready to worship the man who had been instrumental in causing this unlooked-for blessing. When the man had been laid on his charpoy, and they had seen that the bone of the leg was in reality broken, it seemed to all the natives present that, were any person to say that by due care and attention the cartilages should again knit together, and the limb become as it was before, he would be making the same sort of assertion as if he were to say that a blind man could be restored to his sight by the aid of a doctor. But when the moolah had visited him, and said that it was time for the ghosul shufa, or the bath of recovery, which the true Moslem always observes, then, indeed, it seemed to Khurreeem Buksh that no reward could be too great to offer the wonderful man who had effected so great a cure.

I know that, in describing the disinterested nature of the feelings which Khurreeem entertained, I am not giving a character to the Mussulman that is generally found in most of his race; but though there be no people, perhaps, more incapable of generous acts than the Mussulmans of India, yet I know for a fact that there are to this rule some very striking exceptions. When the lamented Captain Conolly made his first expedition through Astrakan, and afterwards Toorkistan, in the latter country he was robbed of all his property and made a slave. One of the rich Mussulmans, who had formerly been in India, was present in the camp of the Toorkumans, and though the outlay which he incurred was wholly a risk, he, like a good Samaritan, when he saw the stranger in distress, paid the money for his ransom to the chief who had plundered him and made him a slave, and escorted him in safety to the confines of India. When there, Conolly was enabled to repay him the sum which he had defrayed on his account, and also he was proud to introduce him to all his friends there, as one instance of a man who, though born an enemy to our race, and brought up in a hateful creed, had been capable of an act which would have done honour to any one professing Christianity. But of their generosity to their brother Mussulmans there are many instances, and the first impulse of Khurreeem Buksh, when he saw his follower restored to health, was to think of what way he should reward the kind being who had been the means of effecting it. He himself had no heir to his wealth, and, with the usual disregard that all of his creed entertain for female relatives, he felt grieved that his money should be all distributed amongst such of them as were still living, and was determined that his faithful follower should profit in some way by his good fortune.

While the doctor and his patient, as well as Mr. Johnson and the gene-

rous Khurreeem Buksh, were interested so much in what took place in the murdana of the house, there were other parties who were frequently together in the zinana. Mrs. Johnson, at the time she had driven along with her husband to Khurreeem Buksh's house, had been received in its apartments by Muhboob Jan. That little girl had been given a room to herself, as also attendants, by the master of the establishment. Mrs. Johnson had been a little time in the country, and had managed to learn enough of the language to converse with the natives. She had been taught its elements by her husband, and afterwards was determined to make use of her power in forwarding as much as in her lay the cause of Christianity. When she first saw Muhboob Jan she became much interested by her extremely prepossessing appearance; and when she, on telling her of the sad accident that had happened, found that she had met a young person of such an amiable disposition, and one who felt so deeply the affection of a daughter, she formed in her mind a steadfast resolution to let no means be untried to lead her to a better belief than the benighted delusions which her childhood had been trained in, and by every effort in her power to try and bring to her mind the knowledge of true religion, and the story of the inestimable love of the Saviour of mankind. Every time that Mr. Johnson returned to ask after the patient, she went in to see little Muhboob Jan. Mrs. Johnson was one of the kindest beings it was possible to conceive. Her age was not more than twenty-eight; she had the light hair and blue eyes which so often are seen in Anglo-Saxon girls. She was at Tunbridge Wells, staying with her mother, when she was first seen by Mr. Johnson, a rich civilian, about three years before the time that he was sent up to Delhi by the government.

Like most of the men of his class who returned home on furlough, he was not wholly in pursuit of wealth when he contemplated taking a wife in England. He knew well that the salary which he was enjoying was ample, and that if he were to marry a girl who was brought up with good principles, and of an amiable disposition, it would be much more likely to be conducive to his happiness than if he were to ally himself to a grand lady of fashionable habits, whatever her fortune might be. But this young lady—Clara Vickers—was really not only possessed of these qualifications, but was in appearance so engaging, and so unaffected and pleasing in manners, that though she was living in comparative poverty with her mother, who was a widow, Mr. Johnson was exceedingly pleased with her, and, after some little acquaintanceship, made her an offer of marriage. It was true that he was much her senior, but his talents and his liveliness made him pass for an acquisition to society; and it is frequently the case, that a man who is constantly seeing different countries, and going through new changes of life, is, from his readiness of mind and versatility of knowledge, although he may have lived a vast number of years, an agreeable companion. So, although he was fifteen years her senior, she really did not feel as if she were throwing herself away when she consented to be his wife, neither since her union with him had she ever had cause to regret it. She found herself possessed with ample means, and she was enabled to devote most of them to doing deeds of benevolence and offices of charity. There is an amiability inherent in some women that makes kindness a part of their nature. She entered with the greatest unction and earnestness into the feelings of the little Mussulman girl, and first she won upon her heart by the very great

sympathy which she showed in the case of her father's accident. Mrs. Johnson had become conversant with the language, from having had the advantage in learning it that very few have—that is, being instructed by a grammatical teacher. The men who go to India, and who are obliged to learn the Hindoostanee solely from the natives, must pick up the grammatical part in a great measure by guesswork, for there are seldom native teachers to be found who can give any sort of critical explanation of its rules. But, with her, she had the instruction of her husband for the elementary part, which is not difficult, and afterwards she had the practice of speaking with a native ayah whom she engaged in England, and who accompanied them out in their voyage. So she made herself understood to Muhboob Jan, and first began by working upon her feelings of affection, and led her on by degrees to the conviction of the truth of the Christian religion; and as she proceeded in teaching her lessons out of the Scriptures, and instructing her both in reading and in religion, she found daily that her duty of impressing its truth upon the mind of the child was gaining ground, and that her efforts were being blessed in convincing her of the falseness of the belief in which she had before had some training, and which recognises woman's claim to consideration but very faintly. She, in the absence of a mother, had imbibed but little of its prejudices. Every day the lady came, and every day the little girl became more and more attached to her; and she, by reason of the winning fascination of her kindly manner, gained upon her mind, and by the power of Divine grace she brought her to believe the truths of the Gospel.

The hours they passed together were not lost, and the little girl soon said that she would believe nothing but what was told her in the blessed book. She was growing up daily more and more lovely. She had scarcely reached her fifteenth year when Mrs. Johnson arrived at Delhi; but in that country girls are as much women at fourteen as those in England are at the age of seventeen. But Muhboob Jan, when the English lady went away, each day went to her father's couch and sat with him, and tried to explain to him also the doctrines which she had herself heard and believed. He heard her, as most Mussulmans hear women. He thought nothing of her mind, and supposed that her being actuated so as to believe differently from her own mother was a matter of trifling import, inasmuch as women, much less girls, are incapable of forming an opinion on any subject. He did not think it necessary to mention the circumstance to Khurreem Buksh, and, as the latter never inquired as to the cause of the lengthened interviews which took place when the Beebee Sahib from England came in to see his daughter, he was left to suppose that it was only owing to the fancy which the kind English lady had taken for the pretty and interesting little girl. Muhboob Jan, when she was left to herself, frequently pondered on the kindness and the amiability of the good lady, and contrasted her conduct—which showed such exemplary benevolence to her and to all with whom she was thrown in contact—to that of the haughty and impetuous but beautiful begum, who, for no fault of hers, was so near putting her to death. A new crop of genial affections sprung up in her hitherto unformed mind. A virgin soil had lain before the culture of a gentle cultivator, and she had found that it yielded to her kindly endeavours to make it capable of bearing fruit.

Dr. Mainchance was very often a guest at Mr. Johnson's house. In

fact, he had been often told to come at any time when he found himself disengaged. Latterly, the conversation at table had frequently turned upon the subject of their native friends; and while Mr. Johnson congratulated the doctor upon his having effected a successful cure, Mrs. Johnson expatiated upon the charms of her little protégée, Muhboob Jan. She said that she had never expected to find that any one born in India should have so readily listened to her instructions, and she was especially pleased to find that she had so soon allowed her mind to be freed from the thralldom of the pernicious superstitions which most of her class believe in. She said that she was a most charming and interesting young person, that she was quite captivated with her, that now she was a Christian she should not be surprised at her being married to an English person. The doctor said that he was in great hopes that her father, Morad Alee, would be quite well in a very short time, and that it was most wonderful that the natives did not seem to think it possible that a person who had broken his limb could ever have it re-set again. Mr. Johnson had been frequently an interpreter between this doctor and his patient, and also he felt much interested in the progress of the treatment which he went through; but latterly the doctor had, by means of unremitting attention to the subject, become so well acquainted with the conversational part of the language, that he was enabled to ask questions and give the necessary directions in Hindostanee. The fame of his talents as a medical man spread far and wide through the city. Men who were blind, men who were one-eyed, lame men, those deaf and dumb, and, in short, many other cases which were manifestly incurable ones, were brought before him, and, for a number of days, he had a large levee at his house formed of those classes who had jumped at the conclusion mentally that the Feringhee had been endowed by the Almighty with the power of curing all manner of sicknesses. In addition to this, he was sent for in numerous cases where his aid was really serviceable, and amongst the richest of the natives, and very soon he found that, owing to his great fame as a hukkeem gaining ground, he was in the way of promising himself the great object of his hopes, which was realising a large sum of money amongst the natives of the country, and eventually returning to his native country a wealthy man. When Morad Alee found that his leg was really restored to its proper strength, and that he could anticipate moving about as he had done before the accident, he felt the greatest sense of thankfulness to the doctor. He said to Khurream Buksh that his visit to him was like an angel from heaven. He said that he would give him all he possessed if it were worth his acceptance. He was progressing well, and expected that in a few days he should be free from the doctor's care, when an event took place which filled the doctor with astonishment, and, indeed, could scarcely have been possible to fancy as happening in any other country except India. The begum, who was living at some distance from Delhi, at her palace, having heard of this very celebrated doctor's success, sent for him, and, in fact, was under the belief that he would be able, by his recipes, to assist her more materially than the pilgrimage at the shrine of the saints, or any other act of devotion could. The doctor, when he received the message, was by no means reluctant to go to such an exalted individual, whose large property and extreme munificence had given her a name in the city and throughout the province; and satis-

factorily indicated that any attendance, particularly any that would be followed by giving relief, would be very amply recompensed. There was one very old proverb, that seemed, as it were, the leading beacon of his existence, as it has been of many other men's,

Isne tibi melius suadet qui rem facias ; rem,
Si possis recte ; si non quocunque modo rem.

So he hastened to attend at her palace, and was ushered in when he gave his name to the durban, through a long series of halls thronged with domestics, and at last came to a grating which separated the hall that he approached through from a large chamber. In this chamber, resting against the huge cushions which are in use throughout the country, there was seated on the ground close to this grating a very fine tall woman. Her large, languishing eyes were black as the antelope's. Her air was queenly, and, at the same time, complaisant. Her dress was of the most costly Dacca muslin, bordered with gold lace for the large scarf. Her ungea was of the purest lawn ; her pygamas of white satin. Her slippers were of crimson silk, wrought thick with gold spangles. Her neck and arms perfectly laden with trinkets and ornaments. Her nose and chin were models of the finest symmetry. Her hand, arms, and bust were proportioned with the most exquisite grace.

When the doctor approached close to the grating, the muhallee, whose office it was to announce visitors, called out his name, and the begum rose like an imperial Venus, and waved her arm to a woman who, speaking fluently, was seated opposite to her—a Kyneewalee, who had been telling her stories ; and this was a signal for her to finish speaking, and to leave the apartment. Another older woman who was there she addressed, and asked her some questions as to whether this was, indeed, the wise doctor who had performed all the wonderful cures ; and when the old woman replied to her in the affirmative, she told her to tell the muhallee to send for an interpreter belonging to the palace, who could stand outside along with the doctor and interpret for them while she spoke to him in Hindostanee. This was accordingly done, and very soon afterwards there appeared one of the servants, who acted as a medium for their conversation. The begum began by saying that she had heard that the hukkeem Inglese was so wise and so skilful that he could restore a man who was dead to life, and had medicine which was a cure for everything. The doctor said that he had medicines which were the best of their kind, and also the most efficacious in the way of taking away pains and maladies that were known ; but that he never could attempt further than what was known to be natural and possible for human skill to effect, and that there were certain cases, many of which had been brought to him, that he could do nothing in ; but that if the lady who had wished to consult him would kindly mention what it was she suffered from, and what she wished to get from him, he could be able to answer her. She then explained at length the reason that she had gone on the pilgrimage to the shrine of the saint, and asked him if he could give her any prescription that would be useful in her case. When the doctor heard all this, he thought he would be safe to recommend a course of diet that could do no harm, and also a few recipes of general use, and said that, though he could not be certain of any immediate effect that they should produce, that they would eventually be found useful.


During the course of the short dialogue, the begum perceived that the doctor understood most of what she was saying to the interpreter, and, as soon as he had finished giving his advice in her case, she told the old woman to go away, and to see that no one else entered the room, and to desire the interpreter also to take his leave, and to let the doctor remain there, so that she should speak to him alone. Her commands were instantly obeyed, and she, putting her face close up to the grating, told the doctor to come near, for she wanted to speak to him about a matter of importance privately. She then asked him if he could understand what she said when she spoke slowly. He said that he could, and waited with much anxiety to hear what it was she said. She then rose gracefully, her eyes glistening with interest. When she had looked down the outer apartment where he stood, and again surveyed the large chamber in which she herself was seated, and was satisfied that they were quite alone, she in a gracious but most earnest manner put her mouth to the grating, and told him to come near. He put his head near the grating, and she said, "Have you not been giving advice to the servant of Khurreeem Buksh, Morad Alee?" The doctor said he had; that he had met with a misfortune, had fallen and broken his leg, and that he had attended at his house and cured him by setting the leg. Then the begum said, "Has he not a daughter, called Muhboob Jan?" The doctor said, "Yes, I know he has. I have heard the English lady speak of her, and say that she is a beautiful little girl." Then the begum said, "Doctor, if you will return here and tell me that she is no more—that the enemy of my life has departed—I shall give you a thousand gold mohurs. I know you can do what I say—I know that you are in possession of means to do it secretly—I know you can take the serpent from my path, if you choose; so now you know my wish. Will you consent to the agreement?" The doctor could scarcely believe his senses when he heard this atrocious proposal; he, however, with the coolness and collectedness which belong to his calling, and, indeed, always distinguish his countrymen, replied that he would be happy to give any advice or prescription which it was possible for him to give to her or to any lady or gentleman in her household, but that to meddle with the inmates of any other establishment except that which he was sent to consult with was what he could never consent to. The begum, who was quick and impetuous, saw that she was mistaken in her supposition of selecting an agent for her dreadful designs, and, quick as thought, she said, "Oh, I never would wish to ask any one to enter where he should not be sent for. I only asked the question for curiosity, thinking that it was a proposal that might be agreeable to you to enrich yourself; but now I find that you are too honourable to think of doing such an act, I esteem you the more, and, indeed, you stand higher in my favour on account of your rejecting such an offer. When you return, bring here the prescription that you think necessary for myself, and mention to no one what I said to you."

The doctor hastened to do this. He went home, and soon afterwards returned and sought another interview. He was admitted in the same way, and went through the same forms, as when he first went there, and gave, in the old woman's presence, the paper containing the prescribed powders, and the draughts, also in bottles, which he said she would find benefit by taking. He was shocked beyond measure at having such a proposition made to him. He said to himself that he would mention the

circumstance to Mr. Johnson, and that if justice could be done to the begum he certainly should not hold himself bound to be silent as to the communication which she had made him. He accordingly informed Mr. Johnson, when they next met and were alone together, of the whole circumstance; and indeed he added, "I think myself I would have forgotten the principles of a true Briton if I had not exposed this detestable proposal."

When the resident heard of it, he knew that the begum was possessed of the principality in her own right, and that he had as magistrate there no power to control the actions of such a person, much less to bring her to justice. So he told the doctor that, however he might hold in abhorrence her abominable proposal, he could not move in the matter; and indeed it seemed scarcely probable that the accusation, however well-founded it was, even if it were brought before a court of justice, could be sufficiently brought home to her, as she might easily get over the charge of conspiring to take away the little girl's life by giving another turn to the words which she had used. It was on the very evening of the day when he visited the begum, that the doctor and resident had this conversation after dinner in the resident's house. They were alone together, Mrs. Johnson having just left them. The doctor told him all the circumstances, and he could not but conclude that what she had first said to the doctor was said in earnest.

"Knowing the native prejudices," he said, "I fancy it was her desire to rid herself of a being that had become hateful to her, whose evil eye in her palace had been instrumental in causing the estrangement of her husband's affections. She was, in short, the bane, the hateful neemchura, that had flown before her path, and ever since had embittered her existence." The doctor remarked that her deadly and dreadful disposition must make her hateful to any person, and seemed wholly unpardonable. Mr. Johnson believed that it was all induced by the prevalence of a superstitious belief, which was very strong in its agency, though quite unaccountable to beings who were brought up in a more Christian and a more wholesome creed. Then the doctor wondered what sort of person this little girl was who had incurred the anger of the begum? Mr. Johnson answered that he had never seen her—nor, indeed, could any man—but his wife, who saw her nearly every day, described her as a truly interesting and lovely creature, and he might, he said, have heard her speak in her praise. The doctor now recollected that Mrs. Johnson had talked of her, and said that she was in hopes that she had become a Christian, but he could not make out why it was that the begum was bent upon her ruin. Then the resident said that he knew the begum was lately married, and it might be that, in addition to the prejudices of the woman, who was very passionate, she was jealous of this little girl; that he had heard some time ago a story of her father having found her in a most extraordinary way, and that she had had a very narrow escape from being murdered, and he should not be surprised if the begum was at the bottom of it; that the crimes which are every day perpetrated by these Mussulmans, particularly their cruelty to women, were perfectly dreadful. The doctor said that, such being the case, it was a pity that there was not some way of taking such an amiable creature from the power of such people, especially as she had become a Christian.



This little girl should certainly not be suffered to come into the toils of such a fiend as the begum seemed to be. If she sought her ruin, she might, perhaps, find some other means of effecting it, all-powerful as she was. Her emissaries in Delhi, the resident said, must have informed her of the residence of Muhboob Jan; but probably the little girl, as well as her father, are wholly ignorant that any such inquiries have been made about her. It is the fact, that by secret information, and a system of paying and employing spies, such people satisfy their curiosity; and where there are no such vehicles of intelligence as newspapers, and where, indeed, there is no press—or people to read what would be published, supposing there was one—the rich are obliged to resort to procuring all their information in this way, and their extreme vacancy of mind makes any sort of gossip or tale-bearing acceptable to them. Women, in all ranks of life, delight in hearing or in telling some new thing; like the ancient Athenians, all women are more or less given to this, their peculiar passion, which, next to their love of dress, is their most prevalent one; much more is it so in a country like this, where they are wholly uneducated and necessarily unemployed, than with those in a more temperate climate, where they have some sort of education, and, at all events, are given an occupation. Also, the spite, malice, envy, and bad feeling which are felt by the sex to one another are wholly uncontrolled either by the salutary elements of mental culture and accomplishments or religious and moral instruction, besides that they are quite precluded from mental improvement from their not being allowed to travel, or visit any place or scene which is at all calculated to give either instruction or amusement. Then said the doctor:

“It seems to me that they are beings of a different order here from those at home; in fact, so far as regards their minds, they are scarcely better than animals.”

“Well,” said Mr. Johnson, “they are worse than creatures without reason in one respect; for where the animal passions are given complete sway, the evil qualities are sure to predominate over the good ones.”

When they joined Mrs. Johnson up-stairs, they did not think that there was any use in vexing her by telling her the account of the wretched purpose which the begum had expressed to Dr. Mainchance, but she began as usual to praise the little favourite, of whom she every day became fonder. The doctor, on his part, began to feel much interest in the person who had unaccountably occupied so much of the attention of so many different people. It is always the case that the hearsay account—the fame which fashionable parlance calls the prestige—of a person, whether male or female, has a great effect upon every one, wise or unwise, who by chance should afterwards be thrown into contact with him or her, so much so as make it impossible that any after-experience can wholly remove it. He thought in his heart that a being who could arouse such an interest in Mrs. Johnson’s mind, and win so far on her affection, despite the well-known difficulty which exists in making one woman loved by another, must be a person possessed of rare qualifications.

When the doctor had left the begum, she felt enraged at having so far been foiled in her wishes to engage him to do what she wanted. She determined, however, if it was possible, to effect the destruction of the little girl who had so wonderfully escaped from her. Soon after her return to

her palace, after the short excursion she had made on the river, she had been informed of the circumstances regarding her meeting with her father, and their onward journey to Delhi in the *kafila* with Khurreeem Buksh. But the resources which lay open to her, supplied as she was with boundless wealth, and having such numbers at her command unprincipled and merely creatures submissive to her sovereign will, were many and various, and in such a country she found herself at no loss to recur to other means of ridding herself of her enemy, although she would have much preferred the secret mode of procuring her death by means of getting a doctor to administer some deadly poison. But now that she saw it was totally impossible to induce the English doctor to listen to any such suggestion, she resolved, if she could, to hire some bandits to seize upon Muhboob Jan, and to take the first opportunity of Khurreeem Buksh's absence from home along with her father to effect an entrance into his *zinana*, and possess themselves of the person of his daughter, either dead or alive. With the implacable malevolence of a person who has been balked in doing an injury, and who knows that the person injured will to their latest day be unable to forget the treatment which they have received, she cherished the undying determination of following up her diabolical wishes towards the poor little innocent victim. She in her palace, which was regal in state, every day received numerous visitors, mostly persons dependent upon her, and some who, in the way of complimentary visiting, came to pay her their respects. The early morning of each day such a levee of hangers-on came in crowds, that her gates, like the famed

*Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis,
Mane salutantum totis vomet ædibus undam ;*

so she was at no loss in finding persons who at her bidding could secure the attendance of any person that she wished to speak to. She, in fact, exercised a sway over her own followers which reminded one more of the accounts given in history of Messalina and Zenobia, and certainly no modern heroine of late date, except we reckon Miss Gwilt as such, looked upon murder with so little compunction. She got one of her chokeydaurs of the Boorea caste, who are familiar with all the thieves and depredators in the country, to carry a message to Ukhbar Khan, who still lived in the same jungle abode near Agra that he inhabited when he took Muhboob Jan prisoner. He had latterly, since the cession of the country to the British, been going down much in the world, and many of his followers had forsaken him. He had not the money to keep up the force which he formerly had, and the vigilance of the English police system, so different from that exercised by the Mahrattas, had been fatal to his successes lately. So, when the chokeydaur came with a message to him from the lady of rank who required his services, he knew perfectly that it was for some deed of violence that he should be wanted; but such was his need now, that he rather rejoiced at having such an opening for bettering his fortunes. The time that the begum said that he should come to speak to her was at five in the morning. After she had given orders to the chokeydaur, the latter mounted a dromedary, one of the fleetest that she had in her establishment, which was well able to go seventy miles a day, and late that night he arrived at Ukhbar's residence.

THE ARLINGTONS:

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

PLATONICS.

THE next day dawned on the pleased and the displeased in the family circle of the Arlingtons of Eaton-square; but, alas! who knows what a day may bring forth!

Richard presented himself with some misgivings at the house of his liege lady, and having unfolded to her his promised act of fraternal good nature, and asked her, as in duty bound, if she would not join the party, he heard, with some dismay, her reply delivered in a tone of determination which showed there could be no hope of *her* acquiescence in his project.

"Mr. Arlington, I am surprised that you should think for a moment that *I* would go all the way to Devonshire for a stupid ball, patronised by a parcel of junior naval lieutenants, midshipmen, and marine officers, with a sprinkling of old admirals who have long been laid on the shelf."

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Larpent," Richard ventured to say. "All the élite of the naval and military people in Plymouth, and the county people in its neighbourhood, will be there. It is to be a very good ball. And the next evening the admiral gives a ball on board the flag-ship, which is to be a brilliant affair."

"My dear Arlington, you speak with so much unction of these Plymouth gaieties, that one might be tempted to think you had some attraction down there—some dark-eyed Devonshire beauty, whom you wished to take the opportunity of meeting. Is this the case, Dicky? Come, confess!"

"Tormentor! you know very well that *I* have no attractions out of Belgravia. I vow to you that I do not know a single lady in Devonshire under fifty, except my aunt's two stupid nieces, Rose and Susan Danby, and I am sure I would not go the length of my toe to see either of them."

"Very well; then it won't break your heart to give up these Plymouth festivities, and I can't give you leave of absence, for I want you in town."

"Why?" asked Richard, rather sharply.

"Because, you refractory creature, I want you to escort me the very evening of the Plymouth hop to private theatricals at the Bijou Theatre first, and afterwards to a fancy ball at Willis's Rooms. My cousin, Lady Clarissa, has promised me three tickets for the theatre and the ball after it, which is to be very select. I can't go without an escort, and you must undertake that duty."

"Who is to have the third ticket?" he asked.

"Little Sarah Grantley. She is the essence of stupidity, as you know, and never sees or hears anything; therefore a very convenient companion."

"Your offer is very tempting, Mrs. Larpent, but I fear I must decline it. I don't mind my sisters' annoyance, but my mother's indignation is a more serious matter. She often helps me out of scrapes, and replenishes my purse when it is empty."

"And therefore you must be tied to her apron-strings, and, like Little Jack Horner,

Who sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie,

be ready to exclaim, 'What a good boy am I!' I declare you must be taking a leaf out of my worthy spouse's books, who is always prosing and preaching about *his duties*."

"Why not make him do his duty, and accompany you and Miss Grantley to the Bijou Theatre and Willis's Rooms?"

"What a savage humour you are in to-day, Richard Arlington! I declare I don't know you. But I see how it is; there is no faith to be put in any of your deceitful sex. I wish I had never seen you. I wish I had never learned to care for you. I wish I had been left alone in my misery, without any . . . any friend to listen to my sorrows and sympathise with me."

Mrs. Larpent checked, apparently with some difficulty, a rising or forced sob, and her eyelids winked as if she were trying to keep back a tear. Richard's heart was not steel, and, as the poet says, "steel will bend." His heart was softened in a minute, and, forgetting the twenty-pound note, he told the suffering lady that she might dispose of him as she liked.

"Then you will give up the Plymouth ball, and go with me to the private theatricals and Willis's Rooms?" she eagerly asked.

"If you wish it."

"If I wish it. Oh, Arlington! had you persisted in refusing to accompany me, I would have sent back the tickets to my cousin; there would have been no pleasure in going without *you*."

She held out her hand to him; he kissed it; then, putting his arm lightly round her waist, he kissed her cheek. The salutation was scarcely over, when a double knock was heard, and a servant threw open the drawing-room door, announcing a visitor. Richard glided into the back drawing-room, and hid himself behind the door until the unwelcome visitor had entered the front room; he then ran quickly down-stairs and made his escape, unseen by the prying eyes of the lady who had just entered.

After he left the presence of his Armida, unpleasant thoughts jarred upon his mind. There would be a quarrel with his mother, who did not like contradiction any more than Mrs. Larpent. He could not tell her that he was acting under compulsion; he must leave her to think him very capricious and disobliging; and how, when he was breaking his promise to her, could he expect her to keep her promise to him?

"The deuce take Mrs. Larpent!" he exclaimed internally. "But no, not her, poor thing! but the deuce take the stupid private theatricals, and the fancy ball. One fancy ball in the course of the year—the Cale-

donian—is quite enough for me, and I shall be minus about forty pounds. It was a dear kiss! What black looks I shall get when I go to Eaton-square! and what a fool Larpent is to leave his wife so much to me! If ever I marry, I shall take good care not to follow his example.”

Richard paraded up and down Eaton-place and some of the adjacent streets before he could muster courage to knock at his father's door; at last he took heart of grace, and rushed in, almost upsetting the servant who opened the door to him.

He had a stormy interview with his mother, who was the more angry because he could give no good reason for changing his mind. Of course he could not commit Mrs. Larpent; and perhaps it struck him at that moment that his and her intimacy, though not clogged by positive guilt, could not be absolutely innocent, when he did not dare to confide to his mother that Mrs. Larpent had put her veto on his going to Plymouth. That veto was not so easily set aside, unluckily for Richard, as the vetoes promulgated by President Johnson at Washington.

Richard was sneaking out in a state of great chagrin, when he determined to make one effort more for the “tin,” and informed his mother that, at Major Chapman's dinner the previous day, he had met a very rich man, who, Chapman told him, was extremely anxious to marry, but he had lived long abroad, and had very few acquaintances in London, and no one to introduce him into society. “Jenkins of ours,” added Richard, “gave this millionaire his card, and said he would be happy to see him at his mother's house. You know she is a widow with two unmarried daughters, and they give little soirées. I'll go after him, and bring him here, if you like, mother.”

“Yes, do, Richard,” said Mrs. Arlington, who, like a drowning person, caught at straws. “Introduce him here—that is to say, if you think he is *comme il faut*, and that there is nothing against him.”

“He is gentlemanly-looking, and has good manners. Chapman says he met him at Rome, that his father was a man of fortune, and he was an only son.”

The cloud cleared off from Mrs. Arlington's brow, and before Richard left her boudoir she presented him with fifteen pounds. Ungrateful Richard thanked her, but not very cordially. Why had she not given him twenty pounds? He sighed to think of the twenty-five pounds which he had lost.

Richard absented himself for two whole days from his father's house, hoping that, in that time, his sisters' vexation would wear out. But when he came on the Thursday he was very coldly received. Aurelia left the room the moment he entered, though she had not quite finished her luncheon. His favourite, Eleanor, generally so good humoured and chatty, only bowed her head to him, and pushed the cold pigeon-pie towards him without saying a word. His mother and Fanny were out; Maria read the *Athenæum*, as if she were quite absorbed in its contents, and then made a remark to Cornelia about some sacred music that was to be performed at Exeter Hall; while Letitia, the only one who seemed inclined to speak to him, entertained him by hitting at Mrs. Larpent, and sneering at himself for being so submissive to that lady.

“I verily believe, Richard,” she said, “if Mrs. Larpent, in her pretty caprice, ordered you to turn rope-dancer and exhibit on the stage, you

would attempt the feat. I wonder if she would put on mourning for you if you broke your neck in obeying her behests."

"What is the reason of this violent attack on Mrs. Larpent, Letitia?" asked Richard. "Has she done anything to annoy you?"

"Me! Nothing. But she prevents you from taking Aurelia and Eleanor to Plymouth, because she chooses you to go with her to sundry entertainments in town. Why can't she be escorted by her husband, and let you alone?"

Because her husband does not like balls, and won't go to them. When you are married, Letty, you may find it impossible to drag your husband out with you, unless he wishes to go. But how did you take it into your head that Mrs. Larpent prevents my going to Plymouth?"

"A little bird whispered it to me," replied Letitia.

"And you need not sin your soul by contradicting Letitia's assertion," struck in Cornelia. "Pray remember that

He who commits one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

I am not sure if I quote the lines correctly, but the meaning is there."

"I don't know of what fault you accuse me, Cornelia, and I am not in the habit of telling lies," replied Richard, gravely.

He had brought a handsomely bound album for Aurelia, and a pair of pretty earrings for Eleanor, as peace-offerings; but he was vexed at his sisters' reception of him, and therefore did not produce his presents, which found their way in the course of the afternoon into Mrs. Larpent's clutches, and highly delighted she was to appropriate to herself articles that had been intended by Richard for his sisters, of whom, at least of one of whom—Eleanor—she was very jealous.

Mr. and Mrs. Larpent were not a very well assorted couple. But if we look abroad into society, how very few couples are to be found who *really* suit each other! The matrimonial yoke is often so thoughtlessly assumed—that condition of life, only to be ended by death, so often entered into from motives trivial or mercenary—the vow to love and to cherish, so often pronounced without the slightest reference to its comprehensive meaning, if not falsified in the heart at the very moment that the lips are repeating it with seeming solemnity—that one cannot wonder there are so many *paired*, but not *matched*.

Unfortunately, too, there is often a great deal of deceit in matrimonial alliances, both parties pretending to be what they are not, and only letting their real dispositions, tastes, and feelings be discovered after the irrevocable knot is tied. It is a sad spectacle—two people dragging on a weary existence, or one embittered by recriminations, disputes, dislike, disgust!

Mr. and Mrs. Larpent were very dissimilar. In rank, fortune, and position, all was harmony; but there the harmony ended. Mr. Larpent's temper was exceedingly placid; he was very quiet, undemonstrative, unobtrusive, self-denying, and self-controlling; unsuspicious, and without a particle of envy or jealousy in his composition; a well-educated, well-informed, and sensible man; but not at all a lady's man, and very opaque in many things.

Mrs. Larpent was impulsive and irritable, of a very jealous tempera-

ment, and craving for admiration; she was rather pretty, and with lady-like pleasant manners; but exceedingly exacting, and resolute in having her own way in everything. She did not care a straw for her husband; in fact, she positively disliked him. His equanimity, which she called indifference, fretted her; but her fretting never seemed to stir up a single sensation of anger in his mind, he only kept out of her way when she was in bad humour; and, poor man! he seldom saw her in good humour when they were alone, which, however, was a matter of rare occurrence. He disliked gaiety, and preferred to lead a humdrum life. She liked gaiety, and indulged in it as much as possible. So they did not often follow the same path. But the good man had no idea of interfering with her pleasures, and it never entered his head that they could be otherwise than innocent, or that anything could possibly be said, or insinuated, to her disadvantage. He was truly a "Nathaniel without guile," and she had more liberty than most married women enjoy, or that many of them would care to have.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Larpent were fond of their children—two girls and two boys—but even these formed no bond of union between them.

How had this unlucky marriage taken place? It was a mistake upon one side, and it arose from pique on the other; what could be hoped from such a union?

II.

MISS MARCHMONT AND THE RECTOR.

MISS MARCHMONT was the daughter of a gentleman of landed property in a midland county. Her mother had died when she was a child, and she had been brought up at first by a flimsy, flashy French governess, who had paid no attention to her religious and moral instruction, and only taught her French, fancy-work, and dancing. At fourteen years of age she had been sent to a fashionable boarding-school, from whence she returned a grown-up young lady, not to take charge of her father's establishment, over which a second wife presided, but to live in idleness and indolence if it so pleased her. She was not called upon to perform any duties; she might spend her whole day if she liked in reading novels and magazines, or in doing fancy-work, her time being diversified by taking long rides on horseback, or driving about, occasionally making visits to the families in the neighbourhood. But most of these happened to be sober quiet people, very good and rational, but stiff and rather formal. There were but few young men resident in the vicinity of Marchmont Hall, and most of these, as well as the male visitors of their families, cared only for hunting, shooting, and fishing, and were by no means ready to meet the flirting propensities of the emancipated boarding-school girl. There were no young people in her home. Her only sister, some four or five years older than herself, was married, and had gone with her husband to India; her only brother, the son of her stepmother, was a boy at Eton, and her father was quite wrapped up in him. He had lost three other sons, and this only one spared to him—the inheritor of his landed property—was like the apple of his eye. He was foolishly fond of the boy, and did not trouble himself much about his daughter, who was left to her own devices, and who,

having nobody else with whom to fall in love, fell in love with the clergyman of the parish church.

He was a handsome young man, and preached well ; he was frequently a guest at her father's table, and used sometimes to sing duets with her in the evening. To please him, she patronised the village schools, and often visited the poor, and read to the old women.

Mr. Marmaduke Larpent, who had inherited his father's property, which was situated at no great distance from Marchmont Hall, was a young man of very serious views and habits. He had been at Oxford, but had not entered into any of the follies and vices so prevalent among the students of the sister universities ; jovial parties bored him, pranks annoyed him ; he was a quiet, sedate, reading man, and such as he was at college he was in his subsequent life. He was not ambitious, had no expensive tastes, but very strong ideas of the duties of the higher and richer classes towards the lower and poorer ones. He had never been in love, but he was not wanting in human affections, and these were principally centred in an elder sister, who had been the guardian angel of his childhood.


His mother had died when he was only two years of age, and a sister, who was fifteen years older than himself, took entire charge of him. He was a delicate child, and his sister Laura devoted her whole time and thoughts to him. She had two younger sisters, to whom she was also very kind, but they were at school, and she seldom saw them except during their holidays. But the little Marmaduke was always with her ; she made quite an idol of him, though she did not spoil him. She brought him up exceedingly well, and there never existed a more truthful, excellent little boy than he was. Very kind-hearted and generous he was, too—in short, he did great credit to his sister's management of him.

Miss Larpent had two or three very good offers of marriage, but she declined them all, for they would have interfered with her self-imposed duties towards her young brother. When, however, he grew to be a healthy youth of about seventeen years of age, and no longer required her watchful care, she married a gentleman who had waited patiently for her for some years. She was then three-and-thirty—no longer a girl, but still a pleasing, good-looking young woman, and although long engagements do not always turn out well, she was very happy in her married life, even though she had no children.

But, by the decrees of Providence, which ordains this world to be a state of trial and probation, human happiness never lasts long, and Laura's kind husband was taken from her just when she was becoming most dependent upon him for her daily comfort. A sad misfortune threatened her—one of the greatest of human calamities—the loss of sight ! She bore this approaching evil with patience and resignation to the will of the Most High ; but it was a great aggravation to her affliction to be left to the care only of servants and mercenaries.

Mr. Hamilton died, and almost at the same time his sorrowing widow became totally blind. How terrible for her to find that all was

Dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day !



But she was not left to loneliness as well as to darkness. Her affectionate brother, who had gone to her during the illness of her husband, remained with her, arranged all her affairs for her, and finally brought her to town, and settled her in a house very near his own. He engaged a kind-hearted, amiable lady to be her companion and to take charge of her domestic affairs, and he himself spent much of his time with her. Much more than his wife approved of, for when her double misfortune fell upon poor Mrs. Hamilton, her brother, Mr. Larpent, had been three or four years married to Miss Sophia Marchmont.

Mr. Marmaduke Larpent had been taken in by Miss Sophia's show of religion and attention to the poor. Not that the fair Sophia had ever entertained the slightest wish to take him in. On the contrary, she never gave him a single thought, and was only bored at his frequently joining her when she was on her errands of charity, in the hope of meeting her favourite—the clergyman.

If there was any *taking in*, he took himself in, for he never scanned narrowly the motives or manœuvres of the pious young lady. He accepted what he saw before his outward eyes, and never inquired into or reflected upon what might be her real disposition. Mrs. Larpent, her stepmother, took great pains to make Sophia appear to advantage, for she was most anxious to get rid of her, on account of the irritability and jealousy of her temper. Mrs. Hamilton, who resided at a considerable distance from her brother's property and Marchmont Hall, had seen very little of Sophia, and consequently had not found out her faults. She wished her brother to marry, and was satisfied from what he said of Miss Marchmont that she was a suitable match for him, and would make him happy in domestic life.

Sophia Marchmont only tolerated Marmaduke's solemn attentions in the hope of exciting the rector's jealousy, and spurring him on to make an offer under the fear of losing her. That the offer *would* come she did not doubt, but it was long of coming, and she was anxious to remove from her father's handsome mansion, where her stepmother ruled, to the pretty picturesque parsonage, with its small but cheerful and tastefully arranged rooms, and porch covered with roses and woodbine, where *she* would be mistress of everything, as well as of the heart of its handsome and graceful owner, the Rev. Mr. Copley.

Miss Marchmont, it will be perceived, had small choice in her reach, for she had not yet spent a season in town. Her father disliked London, and her stepmother disliked the trouble of going to balls and giving them; she had no daughters of her own to bring out, and she did not think it her duty to incommode herself for the sake of "that disagreeable girl Sophy."

Had Sophy been permitted to have spent three months or so in London every year, and to have gone into society as other girls of her age and station do, she would probably not have taken such a fancy to the good-looking rector. Most likely his place in her heart would have been filled by some well-dressed coxcombical Guardsman or officer of the line, who might have bestowed his attentions on the "country girl," and perhaps himself to boot, for the sake of the money left to her by her mother, and the additional "tin" which would doubtless come to her at her father's death.

But Sophy Marchmont, as we have said before, had not the advantage—if it *was* an advantage—of knowing many young men, and therefore all her thoughts were fixed on the amiable parson within her reach. And often when she was tripping up to the cottages of the poor, with a neat basket over one arm, filled with grapes or other fruit, and tempting little articles of confectionery, and a bag dangling from the other arm, in which were wools and cotton for the old women to use in knitting stockings, the worthy churchman would stop to contemplate her with a benign aspect and an engaging smile, and sometimes he would exclaim:

“Ah, dear Miss Sophy! at the good work again? Which of my poorer flock are you going to render happy to-day by your ‘angel visits,’ though these are not ‘few and far between’? What a charming picture of Charity you would make going on these errands of mercy!”

And Sophy’s heart would beat, and her cheek would flush at this praise from the handsome rector—this admiration, as she considered it, of her beauty. For in Sophia’s mind the material was always above the spiritual.

“If you really think I would make a tolerable subject for a picture, Mr. Copley, why don’t you sketch me yourself,” she said, one day, when he had turned to walk a little way with her. “I know you paint both faces and figures extremely well. Don’t think ‘to hide your talents under a bushel,’ my dear Mr. Copley.” Her voice trembled slightly as she uttered the word “dear.” “I am quite ready to sit for you, or stand for you, any time you please.”

“Thank you very much for the kind offer,” replied the rector, “but I fear I am not a good enough artist to attempt taking a likeness of *you*, Miss Marchmont.”

“I am sure the likeness you took of that little boy—old Mrs. Brown’s grandson—with his bright curly hair, and dimpled cheeks, and blue eyes, was charming.”

“Oh! you flatter me too much, dear Miss Sophy; it is your partiality for your friend which dictates this approval of his rough attempt at painting little Johnny.”

“Well, I do not deny my partiality for the artist,” said Sophia, pointedly, “but the picture *is* beautiful.”

“The child is beautiful, and it would have been difficult to have made him frightful,” modestly replied Mr. Copley.

“But about my picture—what do you say? Will you come to the Hall, or shall I come to your delightful retreat?”

“Alas! it has no mistress to receive you. Would that it had a fair presiding spirit—a partner to lighten my labours, and cheer me in the pursuance of sometimes painful duties! What a blessing this would be to me, dear Miss Sophia!”

“You could have it at a word,” thought Miss Sophia to herself. “And why don’t you say that word? How can I make him comprehend that I am quite willing to bestow this blessing upon him? Perhaps he needs a little encouragement.”

She threw her eyes on the ground, and bent her head a little forward, as she said in a low voice:

“Your wife would be a very happy woman, Mr. Copley.”

“I should endeavour to make her happy,” replied the clergyman.

Sophia raised her eyes and glanced at him, but his eyes were not seeking hers—they were looking away, either at something in the far distance just before him, or fixed on vacancy with a strange dreamy expression. Sophia Marchmont gazed eagerly forward, seeking to discover what was attracting his attention, but she only beheld the fields dotted with wild flowers, the green hedgerows, and the trees raising their stately heads, or waving their graceful branches in the gentle wind. She could not see into his heart. Was her image pictured there? She hoped so.

"Dear Miss Marchmont!" exclaimed Mr. Copley at length, "you are so amiable that I feel half inclined to confide a secret to you—a secret which concerns the happiness of my future life. But no—not yet—not yet. A day may come when I may tell you——"

"Tell me now—*now*, Mr. Copley!" she exclaimed, passionately, as she turned her eyes imploringly on him, and half clasped her hands.

The rector started and coloured violently, while he answered, stammering:

"N . . . n . . . not now—some o . . . other time!"

Sophia felt excessively annoyed, and took no pains to conceal her disappointment. There was an awkward silence, but happily it was put an end to by an old man, holding a little boy by the hand, issuing forth from a narrow lane near, and in his cracked voice making his obeisances to the minister and the young lady, while they both greeted him as "old John," and the little boy as Johnny.

Miss Marchmont bestowed a bunch of grapes on the original of the pretty sketch of which she had spoken with so much admiration, and patted his fair curly head; whereupon Mr. Copley smiled sweetly on her, and exhorted the little fellow to make his best bow, and to thank the kind lady.

He then found that he had to traverse the narrow lane, and shaking hands with Miss Marchmont, he left her to continue his walk alone.

Not long after she met Mr. Larpent, who was on horseback, with his groom riding behind him. He dismounted, and giving his horse to the groom to lead, he joined the young "Lady Bountiful," as he called her.

Mr. Marmaduke Larpent was a gentlemanly and good-looking man, but not so graceful as the Rev. Mr. Copley. He never paid compliments, did not talk either of her angel self or her "angel visits," but spoke of the duty of ministering to the wants of the poor, and the privilege of being useful to them.

"I sometimes think, Miss Marchmont, that if I were a very rich man I would build a hospital for impoverished sufferers, and make a point of visiting it three or four times a week myself, to see that its inmates were well cared for. Don't you think it would be pleasant to be able to do so?"

"Very," replied the young lady, hardly knowing what he had said.

"If I could get some of the neighbouring gentry to unite with me, we might have a hospital—on a small scale—prepared in our county town. Do you think there would be any harm—impropriety, I mean, in having one part of the house dedicated to male patients, the other to females?"

"No, I don't see any."

"Do you suppose your papa would kindly help us a little?"

"I dare say he would. But you must speak to Mrs. Marchmont first. If you can get *her* consent, you are sure of papa's."

Mr. Larpent smiled at Miss Sophia's simple frankness, as he considered it; the idea never crossed his own simple mind that the young lady's "frankness" was the result of ill nature, and so he went on wearing threadbare the subject of the wants of the poor, and the duty of the rich to relieve them, until Sophy reached the door of the cottage to which she was going, and there managed to shake him off.

When Sophia Marchmont found Marmaduke Larpent so fatiguing a companion even for a short morning walk, why did she venture on taking him for the companion of her life? Why did she risk her happiness by marrying him?

She acted as hundreds—we will hope not thousands—of others have acted. She took him partly out of pique, partly as a *pis aller*. What numbers of ladies have been rendered wretched by thus tempting Fate! and what numbers of gentlemen also; but in their case *money* is generally the desideratum, and if they get that, the sacrifice has not been quite in vain; and, moreover, men are not so dependent as women on domestic life for their daily comfort and happiness.

A few days had passed since Sophia Marchmont had met both the rector and the squire on the country road. She had been expecting a visit from her clerical friend, and hoping that it might lead to some *éclaircissement*; but he did not come; he even declined an invitation to dinner at Marchmont Hall. Then she heard that he had gone to London for a few days—gone, she fancied, to choose some pretty gift for her as a *gage d'amour*, or to make some necessary arrangement previous to proposing for her, and she waited impatiently for his return.

Alas for poor Sophy's love-dream! When Mr. Copley did return, it was but to announce a longer absence, and to communicate to Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont the secret which he had been on the point of entrusting to Sophia—namely, that he had been for more than three years engaged to his cousin, a young lady who resided with her widowed mother in the north of Wales, and that some obstacles to the match having been cleared away, he was now going to his aunt's house to be married to her charming daughter!

III.

THE WEDDING TOUR, AND THE HANDSOME BARONET.

WHAT a world this is for disappointment and chagrin! How often, when we think ourselves near to the accomplishment of what we have longed for and pined for, some sudden change of circumstances—or, as we call it, some sudden turn of fate—arises to throw us back, not into doubt and uncertainty, but into the positive and sorrowing knowledge that our fondest hopes have been as baseless as the fading dreams of night!

And thus it was with poor Sophia Marchmont, the edifice of happiness she had been building had crumbled away beneath her feet; there was a gulf between her and all that she had planned in the future; there was

nothing but her dreary every-day-life before her ; no, she could not stand it, she must get away somehow—somewhere !

At that critical moment Mr. Larpent made his proposal, and in a fit of disgust at the rector's marriage, at her own disappointment, and vexation at her stepmother's evident wish to get rid of her, she accepted her estimable, though by no means estimated, suitor.

Marmaduke Larpent and Sophia Marchmont were married, and she too soon found out what a mistake she had made. She wished to go to Paris to spend a few gay weeks in that—as many people fancy—pleasurable capital ; but Mr. Larpent, quiet man, was so strongly in favour of the lakes of Westmoreland, that, though not with a very good grace, she gave way, and they betook themselves to that very pretty, but rather monotonous, locality. Windermere, Grassmere, and Coniston, are all very delightful for tourists, and the lovers of lake and mountain scenery ; and persons who care for the beauties of nature, and who are happy in themselves or in each other, may pass some weeks in those somewhat solitary resorts very agreeably ; but for one who, like Sophia, was tired of solitude, was anxious to escape from it, and who felt no pleasure, only weariness, in the society of her companion, the place had no charms.

She dragged out the honeymoon there, however, and Mr. Larpent seemed very well satisfied ; he had long colloquies with the boatmen, and took long walks up the hills, and made acquaintance with the clergyman of the district. She did nothing but yawn ; she took no interest in the scenery ; she did not sketch from nature, therefore that resource was denied her. She did not care to gather the wild flowers ; the tinkling of the mountain rills, the dashing of the mountain waterfalls, made no music to her ear ; in short, she had none of the fresh, natural feelings of youth, these were all crushed and withered beneath a heavy weight of discontent and ill humour. She repented her hasty marriage, and was unreasonably angry at her husband for having come forward when he did—just at the time that her mind was in a state of ferment, and she was not capable of cool reflection. It was hard on the poor man to be blamed for paying her the greatest compliment a gentleman can pay to a lady—offering himself for her acceptance—except, indeed, in cases where the offer is made from decidedly mercenary motives. But Mr. Larpent had not sold himself for gold ; he had enough of his own ; he had selected Miss Marchmont for his wife, as we have said before, under a mistaken impression of her character and pursuits, but he had not yet found out his mistake, and he thought, when he saw her so listless, taking no interest in anything, and seemingly weary of everything, that she was longing to get back to her life of every-day useful exertion and habitual charity.

Ah well ! In some cases “ignorance is bliss,” and it is a pity when wisdom chases it away.

On leaving the lakes, the newly married couple went to pay some visits before going home. The first visit they made was to Mr. Larpent's sister, Mrs. Hamilton, but they did not stay there long, for Sophy felt under great restraint in Mrs. Hamilton's society, though that lady did her utmost to put her young sister-in-law at ease, and make her house pleasant to her. She would not be pleased ; she was sullen and silent, and she felt much annoyed and aggrieved by seeing the affection that

subsisted between Mr. Larpent and his sister. Sophia was just like a wayward child; she did not seem to know what she wanted. Mrs. Hamilton observed with sorrow her bad temper, but she refrained from remarking it to her brother, though she felt anxious and even unhappy on his account. She feared that her sister-in-law's cloudy humour would distress him if it continued, and she wondered that he did not seem at all annoyed. However, Mrs. Hamilton perceived Sophia's jealousy of her, and therefore did not press the newly married pair to remain long her guests, and they went to spend a week at the house of a cousin of Mr. Larpent's.

Here the fair bride recovered her good humour and good spirits, for there was a gay party staying at the house, and among these a baronet, who was celebrated for his *galantries*—in fact, a decided roué. Sophy was pretty, quite unsophisticated, and evidently not yet a woman of the world, though abundantly coquettish, and Sir Jasper condescended to bestow a little of his time and attention on her. He amused himself by teaching her to flirt—an accomplishment in which she was by no means an unapt scholar.

On retiring to her dressing-room the first evening that the fascinating baronet had bestowed half an hour upon her, and given her her first lesson in the art of flirtation, Sophy threw herself on the sofa, and gave vent to her excited feelings in a flood of tears.

"Oh, why," she exclaimed, though no ears but her own heard her words—"why did I not meet this charming man, Sir Jasper Dillon, before I tied myself to that stupid owl Marmaduke? It is evident that he admires me exceedingly; he stared at me the whole time of dinner, and got himself introduced to me soon after the gentlemen came into the drawing-room. *He* would have been a nice match! such a pleasant man, and a baronet! What a fool I was to marry Larpent in so great a hurry!"

The charming baronet remarked to one of the gentlemen staying in the house:

"That Mrs. Larpent is rather pretty, and very naïve. She has not much manner—in fact, is quite a little rustic—still, in a dull country-house, she may serve to pass off an hour with now and then."

A third person was much vexed at even the small notice Sir Jasper took of the youthful bride. The lady of the house had appropriated him to herself, and he had seemed quite devoted to her until the "little rustic" arrived to amuse him, and consequently became, to a certain degree, her rival. The fashionable dame had no idea of submitting patiently to any usurpation of her rights, as she considered them, and was very cold and distant in her manners to Sophia, whom she called to Sir Jasper "a pert little chit." But Sophia cared nothing about the coldness of her hostess. The master of the house was very civil to her, and the agreeable baronet's society was so delightful that she could think of nobody else. She rode with him in the morning and waltzed with him in the evening, and sometimes they sat down together in a corner to play chess. Sophia was a very bad player, and therefore, though the chessmen were moved occasionally, the time was principally spent in Sir Jasper's whispering exaggerated compliments, which she greedily drank in, while her flushed cheeks and the expression of her eyes showed that the poison administered was producing its baneful effect.

Most unwilling was Sophia to leave this Eden, and this serpent who was taking the trouble to deceive her; but Mr. Larpent told her they could not possibly force themselves longer on his cousins; they had only been asked for a week, and they had stayed nearly a fortnight. Their rooms were wanted for other guests, so go they must.

Tears started to her eyes when she bade "good-bye" to the baronet, but she was a little comforted by his saying in a low voice, as he pressed the hand she had extended to him:

"Farewell, sweet one! But not for long; we shall meet soon in town."

Over and over did the foolish young woman repeat to herself these consolatory words, and earnestly did she long for the arrival of the vernal equinox, when she might exchange her stupid country life for gay scenes in town, and see again the fascinating baronet, who in her silly vanity she fancied would be pining for her society, having no doubt lost his heart to her.

It would have been a good lesson to her if she had known how little he thought about her, and how slightly he had spoken of her when she had left the house of Mr. Larpent's cousin.

At Craig Court, her new home, she was quite languid, and apparently unwilling to make the slightest exertion. No more visits among the poor—no more attention to the village schools! Mr. Larpent was disappointed; but, good easy man, he fancied she did not feel very well, and therefore excused her laziness, punishing her, however, for it by the extreme care he took of her, which fidgeted her not a little. He further redoubled his own efforts for the well-being, in soul and body, of the lower class in his neighbourhood, and himself superintended the manufacture of flannel petticoats and other warm garments to be distributed among the old women on the approach of winter, as well as the tailor's department for the benefit of the old men.

Mrs. Larpent very seldom met Mr. and Mrs. Copley while she remained in the country. She did not sit in Mr. Copley's church, and she did not often go to Marchmont Hall. Her stepmother and herself, no longer forced to reside in the same house, were on very distant terms, and to the rector and his wife she was exceedingly cold. Mr. Larpent visited them in a friendly way, and repeatedly pressed them to come to Craig Court; but Sophy never followed up his invitations, and her acquaintance with them was limited to a formal call now and then.

Sophy did not now see the Rev. Mr. Copley in the same light as she used to do. She still thought him handsome, and could not but admit to herself that he had a very sweet smile; but his smiles were not, as she formerly thought, exclusively for her, and she could not care for them. He was quite as courteous to her "stupid husband" as to her, and this was a fault not to be pardoned. It was evident that he was fond of his wife, and that was another misdemeanour on his part. It is astonishing how fast a man's or a woman's having married another than the lady or gentleman to whom he or she appeared to be attached cools fancied and even real love!

Mrs. Larpent compared the good-looking clergyman with the "delightful" Sir Jasper Dillon; she weighed the two in a balance, and the rector was found wanting. She even went so far as to wonder how he

could ever have taken up so much of her thoughts. Upon the whole, she was glad she was not his wife, for then she would never have met Sir Jasper Dillon, or had any gaiety in London. "By-the-by," she exclaimed to herself, for Sophy had no confidante except her maid, and she had not yet learned to entrust her secrets to her, "Marmaduke tells me in a doleful tone that he will not be able to be so much with me in town as he is here. He has so much to do there. I am sure I am most thankful and rejoiced to hear it. I shall be so glad to escape his prosing and himself, and be free to do what I like. Sir Jasper says Paris is the paradise of young married women, and that they are not required to trouble themselves at all about their husbands; in short, have nothing to do with them but to spend their money. I have read this in French novels. How nice *they* are! but I did not know it was quite true until Sir Jasper assured me of it. How I should like to live in Paris! Heigho! But at any rate London will be better than this dull, tiresome Craig Court."

WANDERINGS THROUGH ITALY IN SEARCH OF ITS ANCIENT REMAINS.

BY CRAUFURD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D.

XXII.

BEFORE the stars had disappeared I was descending by a narrow and rugged footpath from the village of Strongoli, having parted with regret from my hospitable friends. I passed the ruins which I had examined the preceding evening, and found myself obliged to scramble down a path too precipitous to allow of keeping safely on my mule. The country had a wild appearance from the thick forests that crowned the surrounding heights; and when I entered a small but picturesque valley, it seemed as if I were shut out from all intercourse with the world. Some of the oaks seemed so gnarled and old, that they might in their younger days have sheltered the armies of the Carthaginian general, and witnessed the melancholy though glorious fall of the patriots of Petilia. As the sun rose, I was ascending the rising ground on which the village of *Ciro* was placed, and passing several patches of Indian corn and small vineyards. A plain of several miles in extent lay towards the sea, where herds of wild ponies were seen galloping through the brushwood. A promontory, on which an ancient Temple of Apollo is said to have been situated, appeared at some distance, and I would have been strongly tempted to visit the spot if I had not known that it had been examined by Swinburne towards the end of last century, when no remains were visible. It is now called *Capo dell' Alice*, a corruption possibly of *Alæus*, the appellation given to Apollo here. The small village *Ciro* is walled, though its fortifications seem in so ruinous a state that little resistance could be made to

a hostile attack. There was nothing within to induce me to enter, though it is believed to be the site of Crimisa, which, like Petilia, was founded by Philoctetes. One of its inhabitants, Luigi Gigli, was a celebrated astronomer, and assisted Pope Gregory XIII. in adjusting the Roman Calendar.

The oaken gates of Ciro were now open, and a few of its inhabitants were idling with some girls washing linen at the fountain outside the walls. I have in general been disappointed with the appearance of the women, as they lose at an early age whatever personal beauty they may have possessed by the laborious and toilsome life to which they are exposed. I have been particularly struck by the number of women I have observed in field labour; and on calling the attention of one of the natives to the circumstance, he acknowledged that the women were more industrious, and performed more labour, than their husbands. The education of women of the lower ranks is entirely neglected, and I believe that, even in the higher classes, it is not uncommon to find that they are unable to write. Their manners, however, are pleasing from their simplicity, and I was often astonished to observe with what perfect nonchalance they talked on subjects which are not usually introduced by us in presence of ladies, and I felt at times rather out of countenance, while they evidently were not aware that they were doing anything of which they need feel ashamed. You will understand how matters are in respect to marriage, when I tell you that the law enjoins no marriage to take place before the bridegroom is fourteen and the bride twelve years of age. The ceremony must be contracted in the sight of the Church, if it is to have civil validity either for the parties themselves or for the children. There is, however, a civil act (*atto civile*), for the execution of which civil officers are appointed, but it limits its provisions concerning marriage to the civil and political effects, leaving all the duties that religion imposes untouched and unchanged. Separation may be obtained, but there can be no complete divorce. The husband may prefer a complaint for adultery, and the guilty wife is confined from three months to two years in a house of correction. The adulterer is fined from fifty to five hundred ducats.

Leaving the young damsels at Ciro, I continued to advance for several hours through thick groves of olive-trees, without, however, meeting a human being. It is this want of population scattered over the country that weighs down the spirits; the inhabitants are collected in villages along the heights at some distance from the shores, and you may wander for several hours without seeing any one. On this part of the coast a ridge of hills, of moderate height, runs along parallel to the shore, and at no great distance, the summits of which are covered principally with that species of ash which produces the manna, being larger in leaf than our ash, though it grows to no great height. At last I reached the small village of Cariatì, which gives title to one of the most respectable families of Naples. The young Prince of Cariatì is an able man, and is believed to have been shamefully treated by the King of Naples.

In the revolution of 1820, though he did not openly take part in it, he was considered to be friendly to a liberal form of government, and was pressed to accept the office of ambassador at the court of France. To this request he refused to accede, unless he received the commands of his majesty. The king then issued his orders, and the prince proceeded to

France. By the interference of the Austrians, you are aware that the old form of government was restored, and the Prince of Cariati was then removed from his office. As he had only accepted it in obedience to the commands of the king, he did not imagine that he should be considered implicated in the proceedings of the deposed government; but the king has refused him permission to return, and he is now an exile from his country.

Cariati is a wretched village, containing not more than a thousand inhabitants, with a church of Gothic architecture, and surrounded by walls in the last state of dilapidation. It has been often plundered by Turkish corsairs, has suffered from the hordes of brigands, and was nearly destroyed by the French in 1806.

I rested at Cariati for a short time, till the insects became so annoying that I was fairly driven out, and I determined to push on four hours longer to Rossano. As the day drew towards a close I entered a beautiful wood of olive-trees, and as I was thoroughly tired of the jolting of my mule, I alighted and walked leisurely forward. It was a lovely scene, and I was willing to linger as long as daylight would allow; but my muleteer quickly put an end to my meditations, by assuring me that we were now in a very dangerous wood, called Nierto, where robberies were constantly committed, and that it would be our wisest plan to move forward as rapidly as possible. He pointed to the brow of a hill about half a mile distant, and said that he had observed four men running rapidly along, as if they intended to reach a defile before us, which we must necessarily pass.

At this moment we reached an opening in the wood, with a cross, to mark where a murder had been committed, and at the same time I was able to get a glimpse of the hill, where I could perceive three or four men proceeding with great speed, as my muleteer had asserted, while my imagination bodied forth the glance of rifles in their hands. Not a moment was to be lost, as they were already nearer to the defile than we were, but we had in our favour the speed of the mule. I mounted without a moment's delay, and my muleteer leaped up behind. The mule was excellent, and moved forward at a rapid rate under its heavy load. Our opponents evidently saw our intention of getting before them, as they increased their speed as soon as we commenced our operations. The wood in many parts was thick, and the windings of the path rendered it impossible to see many yards before us. To an unconcerned spectator it would have been an amusing race; to me, however, it was of too serious import to allow of anything but feelings of the deepest anxiety. I felt, truly, that death or captivity hung in the balance. I placed a few pieces of gold in my hand, that I might have a chance of saving a small remnant of my purse. The muleteer said that one half-hour would enable us to reach the defile at the rate we were proceeding, and, if we passed it in safety, we might expect to reach Rossano without further molestation. Fortunately we gained the race, and when we passed the dangerous spot, without seeing a single individual, I was tempted to toss up my hat and cry huzza for the victory. It was necessary, however, to push on, that we might not be overtaken, and I was obliged to repress any outward signs of joy.

On both sides of this defile rose to a considerable height,

more particularly to the left, on the side on which my enemies were approaching, and every moment I expected to hear the report of a rifle, as they would look down upon us while we were galloping through. I know not whether it may not be one of those defiles of which Procopius speaks, when he mentions Roscianum, the village Rossano, towards which I was proceeding. He says, *Lucani montes usque in Bruttios pertinentes in angustum invicem coeuntes duos dumtaxat hic aditus, et hos angustiores efficiunt, quorum alter Petra Sanguinis dicitur, Lambulam alterum accolis nuncupant. Ad litus Ruscia est promontorium Thuriorum*—"The Lucanian mountains reaching to the country of the Bruttii, coming together to a narrow point form here two defiles, and these very much contracted; the one of which is called the Rock of Blood, the other Lambula by the natives. On the shore is Rossano, a promontory of Thurii." At all events it might very easily have proved a bloody spot to me.

Another half-hour placed me in the village of Rossano, where I proceeded to the house of the judge, to whom the Prince of Satriano had furnished me with a letter. I confess that I did not like the appearance of the inhabitants as I passed through the streets of Rossano, and was sadly disappointed when I found that the judge was performing his duties in some other part of his district. I left the letter, and proceeded to search for a lodging. The first locanda that I entered was so miserable, and the landlady so forbidding in looks, that I shuddered at the idea of passing the night under her roof. When I inquired if Rossano possessed no other lodging-house, she was highly offended at my being dissatisfied with her accommodation, and loaded me with abuse, though it was utterly lost on me, as I did not understand a syllable of her tirade. Here, however, I could not remain; and as she had brought a crowd around me, I found that there was another locanda, to which one of the inhabitants conducted me. There was not much to choose between them, but I had no alternative. I felt, however, little at my ease, and was proceeding to wait on the syndic, as the head magistrate of the village, when I was stopped by a person, who inquired if I had not left a letter at the house of the judge. I acknowledged that I had done so, and he said that the lady of the judge hoped that I would remain during the night at her house. I can assure you that I was much delighted to receive the invitation, and accepted it without hesitation. The old lady received me with great kindness, but was in perfect horror at the idea of my proceeding to-morrow without a guard; and as all her friends concurred with her that the country was unsafe, I agreed, rather to get rid of their importunities than from personal fears, to wait on the lieutenant of gendarmes and request that he would send a couple of men with me. On proceeding to the guard-house, judge of my surprise on being introduced to my old plague, the lieutenant, who had threatened to arrest me at Pizzo. He professed himself glad to see me, and ordered his servant to produce wine. I stated at once the object of my visit, and inquired if he thought there was any real danger. He assured me that there was no doubt about it, but that he durst not send two men, as it would be only sacrificing their lives as well as my own. He would send half a dozen, if I would remain one day longer at Rossano. It would appear that to-morrow is the birthday—name-day, or some such thing, of the king—and therefore a

holiday to all the troops. I thanked the lieutenant for this offer, and said that I should inform him to-morrow if I intended to accept it, though I had no such intention. However, he has induced me to give up one part of my plan—a visit to Lungobucco, in the Sila, where a lead mine has been lately opened by a company of English capitalists. It would be vain to hope to escape if I proceeded in that direction.

In this vicinity I hear of nothing but robberies and murders, and they hold up their hands in amazement that I should have ventured to approach Rossano, except under a strong guard. The principal proprietors are completely blockaded, and dare not move a step beyond the precincts of the village, unless in company with others, and strongly armed. It seems that there is a comitiva, or band, of twenty individuals, who are spread in all directions, carrying terror and dismay into the bosom of the inhabitants. They have lately waylaid several, and one of them has had to pay five thousand piastres—upwards of eight hundred pounds sterling. About a month ago they killed a boy fifteen years of age (this is the poor boy, no doubt, of whom Signor di Caria told me), because his family was unable to pay the ransom they demanded. They have committed upwards of twenty murders in this neighbourhood, and yet the government has only lately sent a small force under my friend, the lieutenant of gendarmes, to make an attempt to suppress such a disastrous state of matters.

Murder seems to have been the chronic state of the Silva Sila, along the outskirts of which I am now passing, from the earliest times. In the year B.C. 138, I find a curious trial going on at Rome, arising from the murder of some of the rich proprietors in this district. The Publicani, a joint-stock company for the farming of the public revenues of the Roman state, had taken on lease from the censors of B.C. 142, P. Scipio Africanus and L. Mummius, the pitcheries of the Silva Sila. It was then, as now, covered with forests, and supplied the state with pitch and timbers for ships. Some of the slaves employed by the company, and even the freemen, were charged with being implicated in the murders, so that the directors felt that they themselves might be blamed if they were found to have employed servants who could be guilty of such enormities. The senate issued a special commission to examine the matter, and the celebrated C. Lælius was employed to defend the company, which Cicero says (Brut. c. 22) that he did with great ability. He appeared twice for them, and so ably was he thought to have maintained their cause, that the members of the company attended Lælius to his house—a mode of showing respect which was usual at Rome. Through his exertions and that of Servius Galba, the company and members implicated in the charge were acquitted. Here, then, we find still the same insecurity for life and property to exist, and I do not hear that it has ever been otherwise.

While I was seated at the window in conversation with the lieutenant, the funeral of an old man passed; he was stretched at length on an uncovered bier, with a book in his hand, and followed by a number of women dressed in black dominoes, with white handkerchiefs over their heads. I met at the house of my hostess an intelligent Albanian priest, Don Angelo Masci, and I find that they have a college at Bisignano, a small village a short distance from Rossano. They originally belonged to the Greek Church, but have long ago conformed to the Latin. Their

library contains several manuscripts in the Albanian language, and, among others, a grammar written by one of the professors, and a volume of native songs collected by a person called Varibobba.

While I was at Naples a dispute arose between the Albanians and the congregation of the Greek Church there. The Albanians insisted on their right to be considered as members of that church, and as the government threw the weight of its authority on the side of the Albanians, I need not say that the question was decided in their favour. The dispute arose respecting a sum of money which had been left to the Greek Church, and of which the Albanians wished to participate.

Signor Masci accompanied me to the house of a canon of the church of Rossano, who possessed a manuscript of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark in Greek characters, illuminated with small figures at the beginning of each chapter. It is in excellent preservation, and must be of an early date, though I could not discover how it had come into his possession. I intend to proceed to-morrow to Cassano, in the vicinity of which stood the ancient city Sybaris; yet it is a hazardous undertaking. The lieutenant has told me that the whole village of Rossano, as he said of Pizzo, are a set of brigands, and as I know this to be an exaggeration, I trust to find the other statements to be equally so. At all events, I am resolved to face the danger.

Rossano is the ancient Roscianum mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus, and noticed by Procopius (B. G. iii. 30) during the Gothic wars as a strong fortress, and one of the most important strongholds in this part of Italy. It was taken by Totila A.D. 548, but continued through the middle ages to be a place of importance. Though it stands on a hill, it is overlooked by higher ground, and has now, therefore, lost its 'vantage ground.

This has been a day of great anxiety, and I cannot say that I am sorry I am now bidding adieu to Calabria, though I have every reason to be grateful for the kind and hospitable manner with which I have been almost invariably received. Still it is harassing to be constantly in the expectation of being either robbed or murdered, and during several hours of this day I was fully prepared to encounter some such fate. Thank God, however, I have escaped, and I do not intend ever again to throw myself in the way of a Calabrese brigand.

This morning I was surprised to find that I had been unconsciously exposed to another danger during the night which had never occurred to me. A severe shock of an earthquake had taken place, and the whole inhabitants of the village had been so much alarmed that they had spent the greater part of the night in the public square, afraid of being buried in the ruins of their houses. Of course no one felt any particular interest in my safety, and I was allowed to sleep undisturbed amidst all their alarm. I have no doubt that I was entirely forgotten, and as there was no disastrous result, I am not sorry that I was allowed to remain quietly in bed. They are constantly subject to shocks in this quarter, but it seems to have been more alarming last night than it had been for several years.

My friends had procured me a muleteer, in whom, they said, I might repose entire confidence; still the old lady continued most urgent that I should remain another day, and accept a guard of gendarmes. I had,

however, made up my mind to run all risks, and I left the village Rossano at daybreak. I found a party of the inhabitants, fully armed, proceeding in my direction, but, to my disappointment, they only continued with me a short distance, being on their way to Corigliano. Our road lay through a wood, principally of olive-trees, mixed with myrtles, growing in great luxuriance, and clumps of low brushwood; it was evidently a continuation of that through which I had passed yesterday. It extended for about ten miles, and I was of course anxious that no time should be unnecessarily spent in crossing it. My mule was, however, a sad contrast to the animal I had yesterday, and the muleteer seemed to take matters very coolly. I dismounted, and tried to induce the mule to go somewhat quicker; but it was true to its nature, and refused to budge beyond a snail's pace. At last I gave up the contest in sheer despair, and quietly awaited the result. When we got clear of the wood, and I saw a level plain of several miles in extent before me, I cannot sufficiently express my delight, as I had been told that my dangers would then be at an end. Here, then, I consider that I bid adieu to Calabria and its dangers; for, though it continues a little farther north, I understand that I shall hear no more of brigands.

You may ask what opinion I have formed of the country and its inhabitants. The three Calabrias have been always, in a great measure, separated from the rest of the world. In this respect the district is unique, and the manners of its people have been little influenced by intercourse with their more civilised neighbours. Enclosed by two seas, having in the middle that lofty range of mountains which I have traversed thrice in different directions, covered for several months in the year with deep snow, without sufficient roads or communications between the different divisions, they have all the productions of the north and south, ice and tropical heat, at the distance of a few miles. Recollect the sudden change of temperature I came upon in a couple of hours, when I penetrated into the mountains of Serra. In what other part of Europe will you find another country like this? Then as to the inhabitants, I met men of the highest intelligence and polish, that would have done honour to any country, and, at the same time, the mass of the population sunk in rudeness and ignorance. It is not merely rudeness, but I heard of a ferocity of character which perpetuates family feuds from generation to generation, and regards revenge as a right and a duty. They seem now to be in the state that the Highlands of Scotland were some five hundred years ago. This disposition, inherited from their heathen progenitors, has never been in any degree softened by the influence of religion, or even of the nobility and persons of note, who are generally absentees. In former times the great feudal barons, no doubt, used to live on their properties, but wholly apart from the people, on whom they had no influence, at least for good. In fact, they composed two distinct worlds. With us, the nobility live a portion of the year on their estates, and take a deep interest in every measure that is likely to benefit themselves or their tenants. Here it is quite otherwise; agents manage everything, and transmit the rents to be spent in Naples. The feudal system subsisted in all its strictness till the beginning of this century. All the principal taxes were laid upon the lower classes, while the nobility and clergy were mostly exempted. It was a law of Joseph

Bonaparte that broke up this system. He enacted that "the feudal system and all feudal jurisdiction be abolished, and all towns, villages, hamlets be subjected to the general laws of the country." These changes, introduced by the French, had so far taken root, that, on the restoration of the Bourbons, it was impossible to replace things on their former footing; yet some such attempts have been made, and the present government strives to secure for the nobility more favourable rights, and has confirmed the succession in fiefs which the law had done away with.

I soon reached the banks of the Crati, the ancient Crathis, which you may recollect that I crossed at Cosenza on my way to the south. I had some difficulty in fording it from the depth of the stream and the rapidity with which it flows. Indeed, if we had not met with a shepherd, who piloted us across, I should inevitably have been swept away. I tried what effect its waters would have on my hair, as Euripides says that they have the power of giving a golden-red tinge, but, alas! no such beautiful change took place, and I am obliged to remain as nature intended me. The words of Euripides (Troades, 228) are as follows:

ἄν ὑγραίνει καλλιστεύων
 ὁ ξανθὰν χαίταν πυρραίνων
 Κράθις, ζαθέαις παγαῖσι τρέφων
 εὐανδρόν τ' ὀλβίζων γᾶν.

"Which is watered by the beautiful Crathis, imparting yellow locks, nourishing and blessing the well-peopled land with its divine stream."

Ovid (Met. xv. 315) refers to the same curious property in the waters:

Crathis, et huic Sybaris nostris conterminus arvis,
 Electro similes faciunt auroque capillos.

"Crathis, and Sybaris near to it in our country, impart an amber and golden hue to the hair."

I inquired afterwards if any such peculiarity was known to the inhabitants to be in the waters, but they were not aware that they possessed such powers.

Grain of every kind wavered over the drier parts of this plain, and my guide said that towards the sea herds of cattle abounded, though I saw none. The marshy ground afforded shelter to wild boars and water-fowls of every species.

FERMANAGH:

A TOUR TO THE NORTH-WEST OF IRELAND.

“ON the west and north, beyond Cavan, lies Fermanagh, formerly inhabited by the Erdini; a country full of woods and bogs. In the middle of it lies the greatest and most famous lake in this kingdom, called Lough Erne, forty miles in length, and shaded with thick woods, and full of inhabited islands, some of which contain two or three hundred acres apiece. And withal it is so well stored with pike, trout, and salmon, and other fish, that the fishermen oftener complain of breaking their nets by the plenty than of want of fish.”

I don't know that the store of salmon is quite as plentiful now as it was when Camden wrote, but that there are plenty of trout, and fish of a commoner kind, I can testify—also to the existence of the many islands and the thick woods I can testify; for last autumn I was not only enterprising enough to visit this famous lake myself, but also prevailed on another Englishman to accompany me. I don't think many Englishmen have ever seen the Irish at home. Many have been to Killarney, not quite so many to the Giant's Causeway; and, in these days of excursions, of course some have seen the Cove of Cork and Connemara. But few, very few, have seen the beauties of Lough Erne, or rambled over the rocky highlands of Donegal—very few know much about Paddy's way of living, or have any true knowledge of his character.

The Irish people whom we have among us as haymakers and occasional labourers, are of course the riffraff of the nation; and the tourist in Ireland only sees the idlest of the population—the boatmen and carmen. From these examples too many Britons have formed their estimate of the sons of Erin. Why, during all the seven hundred years for which the two countries have been under the rule of the same king, the people have not more united, might take too long to discuss here, and is beyond our present purpose. Our business is more with the country than the people.

It is a very easy journey from London to Dublin, and a far-plesanter one, we thought, than from our capital to Paris. After dining in London, you get into the train about half-past eight, and are soon whisked out of all the heat and dust and noise of London. At first we are surrounded with that sort of half country, half town, which abounds in villas, each with its own garden and field, and within so many minutes' walk of a railway station; and which forms the broad outer circle of our metropolis. By degrees the villas get scarcer, till only here and there a real old English house appears amongst its pleasant trees, now beginning to change their summer brightness for the more sombre tints of autumn. Then it gets dark, and the sensible traveller who has made a good dinner in town, and does not want to make a rush for refreshment-room provisions at Chester, can go comfortably to sleep till he arrives at the end of the railway in Anglesea.

It was a chilly grey morning, with a keen north-east wind, when we all had to turn out of our warm carriage to go on board the packet. These Holyhead and Kingstown steamers are the finest and most powerful passenger-boats that leave England. As we steamed out of the harbour

there was just light enough to show the fine breakwaters forming it, on which such immense sums of money have already been spent, though they are still unfinished.

We turned into Kingstown harbour three hours and fifty minutes after leaving Holyhead pier, it being a distance of sixty-four miles. But what a beautiful view was before us as we approached the coast of Ireland! The sun was then fully up, and the mists were rising slowly, just rolling up the mountain-sides, until, hanging about half way up, they gave additional height and grandeur to the walls of that magnificent amphitheatre which has often been compared to Naples. On the north are the Howth hills, with the curious-shaped rock called "Ireland's Eye," standing out from the mainland, and forming a corner pillar to the bay. Dublin lies along the farthest coast, and Kingstown harbour, backed by the beautifully bold Killiney head, forms its southern point. Beyond Killiney the coast takes a bend inwards, till about six miles to the south it again juts out into the sea, forming Bray head, which is really the abrupt ending of the chain of Wicklow mountains, among which is the famous Sugar-loaf.

During the few days I spent in Dublin I walked to the top of Killiney hill, and I never saw a more beautiful view. Dublin is then stretched out like a map, built on very nearly a plain, and about equally divided into north and south by the Liffey, crowded with shipping, with her long Bull-wall running out two miles into the bay, and terminated by the Pigeon Fort. On the north, Howth hills, with the Ireland's Eye and the dazzling white buildings of the lighthouse. The beautiful blue bay, dotted with white sails, and here and there a large heavy-laden bark lazily trying to make the river. Below, lay Kingstown with its harbour, its two breakwaters, built of granite taken from the hill on which we stood, stretching out like strong guardian arms around the great man-of-war, and the vessels of all sizes clustered round, lying safely and quietly as if they were all asleep, the wind only just flapping the heavy white sails of the yachts which were swinging with the tide ready to put to sea if enough breeze arose to make sailing pleasant. And turning round, nestled under the mountains, lying close along the shore, could be seen Bray, the delight of English tourists, who are apt to think that when they have seen Dublin, and from Bray driven out to the Seven Churches, and other Wicklow lions, they have seen a good deal of Ireland and her people. Running round Bray head, hewn out of the almost precipitous rock, Brunel's famous railway can just be discerned. He was almost an Irishman, impulsive, careless of consequences, chiefly delighting in doing what most men thought impossible. A daring spirit, but too bold for a joint-stock company! Rising to the east of the head are the two Sugar-loaf mountains, and to the east again the Dublin range. How proud we should be if we had near London scenery like this!

With Dublin itself I confess I was a little disappointed. There is an air of careless indifference about the whole town that is too true an index of the character of the people whose capital it is. There seems no attempt, except just in the few public buildings, at any ornamentation or even finish in the style of its architecture. All the faces of the streets look bare, and generally dirty. The squares are flowerless, and so are the windows of the houses, which in London often look so gay all through the summer. The prevailing idea is want of energy and want of money.

How far one depends on the other is a question which may be solved by a less learned philosopher than Locke. There is a great want of a public park in the town. They boast, we all know, of their great Phoenix Park, and very beautiful it is *when you get to it*, quite as fine as Richmond; but then it is just about as accessible, and to get to it, it is necessary to pass along some of the worst parts of Dublin.

There is no walk, or drive, or ride in Dublin corresponding to ours in Hyde Park. Sackville-street is a fine wide street, but the houses are so low, or so irregular, that it fails to strike one as at all magnificent. Grafton-street is narrower than our Bond-street, and generally so closely crowded that it is difficult to keep the path, and impossible to avoid being splashed from head to foot by the passing carriages, if there has been any rain within the four-and-twenty hours.

However, Dublin has been well cared for in some respects; even better than London. The river, though not as pure a stream as it may be hoped to become some day, is, at any rate, walled all along its banks, forming below Carlyle-bridge valuable quays. On the north, not far below the bridge, stands the Custom House; and about as far above, on the same side the river, the Four Courts, corresponding to our Westminster law courts.

The Castle is a disappointment. One sees no Castle proper, but a group of buildings of the St. James's Palace style, occupying, with their courts, a rising ground about the centre of the southern half of the town.

The old Houses of Parliament, now the Bank of Ireland, abut on the College Green; and on the other side of the green, on the site of the Allhallows monastery, stands Trinity College, a venerable pile of buildings of about the end of the sixteenth century. The library contains a most valuable collection of books, and reminds one much of the Bodleian.

The peculiarities of Irish jarvies and Irish railway porters have often been described; the chief characteristic of the latter is, that they invariably make mistakes as to where you want to go, and what luggage belongs to you and what to the general public. We were not disappointed with the scene at the terminus on the day we left Dublin for Enniskillen.

It was a beautiful day, only just enough cloud driven along on the south-west wind to throw the country into alternate light and shade. The line often skirts the sea; and the little fishing towns, with their rude breakwaters, generally terminated by a low lighthouse, gave one rather the idea of a foreign country than of England's sister isle.

Drogheda, and over the Boyne. We are high over the river, on the famous viaduct that cost so much pains and money. It was a treacherous river-bed, and sucked in the masonry almost as quickly as it was built up; but perseverance prevailed; the great piers stood firm at last, and the steam horse rattles safely over.

It was just about this time of year, a century and three-quarters ago, that the great Protestant victory was won only a few miles above where we are now passing. It had gone hard with the Protestants in the north, and bravely the boys of Derry had stood out against their besiegers; so determined were they not to give in to their popish assailants, that even when the inhuman Rosene drove the wretched party of Protestants, collected from the surrounding country, under their walls to starve to death if they did not capitulate, they duly returned answer

that, unless these miserales were not immediately dismissed, every prisoner taken up to that time should be hung in the sight of their comrades. Surely they were hardly set when, having finished all the cats, and rats, and leather, they proposed to curry up the popish inhabitants of the city; but at this point the English store-ships got up to the town, and James's army was so disheartened that they retired as fast as they could, leaving the victorious little garrison to rest and recover from their fatigues. This, and the brave stand of the Enniskilleners, gave the Protestant party heart; and great were their rejoicings when, in the following summer, William himself, at the head of a large force, landed at Carrickfergus and moved south to meet James.

Twelfth of July, sixteen hundred and ninety—a date dear to the Orangemen, and borne ever since upon many an Orange flag.

“King William beat the rascally papists,” they say; he did just beat them, but they were nearly matched. Bravely the English waded through the river under a heavy fire; and as bravely charged the Irish down upon them. It was, indeed, a great misfortune to the English that they, or rather their French auxiliaries, killed their own best general, Schomberg; and, had not William at once passed the river at the head of a large body of horse and attacked James's infantry, it seems probable the English army would not have been able to recover the confusion caused by the duke's death. But, as it was, the Irish were so dismayed by William's appearance, that they faced round and retreated to Dunora. James himself, without attempting to rally his forces, rode off towards Dublin, and soon afterwards embarked for France, and returned to the place of his former residence at St. Germain.

So William of Orange had possession of the country. Not that he had done all the fighting, for there was hard fighting after that; but still the battle of the Boyne is always and rightly considered by the Orangemen to be their great decisive victory over their papist foes.

It is nearly seven when we arrive at Enniskillen. We cannot comfortably sleep at three hotels in one night, though their respective omnibus drivers are very anxious we should. Luckily, a fellow-traveller has advised us that the smallest—the Royal—is the best, and thither we are driven. Very small rooms, but very comfortable; and the dinner, though not comprising variety of dishes, was well cooked and served. Englishmen who require Pall-mall cooking should certainly not visit an Irish country hotel; but those who have good digestions, and can be content with a well-cooked steak and excellent potatoes in great numbers, and a good potation of whisky, “with or without,” need fear no worse fare.

Enniskillen is built on an island, formed by the division of the Upper Lough Erne into two rather narrow streams, which, again uniting on the north side of the island, form the channel which connects the upper and the lower lakes.

The town is equally disposed on either side of the main street, about a mile in length, which runs from the western bridge to the eastern, rising a good height over the lake about the centre of the town, where stands the Protestant church. This building is of no great interest; indeed, the less said about all the churches in this part of Ireland the better; they are certainly not worth a visit.

In these days of centralisation, Enniskillen, like all other provincial towns, once the *town* of their county, has considerably fallen off. There

is not much trade, and the population, which thirty years ago was over six thousand, is now under five.

The most striking object on the island is the monument erected to General the Hon. Sir G. Lowry Cole, and it is quite worth while climbing to the balcony at the top to see the view.

On the hill just west of the town stands Portora, a royal charter school founded by Charles I.; and below it on the right, just where the narrow gut before alluded to widens into the lower lake, are the ruins of the old castle of Lisgood, which was burnt, with a hundred and fifty-two people in it, by the rebels in the middle of the seventeenth century. There is a pleasant terrace walk along the lake under these old ruins, where it is delightful to linger in the clear moonlight, as the waves driven by the light breeze just "lap the shores in pleasing melody."

There are some very pretty drives out of Enniskillen; one towards Ely Lodge, and along the western shore of Lough Erne, is in some parts very picturesque; as the road now skirts the mountain-side almost hidden in the hanging woods, and anon dips down to the water's edge as a sparkling stream, loved of the trout, finds its way across it into the great lake. That is a beautiful place, Ely Lodge; the house built on an island approached by a long greystone-bridge, surmounted at the home end by an antiquated lodge and iron gates. The drive to it winds along the side of the hills, giving many a charming glimpse of some wooded island rising gracefully out of the calm lake, and throwing back its own reflexion even more beautiful than itself. Across the bridge; and then we rise rapidly to the house, which, built on the north-east slope, has an exquisite view over all the lower lake.

There is one excursion which certainly ought to be undertaken by boat, and that is about two miles down the lake to the Devenish island; a delightful row on a cool day—and days are not often oppressively hot in the north of Ireland. The temperature is much more even all through the year there than here. Giraldus Cambrensis says, though perhaps with some exaggeration: "The country itself is, of all others, the most temperate; here are neither the scorching heats of Cancer to drive men into the shades, nor the piercing colds of Capricorn to drive them to the fire. The air is so mild and pleasant, that all seasons are in some degree warm."

On the island, in itself one of the barest and least interesting of the three hundred and sixty which tradition gives to the lakes (I doubt if any one has ever taken the trouble to count them), stands the celebrated Devenish Tower, the most perfect, externally, at least, of all those mysterious round towers, of which there seem to have been, at some time or other, over a hundred in different parts of the country. They may be said to be peculiar to Ireland, for, though two appear in Scotland, that country has always been in close intercourse with Ulster, and they were probably built by the Irish.

This tower is quite circular, forty-one feet in diameter, and it tapers towards the top, which is covered with a conical cap of stone, surmounted by a curious ornament resembling an obtuse crescent, which is found on none of the other towers, though it probably did exist originally on some of them. All the work is hewn stone, most carefully dressed and put together, far exceeding in workmanship the masonry of the adjoining abbey church.

The height of the tower is seventy-one feet, and the door is so great a height from the ground that it is difficult to conceive how it could ever have been made accessible. Various have been the speculations as to the builders and date of construction of these curious relics, and of their uses.

It has been thought by some they were intended for beacon-towers or alarm-posts, and by others that they were the abode of anchorites, and that they were used by the early Christians as places of penance for evil-doers—which penance was performed as follows :—The penitent was placed in the upper story, or cell, where he remained a certain time ; he was then permitted to descend into the next one, where he also was mortified for a season ; and so on to all the floors in succession, till at last he stood on the lowest, at the open door which faced the church, when the priest came out and gave him absolution.

I am not myself inclined to think, however, that they were built by the Christians, or used by them, except, perhaps, as convenient bell-towers, but that they were pagan erections used for the worship of Baal. Many of the legends of the country would lead us to suppose that the old religion of the country, prior to the introduction of Christianity, was that of the fire-worshippers.

As to their date, we know that, in writings of the twelfth century, they are talked of as of great antiquity, and their close contiguity, as in the present instance, to ruins of buildings used for Christian worship forms a strong presumption in favour of their having been built for worship, and not for merely military purposes. For the early Christians nearly always chose the spots sacred to pagan gods for their own altars.

If, then, they were built by the fire-worshippers, they existed before St. Patrick went to Ireland in the middle of the fifth century. Their architects were evidently far more advanced in the arts of construction than the Irish were at the time of their conversion, and they seem to belong to a period when some nations of Eastern, probably of Phœnician, origin were in possession of the country.

The discovery of bronze instruments, and curious weapons of classic form and elegant workmanship, form further proof of the existence of such an ancient, cunning people. But perhaps one of the most remarkable links in the evidence is that found in the striking resemblance of the present native language to the old Carthaginian, or Punic, found on numerous coins and in the works of the Roman dramatist, Plautus.

From Enniskillen we went on to Rossclair, an hotel lately set up by a gentleman who has considerable property thereabouts, and wishes to encourage Englishmen to try Lough Erne, as well as Killarney ; and really we found ourselves in very comfortable quarters.

As I said before, the weather in Fermanagh is never too hot, so that one may enjoy a day's sailing without being scorched, and at the same time do a great deal of fishing, either trolling or with the fly. The largest pike I heard of being taken was sixty-two pounds, and our largest trout weighed eight and a half pounds (*Salmo ferox*).

There is a good breeze from the south-south-east, but hardly any cloud ; the mountains so clear that almost every rock and fissure can be distinguished. Away we go with a full sheet to the north-west, gaily racing with the waves and beating them ; they seem to grumble as we pass. On we go ; now we are out of the islands on to the broad lough.

On the right the land running out into bold promontories, thickly wooded, forming cool, pleasant little bays, rising from the water's edge, waves on in graceful undulation towards the Lack mountains.

How beautiful the view to the other side! In the foreground the little Gai island rising—perfect gem of an island—out of the lake, the soft carpet of green shaded by the now autumn-tinted trees, fringed by the dark rocky shore, the waves just breaking over the far-stretching points of rock. And then beyond, the long line of mountains rising abruptly from the lough; to the west the Eagle island and the wooded points of Castle Caldwell. The bays there are full of trout and pike.

On the north the long, low-lying Boa island, nearly five miles long, with hardly any wood; and above it, on the mainland, are neat white farm-houses, looking very clean and pretty anyhow at this distance; and beyond them again the wild mountains of Donegal, clad with dark red heather, full of little lakes, crowded with trout, and loved of wild fowl, and where true Irishmen, far away from the watching of excise officers, delight to make the native potteen.

We sail all round this long Boa island, the isle of Oxen, past Innisturk, the Calf island, Inniskerry, and Innismeele, and Muckross, the wooded point, and down past the marble quarry at Rossabeg, to Castle Caldwell—curious rambling old house, where once lived, in much state, Sir John Caldwell; but alas! in too great state for the good of his successors. In those days—not so long ago—there were no good roads in that part of Ireland, and the peasants say the baronet was the first to introduce carts and carriages: everything before, was carried on horses' and donkeys' backs in panniers.

Before we left the bay the good breeze of the morning had increased to a good hard wind. Gallantly our little bark rode over the short chopping waves as we ran along under reefed canvas.

Often a wave larger than its fellow striking the gunwale made us remember by a cold shower-bath that we were on no small English pond; and, before we got in, the whole lake was covered with white horses, and we were pretty well drenched in our open boat. But, for all that, we risked another drenching the next day.

Holidays won't last for ever, and there is Lough Derg, with St. Patrick's Purgatory, to be seen; and that very fashionable watering-place, Bundoran, to be done; together with some sea-baths; so we must leave the great store of pike and trout to other anglers, and move on.

There is a railway along this side of the lake from Inniskillen to Bundoran; but we have enough of railway travelling at home, and prefer the real national conveyance, the jaunting-car.

It certainly is uncommonly hard to sit on one of these cars when you first make the experiment. First, off goes the horse with a sudden jerk, which severely tries the good work of the harness-maker, and is very nearly leaving you behind sitting in the road. Then you are as nearly shot off by the car, in turning a sharp corner, running up on to the kerbstone. However, after a few of these cautions, feeling the necessity of perpetually keeping the hand-rail at least within easy grasp, and by maintaining a careful balance, the motion becomes rather exhilarating than otherwise, and the journey is performed without any broken bones.

Through Pettigoe, as thriving a little town as we saw in this part of Ireland; and towards the north, about four miles; we came at last to a

road, along which even our jaunting-car could not pass ; but a short walk brought us out, after passing under a dark wood, suddenly in full view of Lough Derg.

We seemed to have left civilisation far behind. Not a house was to be seen. Bare mountains, rising wave after wave, surround the mysterious little lake, where in that island, not far from the shore, was the narrow vault dug by Ulysses when he made his descent into hell, or by the more orthodox ascribed to St. Patrick, who is said to have "obtained, by his fervent prayers, to make the people eye-witnesses of those punishments and tortures which the wicked endure after this life."

Thousands of pilgrims flocked from all parts of the country to this spot every summer, and, though the numbers are now reduced to hundreds instead of thousands, the superstition has not died out.

All the summer certain priests live in the houses which have taken the place of the old monastery in the island, and spiritually console and absolve the penitents who visit them ; and then the whole road and island present a lively scene. But when we were there the pilgrims' season was over, the island-buildings were deserted, the gigantic ferry-boat laid up in its winter-house, and not a soul could be found to take us across. However, there was a boat which we managed to launch, and, with one oar and a piece of board, we contrived to reach the saints' island.

There was not a breath of wind, and standing on this solitary spot, the gate of Hades, the stillness was so intense all round, that it could almost be heard. It was a relief to hear the wild cry of the heron, which rose, startled at our approach, from the far side of the island, where he had been quietly fishing, for the lake is full of trout, from the smallest to a very good weight.

We left the solitary lake to its loneliness, and our lively carman drove us along again with all his usual demonstrations by voice and whip. Really, Irish horses are the most wonderful animals to keep on their legs. Our driver, in answer to our exclamations of surprise at his reckless driving, replied, "Sure I won't give him time to go down, yer honour!" and neither Paddy's lungs, most powerfully exercised all the way along, nor his horse's spirits, seemed in the least depressed as we rattled down the steep hill into Ballyshannon, once also a flourishing country town, which, before the Union, returned its two members to parliament.

We had lingered long at Lough Derg, and often by the road, as every new view, more charming than the last, of the lake or mountains opened itself before us. We had spent some time also at Belleek, interested in that national work, the china manufactory, established by one of the most enterprising and truly patriotic men Fermanagh possesses. I say national work, for is it not what the nation wants, above all law reform or franchise, to have manufactories, seats of industry, established on her soil? We lingered along the banks of the rushing Erne, swollen by recent rains, madly foaming over the stubborn walls of opposing limestone, dashing up white mists of spray, eddying on silently, but swiftly, under the dark overhanging cliffs pierced by caves, and crowned by swaying trees, till, gathering strength for a new effort, again the dark, peat-coloured water rushes at another fall. And now, as we drive down the steep hill of the little town, our eyes are dazzled by the bright gas ; so that it is a relief to find ourselves again in the simple clear moonlight.

The aspect of the country has gradually altered since we left Belleek ; and now all round are bare hills, divided into stony unprofitable-looking fields by cold stone walls. The weather, delightful in the morning, has changed ; the wind comes keen and chill from the north ; the sea, even, is shivering in the silver light ; the mountains, wrapped in mist for half their height, hold up their cold heads against the clear sky, as if longing for a cap of cloud ; and the prospect of a good fire, accompanied by a good supper, inside one of those bright windows bespangling the hill before us, becomes more and more agreeable. And a good fire and capital supper, and still better beds, we have. We are again in an hotel kept up by gentlemen.

The Brighton of Ireland ! Well, it's as little like our London-super-Mare as any collection of houses could well be. A long street, nearly a mile and a half from end to end, with one or two terraces running at right angles to it along the sea, form the whole town. But we did not come to see the houses, but the scenery and the people, and in these we certainly were not disappointed. Bundoran lies along the south-eastern corner of the Bay of Donegal, whose coast is here fronted with rugged limestone cliffs, pierced by curious caves and grottos, worn even in one or two places into grotesque pillars and arches, running out into bold headlands, and retreating again into quiet shelving bays, floored with finest sand of crushed shells of every tint, tempting for a bath. The Atlantic rolls in with all its force.

We were fortunate ; there was a great storm on Sunday afternoon—a regular sou'-wester. We stood upon the black craggy rock of the boldest headland, about a mile from the town. Below us was the mouth of a dark cavern ; and as the sea came rolling in, in all its fury, wave after wave rushed up the cave, filling it, till the pent-up air burst the water out again, like a falling waterspout ; with a huge, booming noise ; and ever and again a great wave recoiling from the dark cliff, and meeting one inward bound, they leap up as if trying which can overcome the other.

Can London-super-Mare compare with such glorious sea as this ?

Again, look across the bay and see those mountains sometimes rising so clearly out of the blue, glistening water, that every watercourse and change of herbage can be traced upon their faces ; and at others half veiled in uneven white mists, or capped at sunset with gold and crimson-coloured clouds gently resting on their summits, crowning them with glory. There, just opposite, pointed out by its white lighthouse on St. John's head, lies Killibegs. Charming little harbour ! defended on every side by guardian mountains from the fear of storms, and at the farthest corner of the bay, rising majestically two thousand feet above the ocean, so nearly perpendicular that a stone can be dropped from the top into the sea, is the famous cliff of Sleive League.

Why is it that a country so near, so beautiful, so rich in land, and mines, and harbours, and all the natural resources of power, whose people are so fit in mind and body for the highest arts and greatest labour, should yet remain so much unknown, its wealth so slightly developed ?

How comes it—we repeat the often-quoted question of the Kilkenny parliament, but we may not stay now to answer it—how comes it that the sovereign is never the richer for Ireland ?

C. K. O.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CAMPAIGN IN ABYSSINIA.

THE campaign projected for the relief of our countrymen and other Europeans—diplomats and missionaries—detained and grievously ill-treated by the treacherous and vindictive Theodorus, presents so many elements of the unknown, so many difficulties to encounter at the onset, and so many more in carrying it out to a successful issue, that a few words explanatory of the real state of things will be probably welcome to our readers.

It is necessary to understand the bearings of the question to premise a few words regarding the present ruler of Abyssinia. We shall then proceed to things as they now exist, or at least are supposed to do so, up to the latest moment at our command. Then to the discussion of the most available means of getting into the interior, and the character of the harbours and shores, of the littoral or the extensive tract of almost uninhabited country which stretches from the shore to the Abyssinian uplands (and which we shall show to vary much in its character at different places), and of the interior itself.

In reading the accounts of travellers since the time of Father Lobo (translated by Dr. Johnson, who afterwards penned his "Rasselas" from the intimacy obtained with the country in that task), and who visited Abyssinia in the fifteenth century, or the more recent voyages of Bruce, Salt, Burckhardt, Rüppell, Krapf, Vayssières, Gobat, Beke, Parkins, Lejean, and others, we find everywhere the same civil wars, the same feudal chiefs arrogating to themselves the ruling power, the same devastated provinces, the same desultory combats, which, by deciding the fate of a few months or a few years, allow the country to taste the blessings of peace for longer or shorter intervals. At the end of every brief period new rivals start up, and anarchy and disorder succeed the temporary calm. When Theodorus, or Theodore, then known as Kassa, or Li Kassa, a young man of good family, though poor, proclaimed his independence at the head of a handful of followers, cast off his allegiance to King John, and defied his cowardly but powerful minister Ras Ali, it was only one more of the inevitable insurrectionary movements which have never ceased to desolate the country. Theodorus was at that epoch thirty-two to thirty-three years of age; he was at that age not only bold and enterprising, but he was also sober, pious, and endowed with a superior intelligence, and hence it is not surprising that he should have been joined, under the temptations of plunder, by a band of enterprising followers. Ras Ali, beginning to be alarmed, gave him his daughter in marriage, and named him governor of the country he had taken possession

of. Kassa agreed to these terms, and from that time directed his attention to the Sudan, the cradle of the Abyssinian empire. He descended into the plains of Galabar, which are extremely fertile in grain and cattle, at the head, it is said, of some sixteen thousand or twenty thousand men; but the East is the land of extravagant diction, and especially of numerical exaggeration. His army was, however, repulsed by a handful of Egyptian troops entrenched behind some extemporised earthworks. It was then that Theodorus obtained his first lesson in the art of modern warfare, and of the importance of great guns and musketry—a lesson which has never since been lost upon him.*

Although deceived, humiliated, and wounded, and his army decimated and mutinous, his spirit did not abandon him. A surgeon had refused to extract the Egyptian bullet which had been lodged in his body, except upon the preliminary payment of a cow; he had appealed for this to his wife's family, but in vain, and, disgusted at such treatment, he was no sooner restored to health than he raised a new band of adventurous followers and commenced pillaging the provinces under the government of Ras Ali. The youthful insurgent was summoned to court, but he refused to go. Several so-called generals were sent out against him; these he vanquished with ease, and increased his army by means of their soldiers. At last, fancying himself strong enough to attack Ras Ali at his amba, or strong place, he did so with success, obtaining possession of the place; the governor, his father-in-law, managing to save his life by flight, but leaving to the fortunate conqueror his army, his country, and his strong place.

Kassa having thus attained to power, he defeated all his rivals, the independent chiefs of Godjam, Shoa or Shwa, and Tigray. So great and so rapid were his successes, that scarcely a year had elapsed from the flight of Ras Ali before Kassa was hailed by the whole of Abyssinia as emperor; and he was crowned under the name of Theodorus, or Theodore, in 1855, at the ancient metropolis of Ethiopia, Axum. For several years after this inauguration matters went on smoothly. All Abyssinia was subject to the new Cæsar, and his army, or rather the number of his armed subjects (and every adult is armed in such countries), estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand in very round numbers, looked upon him as more than human, and was ready to follow him everywhere and anywhere.

The idea of re-establishing the ancient Ethiopian empire became the dominating thought of the new emperor; but remembering his repulse by the Egyptians at Gadaref, he sought to arm and organise his troops after the European fashion. Being also a "Christian" prince of Africa, he sought the aid of England and France in what he termed a new crusade against the Mussulman race, offering in his pride to share the empire of the Muhammadans with his allies; and it is probably from the contemptuous refusal with which his propositions were met, that he has ever

* Théodore II.: *Le Nouvel Empire d'Abyssinie. Les Intérêts Français dans le Sud de la Mer Rouge.* Par Guillaume Lejean, Ancien Vice-Consul de France à Massaoua.

See also a letter from Dr. Blanc, one of the captives, to the Rev. M. Pauchaud of Lausanne, originally published in the *Indépendance Belge*, and in which a summary is given of the above work, as also in the *New Monthly* for July, 1866.

since—although he has tolerated some Europeans for useful purposes, and extended his positive friendship to others, as to the Englishmen Bell and Plowden—nurtured a profound dislike to both English and French—a dislike which, in his later years of fierce and uncontrolled passions, having their origin in inebriation, debauchery, and the sanguinary lust of power, has assumed the sad character of a vindictive and deadly hostility.

The number of armed men whom he is said to have surrounded himself by in order to carry out his favourite idea, has been estimated at the enormous figure of seven hundred thousand men. But we have before called attention to the latitude which must be given to these Oriental estimates, especially where the men are not enrolled. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that such a mass of soldiery had to be fed and clothed at the expense of the remainder of an exceedingly poor and by no means numerous population, and that the Abyssinians, tired at last with so miserable an existence, naked and badly fed, whilst the soldiers were fully provided for, rebelled against a yoke which had become so fatally oppressive. Theodorus had thus at the onset of his career to waive his pretensions to an extension of power and dominion, and to devote all his energies to re-establishing order. But once that authority has been set at defiance in Abyssinia, it is difficult to compel the people to resume their allegiance to their king. This, it will be felt, has an important bearing upon the present state of things. Everywhere in the more remote provinces, and more especially in Shoa and Tigray, both on the way to the interior, if approached from Tajurra, or from Suakim or Massawah, the peasants took refuge in the mountains, and, under able leaders, they were enabled to set what are euphonistically designated as “the imperial troops” at defiance. Theodorus went forth in person to fight them, and such was the terror his very name inspired that he found resistance nowhere. He devastated the rebellious provinces; but as the peasants had not cultivated the land for a year or two, the tribute in corn, in silver, and in stuffs became more scarce in the camp. The soldiers complained, and then began to desert. Theodorus made vain efforts; he was everywhere; there were no enemies, but there were also no victuals. It was a passive war; his soldiers, always victorious in the battle-field, were in turn vanquished by famine and decimated by desertion. There is a lesson also conveyed in this fact, in as far as famine and a deserted country extends, which might also, under very unfavourable circumstances scarcely to be anticipated, be made to apply to an invading army. Were Theodorus beloved by his subjects, such a category might be taken into serious consideration; but so oppressive and tyrannical has his rule become of late, that there are probably not a dozen Abyssinians in the whole country who would not hail their deliverance from the swarthy Nero as the happiest event which could befall them.

Little by little Theodorus's army decreased, and his dominions too; new independent kingdoms were formed, till at the present moment we have the authority of Mr. Henry Blanc for saying that he has not more than six thousand followers, while, with the exception of his chief ambas, or strong places, Devra Tabor and Magdala, and a few provinces, his kingdom exists no longer. Nay, according to the despatches which arrived at Aden from Massawah on July 15, the whole country was in rebellion; Theodorus was not only sorely beset by his enemies, but he

was surrounded on every side, whilst the two strong places last mentioned were cut off from one another.

A few striking examples are given by Dr. Blanc of the atrocities to which this insane emperor has committed himself in late years, and which have brought his subjects into an almost universal rebellion against his treacherous and sanguinary sway. At the beginning of his career we have seen him sober, brave, and even generous, but the lust of power and the irritation of hostilities have led him to give way to drunkenness and debauchery; he has not only become false and cruel, but even his bravery is said to have forsaken him gradually. There are prospects, then, of his yielding before it is too late. But here are the instances of his treacherous cruelty:

He promised to set free the chief of Godjam should his wife, in possession of a fort commanding the country, surrender it to him. As soon as he was in possession of the fort, he had the too credulous couple put in irons, and sent to one of his own forts.

He married the sister of the sons of Ras Uhiyah to induce them to give up to him a coveted amba, or strong place; and when his brothers-in-law, confiding in the family bond, came to him, he repudiated his wife, and put the two brothers in prison.

The Queen of the Gallas gave as a hostage her son, who proceeded to Magdala, accompanied by the leading chiefs. He was made governor; but soon after, as Theodorus exacted too much from the Gallas, they refused to comply with his exactions. The prince and his companions were thrown in prison, and on Prince Manilik, son of the late Sahela Selassi, King of Shoa, escaping and being received by the Queen of the Gallas with the honours due to his rank, Theodorus slew the Prince of the Gallas and his companions, and had their bodies thrown down precipices. It is obvious that with so evilly disposed a potentate the European captives have only three chances for safety: that they may effect their escape, that the rebels may cut them off from his power, or that he may be tempted to give them up to save himself, his dominions, and his followers. We confess that we have very few hopes in the last solution of the situation. He has, however, been known to liberate prisoners. The Viceroy of Egypt made endeavours to appease his savage neighbour, and, thinking that no one would be better received, he sent the Coptic Patriarch David. But the patriarch also claimed to be chief of the Abyssinian Church, and Theodorus, who considers himself, like the Sultan and Czar, temporal and spiritual head of affairs, imprisoned his self-constituted rival. Suspecting, however, that in doing so he had gone too far, or relenting his persecution of a defenceless old man, he afterwards set him at liberty. The viceroy also sent one Abd-ul-Rahman Bey on a mission with presents; the viceroy's ambassador was kept prisoner during nearly three years, and, when liberated at last, he was robbed of everything he had on his return journey, and reached Egypt almost naked and dying of hunger. Theodorus invited the Naib of Arkiko to his court under the pretext of consulting him relative to the government of his territory. The naib obeyed the summons, and brought rich presents with him. Theodorus kept him in prison during forty-five days, and liberated him only on condition that he should pay twice the tribute. This, however, is by no means an uncommon trick among Orientals, whose reputations have not suffered so severely as that of the Abyssinian Caligula.

And now, how has Theodorus dealt with the Europeans who have been invited into, or have ventured to enter into, his dominions? Monsieur Lejean went to Abyssinia with presents and a letter from the Emperor Napoleon III., who was at that epoch seeking for a concession of the port and harbour of Adule. The French envoy accompanied Theodorus on a warlike excursion into Godjam. The objects of his mission meeting with no encouragement, and having received letters recalling him to Europe, the envoy asked for an audience of leave, but he received the reply that King Theodore could not see him. Upon this, he sent a messenger to say that every day delayed would render his return more difficult, seeing that the enemy's troops were advancing into the emperor's territory. This so exasperated the tyrant that he had the envoy arrested, and the Abyssinian army had the glory of seeing a French consul in uniform taken prisoner and put in irons. At the expiration of twenty-four hours he was, however, liberated upon the Europeans employed by Theodorus pledging themselves for his good conduct, and that he would not attempt to escape. He was sent to Gaffat, where he remained under arrest for months, until a M. Bardel, who had been sent with a letter from Theodorus to Napoleon III., returned with an answer, when M. Lejean obtained permission to leave, only twenty-four hours being allowed to him, however, to make the preparations necessary for the journey.

We have here the patriarch imprisoned, the Egyptian ambassador imprisoned, and the French consul and envoy put in irons and driven out of the country. Nothing came of these outrages, and Theodorus, emboldened by impunity, began to think that Europe no more than Egypt or Turkey could do anything against him, and he became utterly reckless in his prowess of hatred and defiance of the white man. The good and learned missionary, Stern, was preparing to return to Europe, after having established a mission in Abyssinia for the conversion of the Jews. Deeming it necessary to pay his respects to the emperor previous to his departure, the latter was either hurt, or pretended to be so, at some imaginary breach of etiquette: he ordered two of the missionaries' servants to be beaten to death, and Stern himself was in imminent danger of being exposed to the same brutal treatment. He was, however, detained, imprisoned, and put in chains. Mr. Rosenthal, another missionary, was next subjected to a similar indignity, and he was put in chains and imprisoned with all his companions. Theodorus, emboldened by the impunity with which he could thus establish an imaginary superiority over all who were of European birth, extended his passion for detaining and imprisoning those who penetrated into his dominions to the person of Colonel Cameron, the British representative at Massawah. The Swiss mission, after having been well received, was disgraced and humiliated at Gaji in presence of all the officers of the emperor, and then led to the amba or fortress of Magdala to share the fate of others. Indeed, all the Europeans in Abyssinia were subjected to the same abominable ill-treatment with the exception of some missionaries from Basle, who have managed to render their services indispensable to the tyrant. The last, and not the least, flagrant instance of the same fanatic despotism has been the treacherous detention of Mr. Hormusd Rassam. Hormusd Rassam is a younger brother of Esau Rassam, who accompanied General Chesney on the expedition to the Euphrates, and

afterwards Mr. W. F. Ainsworth on his mission to the Nestorians, for which services he was rewarded by the vice-consulate of Mosul, his native town. Hormusd assisted Mr. Layard in his explorations at Nineveh, and was recompensed by an appointment at Aden. He was sent thence with a letter from the Queen to endeavour to effect the release of the Abyssinian captives, but, after no end of disreputable and dishonourable evasions, the mission ended in the incarceration of the Queen's envoy with the other prisoners.

The cup of insolence and insult was now filled to the brim. Several years have elapsed since those first detained have been imprisoned and in chains, and others have suffered tortures of greater or less duration, according to the period of their incarceration. As to what have been the amount and extent of these sufferings, the public have been best able to judge from the correspondence from and relative to the Abyssinian captives published in the reports ordered to be printed for the use of the House of Commons, as also from the numerous letters which have found their way through sympathising friends into the columns of newspapers. Nothing can exceed the horrors depicted in these simple narratives, which roused the indignation of the country to that extent, that, no matter at what sacrifice of life or money, it was felt that the honour of the nation was involved, and our prestige in Eastern lands at stake, in effecting their liberation or punishing their unjust and detestable gaoler. The English government, it will be seen by the same correspondence, made numerous and noble efforts to effect the liberation of the prisoners pacifically, but ineffectually. It has now long been felt that nothing short of an armed force will vanquish the stubbornness of Theodorus, and that it is only when he is convinced that he will be no longer permitted to maltreat Europeans, and that vengeance awaits him, that he will open his eyes to the necessity of protecting and liberating them. It is only to be hoped that such will be the happy dénouement of this painful incident, and that it will suffice for a demonstration to bring about a speedy restoration of the captives to their country and friends, just as some years back a demonstration at Tajurra had the effect of setting Major Harris and his companions in travel free from the toils of the then King of Shoa. Unfortunately, Theodorus has no seaport, which, with its inhabitants, could be held as hostage for the safety of our countrymen, and the rebellious African, who sets all the courtesies of civilised life and all the powers of the world at haughty defiance, may persevere in the same attitude, with an almost roadless and waterless expanse between him and his enemies, and a wild and inaccessible region of rocks and forests to retreat to in the rear; nay, he may even add wholesale murder to his previous crimes in the fanatical passion of a monster at bay, but that he is surrounded by other enemies of his own creating. There is not a province or petty power around or adjacent that does not at once dread or detest him, and that would not make the hour of his distress that also of a just and long-delayed vengeance. Theodorus has neither Shoa, nor Kaffa, nor the remote country of the Gallas to retreat to. Attacked by a British force, he will be without security within and deprived of safety without, and he must succumb, it is to be hoped—indeed, they are all chances in favour of it—without adding further murders to his already numerous crimes. The greatest chances are, that, hemmed in as the emperor is by rebellious subjects, the captives will be able to make their

escape, or will be set free by the rebels, before the projected expedition can be carried into effect.

Mr. Flad, the last envoy sent over by her Majesty's government, arrived, after a long delay, at the royal camp. Theodorus received him coldly, and listened with much equanimity to the announcement that the British government had done with conciliatory measures, and intended to try other means to procure the liberation of the captives. Theodorus was at that time sorely beset by his enemies, who surrounded him on every side. The apprehension of the prisoners was, that the emperor might make Magdala his head-quarters and use them as hostages to secure his personal safety. This is another of the many possible dénouements of the affair. If Theodorus made his own safety depend on that of the prisoners, it would not be his interest to injure them; but their liberation would be a costly one in every sense of the word. Another more disagreeable position of things has been suggested in the possibility of the rebels, if victors in the strife, making use of the captives as means of extortion with the British government, or of coming to terms, if that government should be represented by an avenging force.

That the captives are unanimous in desiring action on the part of our government is made clear beyond all doubt by the extracts of their letters. Mr. Rassam wrote: "Unless you come up and take us out I fear there will be no chance of our ever leaving this country. Our friend the emperor has no greater enemy in the world than himself. He has been going on from bad to worse. . . . He has imprisoned all his European artisans. . . . I only hope her Majesty's government will settle the account here promptly, and if it could be before winter it would be better. . . . Our only safety now is that active measures should be taken. The temper of our friend is becoming worse and worse every day. May the Lord save us!" Colonel Cameron writes to the same effect. Dr. Blanc, generally so hopeful, is in despair. The emperor one day gave orders that all the prisoners at Debra Tabor should be burnt, but changed his mind before his fiendish project could be carried out. "Believe me," writes the doctor, "I am not afraid, only fully impressed with the danger of our situation, and the necessity of prompt action . . . action is for us life; delay, death." Colonel Meredith adds to this: "This is an urgent, touching appeal, my lord; and coming, as it does, from a man in whose courage I could trust, it is most distressing to feel that at this season of the year no response could possibly be made in the shape of active interference by display of force."

The time for such action is the autumn season, which is fast approaching. If September and October pass by without any certainty of the liberation of the captives, we may trust that the commencement of November will find a powerful British force well on its way from Adule or Massawah into the interior.

Abyssinia is like Bokhara—a country difficult to penetrate. The same circumstances which placed it out of our power to avenge the cruel murder of Stoddart and Conolly, have also secured impunity to the savage Theodorus. But Russia has, in pursuance of a slow but sure policy, placed her eagle claw on the fanaticism of Samarkand, and Great Britain is now called upon to act in Abyssinia with a more prompt and efficacious determination.

From the Mediterranean, Abyssinia can only be approached through Egypt and along the course of the Nile, and then up the Black or Blue tributaries. But laying aside that such a line of approach would involve us in an undesirable alliance with the Egyptian ruler, Sir Samuel Baker's account of his ascent of the Black River, which is a dry bed part of the year, and a torrent during the rainy season, is a satisfactory proof of its utter impracticability to an army. With respect to the Blue River, in 1863 an Egyptian army of ten or twelve thousand men, having some rifled cannon, moved from Khartūm, at the junction of the Blue with the White Nile, up the former stream to the district of Kalabat, where it arrived in the following month, and after devastating the country, returned to its starting-point, leaving only a few places garrisoned above Khartūm, but having totally failed to penetrate the highlands of Abyssinia. This is sufficient to show the difficulties of approach presented by the Nile, for it is not reasonable to expect that any army composed of British as well as of Indian troops could advance into the interior with the same expedition as the Egyptians, who are "admirable movers," inured to the climate, and require infinitely less accompanying impedimenta than an Anglo-Indian force.

The fact is, that if a military expedition were merely an aggregate of Nile travellers—that is, of enterprising Englishmen carrying with them certain resources of food, arms, and ammunition—the difficulties in any one way of approach, though much exaggerated, would be by no means formidable. But completeness and efficiency for European warfare in some degree unfits an army for operations against a savage foe. Savages, as has been shown in Algeria, in Mexico, in India, in New Zealand, and in many other regions, are best combated by savages; they baffle discipline, as the Parthians did the Romans by fighting on a perpetual retreat, and it requires a long time for an organised force to bring them into subjection.

Modern war is based on the conditions of ample supplies and practicable communications, of the assemblage at convenient distances of stores of food, drink, and forage, and tents and hospitals, and ammunition of a delicate and costly kind; and finally, of a cumbrous system of transport. The army that is best furnished with these enters the European arena with enormous advantages. But, in a barbarous theatre of war, the elements of success must be sought for in facility and rapidity of movement, and the reduction of impedimenta to the lowest amount possible in consistence with the safety of the force. The mass of correspondence, even from military men, which has flooded the papers, show how opinions differ as to the manner in which this is to be effected, and how little the character of the country is really understood. Men experienced in Ashantee war write as if the Abyssinian jungle was like that of the east of Africa, whereas the first is, for the most part, a dry jungle, the latter a low pestilential marsh. One advocates the use of camels, another elephants, a third mules, and a fourth bullocks, when all four are already in common use in the country, at least in parts. It is true that a fly is met with which is said to be the original Beelzebub; but it is unlike the tsetse, and not so fatal in its bite.

The men are also, it has been said, to be exposed to the assaults of all kinds of vermiform monsters if they drink the half-putrid waters of wells,

or are to be attacked from without by horrible boring worms. As if some evils are not to be encountered in all travel. There are animals and insects hostile to man in the jungle of India, but they did not prevent the suppression of mutiny. Men must exercise common sense and caution in every country.

The fewer great guns that are transported, whether straightwise or crosswise (the latter is an absurdity), on the backs of animals, the better. To take cities, or to overrun a whole district, would, it has been justly observed, produce no great effect on the policy of a potentate who, from mere caprice, or at any rate on the slightest grounds, lays waste provinces, and burns towns with as little compunction as firewood. Scientific manœuvres would be practised in vain against an enemy who can scarcely be considered to have any proper flanks or rear, and who can find a base wherever there is unplundered territory in his dominions.

It must come, therefore, to mere fighting power; and here we could scarcely hope to call our cavalry and artillery to our aid, except in a very limited degree. Our Sniders would, doubtless, do us good service, and Theodorus will be no longer surrounded (suppose he is enabled to make any stand at all, and that he does not retreat with his captives, as terms for compromise, or hostages for his life, into still more remote and inaccessible regions) by the rabble host which accompanied him in the last expedition, of which Rassam was an eye-witness. Certain it is, however, that a moribund tyrant, accustomed all his life to desultory warfare, and to the perpetration of huge massacres, is not likely to be speedily brought to terms by defeat, no more than he may be expected to observe in victory the laws of honourable war.

It would appear, then, that a mere raid, the object of which should be the capture of a few strong places, or the injury of any part of the emperor's dominions, or any other kind of reprisal, would produce no effect, except further to enrage the already exasperated savage, and convince him of our inability to assail him seriously. We must, therefore, calculate on a campaign of which the immediate end cannot be foreseen; considerable forces must be assembled, great depôts formed and maintained, and all preparations made for keeping in full efficiency the necessary supplies and reinforcements of men and munitions.

There can be no question, from the experience of a host of travellers, that after the low belt of desert is once passed, and the eastern edge of the elevated table-land is attained, the climate may be hot at times, and exposed to trying rains at others, but that in other respects it is as healthy as can be desired.

Speaking generally, Abyssinia is divided into three regions: the dry littoral band, known as the Koka; the hilly or upland region of plateaux, known as the Doga; and the interior moister region, called Masaga. Stretching from the borders of the sea, and rising gradually to the uplands, the Bahr-Nagash, or "domain of the King of the Sea," presents a vegetation that varies at different seasons of the year, and at almost every step made towards the uplands. Mangroves mark almost everywhere the point where the waters bathe the shore. These are followed by extensive growths of saline and succulent plants which first take possession of lands recently abandoned by the sea. There frutescent

soda-plants are succeeded by a bushy underwood of mimosas and acacias, the country of francolins, gazelles, and ostriches. At the foot of the hills trees make their appearance, and among them are the gum-Arabic, the balsam-bearing amyris, and the more hardy evergreen oaks and ilexes, beneath the shade of which roam flocks of guinea-fowl, troops of Beni Israel, or antelope of Salt; the Koama antelope, with a white robe, and scarcely inferior to an ox in size; and the ferocious boar of Ethiopia (*Phaschochærus Africanus*); white baboons and apes disport in the branches.

Higher up, the valleys, which open from the uplands into the lower region, have almost all rivulets, small streamlets or pools of water, marking the beds of torrents during the rainy season, by the side of which grow the tamarix, citrou-trees, and sycamores, and at whose waters the spiral-horned antelope, the lion, the elephant, and the rhinoceros quench their thirst.

The upland region is more particularly characterised by the turpentine-tree, or pistachia, and the jumping antelope. At greater altitudes grows the kolkal, one of the Euphorbiaceæ, which attains an elevation of forty feet, and whose dead branches, full of holes, harbour an infinity of green parroquets. Still higher the trees become lichen-clad, attesting to the severity of the climate.

The moist region lies to the north and westward of the mountains. In this region there are frequent clouds and rain, as well as a rainy season, and numberless rivulets, which the wadys or winter torrents contribute at times to form the various tributaries to the Atbarah, or Bahr al Aswad—the Black Nile.

Upon the elevated uplands neither heat nor cold are extreme. Even in the elevated prisons of Debra Tabor and Magdala the captives do not seem to have suffered much from cold, although insufficiently clad; nor do they appear to have sustained much injury to their bodily health after sufferings under which they would in some countries have sunk long ago. Abyssinia Proper is, it is well known, in as far as the aspect of the country is concerned, in many parts one of the most favoured regions of the earth's surface. Some districts, it is true, are stony and barren, others are covered with pathless woods, whilst rugged peaks and rocky chasms proclaim the volcanic character of certain regions; but there are extensive plains, well watered, and with a soil that richly rewards with corn and vegetables the rude husbandry of the natives, and there are, again, deep-wooded valleys abounding in game, elephants, and wild animals, and sometimes so hot, close, and damp as to be pernicious to the health of man. The roads scarcely deserve the name, being mere tracks on which no labour is bestowed, and they follow the abrupt undulations of the country so steeply, and offer such difficult foothold, as to render it frequently advisable to imitate the natives in journeying barefoot. Under such circumstances, it is manifestly hopeless to attempt to supply an invading force by means of transport on wheels. A large amount of pack animals of one description or another would be, therefore, indispensable. As to the resources of the country in food and forage, notwithstanding its productiveness, the ravages and depopulation of war, and the rude condition of the arts of life, render it very doubtful at present how far we could rely even on a friendly district for supplies of this kind or for

auxiliary transport. The best man to assist in procuring friendly alliances and aid would be Mr. Rassam himself if once set free, for he has made friends with the bishop, as also with many of the priests and the more sensible and influential inhabitants.

The number of the provinces that have revolted from Theodorus has increased to so formidable an extent, that, if the latest accounts may be relied on, he is completely encircled by disaffection, and only the central district, between the eastern shore of Lake Tsana and the edge of the plateau, continues to acknowledge an authority which never in its best days appears to have extended more than nominally down to the sea-coast. Of the forces now in the field, we only know that they have dwindled to a mere handful, and those not the best of his former followers, who were not, indeed, Abyssinians, but Gallas and other races of a more daring and warlike turn. Only part of them are provided with fire-arms, and a great portion of the infantry appears to possess only the primitive shield and spear. Of the sixteen hundred men who were lately employed in guarding the prison fortress of Magdala, six hundred only were armed with muskets. Mounted troops are spoken of as numerous; they are mostly armed with spears. When encamping, the Abyssinian soldiery shelter themselves in huts of grass erected with astonishing rapidity, and which they burn on quitting them, leaving hardly a trace of their bivouacs. That they possess discipline of some kind is proved by Mr. Rassam, who tells us that, as he rode in front with the emperor in a march against a rebellious district, "it was a fine sight to see the whole army following him at a rapid pace, stopping when he stopped, and turning to the right or left as he turned, as though the movements of this great mass had been directed by machinery."

A colony of European gunsmiths and other workmen has been established for some years by Theodorus at Gaffat, a village near Debra Tabor, and their labours have been directed towards the production of great guns as well as muskets, but it is said they have managed to make the former too cumbersome for use in the field. Theodorus is also said to have broken up his arsenal at Gaffat, and imprisoned a portion, if not all, of the workmen at Debra Tabor, probably because they wanted to escape from his tyranny. There are thus two parties of European captives—the smaller one at Magdala, which includes Consul Cameron, Mr. Rassam, and Messrs. Stern and Rosenthal; the other at Debra Tabor, which includes Mrs. Rosenthal and child, Mr. and Mrs. Flad and three children, with all the German artisans, two missionaries of the Scotch Church, and others. Debra Tabor will, then, apparently become an important point at which to aim in directing the operations of a campaign—far more so than Gondar, the nominal capital, which the emperor burnt in 1864, or than Magdala, which is a rude collection of huts lying on a more or less isolated fragment of the general upland, amid conical hills. The huts, as described by Mr. Stern, are mere wretched hovels, that stand in mocking contrast round four spacious circular dwellings. There is also a church surmounted by a glittering cross, and there is, further, a space enclosed by a strong thorn fence and guarded by groups of sooty soldiers, close to whom lie, basking in the sun, bands of unfortunates loaded with galling fetters. This is the royal prison.

We learn from Colonel Merewether's letters that last March Mr.

Rassam ascertained that Theodorus had then still some eighty thousand armed followers, but that this has since dwindled into a band of fifteen thousand men, ill disciplined, badly armed and disaffected, and that nothing but a sort of superstitious belief in his power prevented a general rising against him. Mainlek, grandson of Sahela Selassi, King of Shoa, whom we had to coerce in the time of Major Harris, had escaped from his confinement at Magdala, and re-established the independence of his kingdom. Tadela Gürgul not only held his own in Godjam, but defied the emperor, and had ravaged Meder and other districts to cut off supplies from the tyrant. A chieftain of the name of Tissū Goluzye held Walkait up to Gondar, at the head of a hostile army of twenty thousand men. Another chieftain, designated as Wakstūm Goluzye, held Tigray with a powerful band of followers, while to the east and south, in Lasta and the Wallū country, all were in arms and open hostility to the emperor. "As long as the latter can maintain the appearance of royalty, and keep even a small army around him," wrote Colonel Merewether, "there is a superstitious feeling attached to him which prevents any of the powerful rebels moving to attack him. But distress and his tyrannical procedure are fast driving his troops from him, his former energy seems to have left him, and it is most probable that a sudden and violent death will before very long terminate his career." Mr. Rassam also wrote: "It is generally supposed that the refusal of the emperor to liberate us will be followed by a declaration of war; if so, the following hints may prove useful. Have nothing to do with the Turks (*i. e.* Egyptians), because alliance with the unbelievers will bring on a religious war. Try and obtain the friendship of Wakstūm Goluzye, the chief rebel of Lasta and Tigré (Tigray), and Tissū Goluzye, the chief rebel on the road between Adowa and Gondar. They can be very useful in stopping communication between the coast and his majesty, and in transporting baggage, &c. If the bishop's assistance be required, I can get him to write to all the rebels to render assistance. There is no respectable man in Abyssinia who approves of his majesty's conduct, but no one has the pluck to speak plainly to him. He now has scarcely any country left, and yet he brags as if he were Alexander the Great. His power is only now acknowledged wherever he is, and he is so afraid of his troops deserting that he dare not attack any of the great rebels."

Colonel Merewether adds: "The intelligence now forwarded shows that the king's position is getting daily worse and more desperate. The patience of the country, well-nigh exhausted before, was further heavily tried on the occasion of the desecration of the churches at Gondar. It is wonderful the king is still borne with. His health is very bad, his sufferings great from a hopeless disease, and that made worse by excessive intemperance. Provisions in Begmedar are nearly exhausted, and there is nowhere else to look for more. The army is fast leaving him, and though he is said to have given out that he is going against Tadeba Guialoo (Tadela Goorgul of Rassam), the rebel chief in Godjam, every one knows he cannot attempt it. First, he has not sufficient troops left with him to ensure success; and next, if he went out of Begmedar, it would be occupied by the rebels of Lasta and Walkait, and he would lose his stronghold Magdala. It would be most fortunate for us if he could be induced to make the attempt; but he is too cunning to risk it. It

would seem strange to those unacquainted with the people how these rebels, who have such strong forces at their disposal, and who defy his authority, should not close with him and attack him now he is weakened. But the best informed assure me that, as long as there is any chance of Theodorus rising again, such is the dread of him personally, none of the rebels will advance on him, or attempt to find him. Were they positively assured his course had come to an end, they might then be induced to act, and be found most useful."

It would appear from the intelligence since received, either that Theodorus has taken the initiative against some of the more powerful of the rebel chiefs, or, what is more likely, that the latter, wearied of his cruelty and rapacity, have closed upon him. Further reports of the progress of the rebellion may therefore be looked for at the present conjuncture of affairs with deep interest. In the mean time, it is gratifying to know that Mr. Rassam reports that "there is no lack of friends" to the British, both at the Abyssinian court and at Magdala, their places of imprisonment; and altogether it appears tolerably certain that a bold move on the part of any one of the Abyssinian chieftains must have been followed by a general rise and insurrection throughout the country. No wonder, when Consul Cameron wrote on June 18 that the emperor had butchered six hundred of his most faithful soldiers because their relations were in rebellion, and he had been putting women and children in wax cloth and roasting them alive! The consequence has been desertion on a large scale—a thousand at a time. The peasantry between Magdala and Debra Tabor were furious, as the soldiers killed were their kinsmen, and to prevent communication between the two strong places, they cut the throats of all travellers without exception. Even the servants of the captives, sent to Debra Tabor to procure clothing sent over with Mr. Flad, had been, according to a letter of Mr. Prideaux, killed by the infuriated peasantry. Ras Adilū Tamarū, one of the most powerful chiefs of Theodorus's army, had deserted with all his troops—about half the whole camp—and had withdrawn to Yedjū, his own province.

According to Sir Samuel Baker, Suakīm presents these advantages as a base for military operations, that the Viceroy of Egypt could issue an order by which ten thousand camels could be collected there in three weeks, and relays of these animals could also be gathered at Kassala, which is two hundred and seventy miles distant by direct caravan route, fourteen days' journey for a loaded camel, and twenty for troops with many impedimenta, and as far from Magdala as Massawah. Means of transport would thus be ensured upon the landing of troops at Suakīm, the advance would be through the territory of an ally, the base of operations would be the frontier of Egypt, and therefore no necessity would exist for keeping open a communication with the rear by detachments of troops that should be offensively employed. But not only is the distance presented by this route objectionable, but so also is, as before observed, the co-operation of the Egyptians. If Abyssinia is penetrated by its own coast, the emperor, it is said, would retreat to the mountains, and the peasants would drive away their flocks and herds, and fill their wells. But Theodorus might just as well run away from an advance *vid* Egypt as *vid* Abyssinia, whilst the peasants, being for the most part in revolt, would be less likely to drive away their herds from an invading

Anglo-Indian force than from one with which the Egyptians—their religious foes and hereditary enemies—were acting in co-operation; and as to the wells, they could be recovered by the American tube-borer in five minutes, and fresh water might be procured along all the dry beds of torrents, and in low or marshy spots, by the same means.

Massawah, also objectionable as an Egyptian port, presents this advantage, that the high land comes so close at that point to the sea, that the intervening space to Halai, on the table-land, may be traversed in a couple of marches; moreover, beds of rivers open into the bay, assuring a supply of water. The adjacent table-land constitutes part of Tigray, once ruled by a rival chief, then conquered and annexed by Theodorus, and now in revolt against him. On the line from Halai to Central Abyssinia, the first important military feature that appears on the map is the river Mareb, which directly crosses it. By fortifying a part of the bank of this stream, an advanced base might be established for supplying the troops during their next movement to the Takkazye. This second stream attained, similar use might be made of it for a final advance. There is no doubt, taking these points into consideration, and the advantages which are given to diplomatic agency obtaining the safe release of the captives, from positions taken up on the Mareb and Takkazye, as also the possibly friendly co-operation of the chief of Tigray, that the Massawah route presents great advantages over that of Suakim or Tadjurra. The latter road to Abyssinia, by way of Shoa (the alliance of whose king, an enemy of Theodorus, might be easily obtained), is known, from the descriptions given by Major Harris and others, to be replete with almost insuperable difficulties.

But there is another port offering a route into Abyssinia, the nearest, the most available, and with the best harbour, and which was always used in olden times before the Turks obtained possession of Suakim and Massawah, and made those the ports of Abyssinia, and that is the Adule of the Greeks and Adulis of the Romans; the importance of which place as the entrance into Abyssinia we discussed at length in the *New Monthly* for February, 1860, when the French were negotiating for its cession. "Adule," Cosmas wrote in his "Topographia Christiana" in A.D. 545, "is a city of Ethiopia, and the port of communication with Axiomis (Axum) and the whole nation, of which that city is the capital; in this port we carry on our trade from Alexandria and the Eranitic Gulf. (The trade of Solomon and Hiram was carried on from Ezion Geber at the head of the same gulf.) The town itself is about two miles from the shore, and as you enter it on the western side, by the road that leads from Axiomis, there is still remaining a chair or throne which appertained to one of the Ptolemys, who had subjected this country to his authority." Sketches are given in Cosmas of this throne, as also of Adule itself, which are reproduced in Vincent's "Commerce of the Ancients," in which both pyramids and obelisks appear, showing that the style of building was, as has also been found at Ophir in Sofala, Egyptian or Ethiopic.

Adule was founded, according to Pliny (vi. xxix.), by fugitive slaves, and under the name of Adulis became the principal haven and city of the so-called Adulitæ. It was favoured by the Ptolemys, as the first station on the highway from the coast to the city of Axum in the interior, and it was thus the port of Abyssinia and the entrance into the

country, from the most remote times to those of the Greeks and Romans. It was also a hunting-seat of the Lagides, as recorded in the celebrated inscription found on the throne. The chief articles of its trade are enumerated by Dean Vincent after the *Periplus* of Arrian. It was an emporium for hides, ivory, and tortoiseshell. It had also a large slave market, and was a caravan station for the trade of the interior of Africa.

Adule was situated on the bay of same name, now known as Annesley Bay. This bay is formed by the Colobon promontory, now Jebel Gadam, on the one side, the "Hilly Chersonesus" on the other. The navigation of this bay is somewhat impeded by islands, one of the most extensive of which is Orine, or the "Hilly Island" of the *Periplus*, now Valentia Island, as also by coral reefs; but it is, nevertheless, the safest and most commodious haven in the Red Sea, and its dangers might be easily buoyed off.

The site of Adule appears to have been first explored in modern times by Lord Valentia and Mr. Salt, and then by Rüppell, who found there some walls, a few square capitals, columns and capitals, with other fragments of ruin. It has since been examined by MM. Galinier and Ferret, who were employed by the French government on a military survey of Abyssinia, as also by M. Lefebvre, who was employed on a political mission; and by MM. Vayssières and Arnaud. The latter travellers found there a mass of wall upwards of three hundred paces in length, and more than thirty feet in elevation at places, and upon which innumerable black ibises had located themselves. To the south-west a dark, deep, and tortuous valley opened between ranges of volcanic peaks (Jebel Gadam is of volcanic origin), that rose up towards the crest of the more distant and lofty chain. Two hot springs burst from the foot of the nearest hills. The traces of the highway, which formerly connected Adule with Axum, are also said to have been seen.

As a result of these military and political explorations of Abyssinia, a paragraph appeared in the *Journal des Débats* early in 1860, announcing the cession of the port of Zula (as the modern village near Adule is called) to the French, and which cession, it was added, had been made in strict "conformity with established usages." The occupation, however, of the place by a civilised power, which could not but have been beneficial to the navigation of the Red Sea, to the prospects of commerce on the eastern coast of Africa, and to the tranquillity and well-being of Abyssinia itself, was for some reasons or other never carried out. The region in question is held by Arabs and Danakil, and it does not appear that the Abyssinians have been able to establish their sway over the same region, at least in modern times. Ubiyah, King of Tigray, before he was deposed by Theodorus, sent a strong force against Zula, which advanced by what is called "the Wady" *par excellence*, and along which the ancient road lay from Axum to Adule. This is the same as the valley of the Haddas River in Munzinger's map, attached to the "Further Correspondence respecting the British Captives in Abyssinia," presented to the House of Commons July 8, 1867. But after an ineffectual demonstration made against Massawah and Arkiko, the Abyssinians having reached, we are told by M. Vayssières, "the pass which ascends from the ruins of Adulis to those of Axum, in the direction of Hammam (the hot springs), they were obliged to turn about, for the hills

which enclose the valley were occupied by armed men, whose impregnable position placed them out of danger of all surprise, and who could, on their part, crush any enemies that should dare to venture along the bottom of the ravine, whose acclivities are so many bare and rugged precipices." It would appear from this that Adule possesses great advantages of position as a basis for operations to be carried on into the interior, as well as from being supplied with water by the torrent Haddas, and being on the highway from the coast to the interior before the port of Messawah was adopted by the Egyptians.

Mr. Munzinger, who reached the upper valley of the Haddas at a point marked as Hadaley Hill, travelling from Arkiko, describes the first two hours of his journey as being over a hard open plain with a large village, and water plentiful. Thence to the entrance of the Shilliki Pass (3h. 20m.), over flat open country with many gum-trees (*Acacia Arabica*). The Shilliki is one of the torrents which flow into the Red Sea at certain seasons near Massawah; the other is the Obal, which seems to be a canal drawn from the Agbalo. Water was to be obtained, when Munzinger travelled, by digging a few feet in the bed of the torrent. The road beyond the pass to Hadaley Hill (2h. 50m.) was level at first, and then hilly. There was plenty of water at Wooja, one hour east; and at Zula, four hours east. At Wooja the Ali Gady and Haddas torrents unite, and form one to Zula. The road to Halai and Tokonda lies up the Haddas; but Mr. Munzinger unfortunately did not explore it, although he says there are only two roads leading to Northern Abyssinia (that is, from Massawah) which are practicable for camels: one to Tokonda, the other to Kiagour, or Kayahkor. It will be seen, however, by this exploration, that there was no running water from Massawah to the Haddas, whereas there is water all the way above where the road from Massawah joins it. Mr. Munzinger, indeed, pursued his way up to Ali Gady, and found water in plenty all the way. Wood was also to be found at all places. Beef and mutton were plentiful everywhere, and grass is to be found at all places from October to May.

"The country," says Mr. Munzinger, "till the Ali Gady torrent is reached belongs to any one." The left of the torrent upwards to Haddas is, however, occupied by the Tora Mussulman nomades, nominally Egyptian subjects, and mustering seven to eight hundred spears. The country on the right of the Ali Gady belongs to the Catholic tribe of Zana Fagley, which has fixed settlements on the highlands near Halai. These people have extensive land, but only muster eight hundred spears. They have eight small villages, of which the largest are Akrom and Saganaytee. There are fine plateaux on the right and left of the Ali Gady—large plains four to five thousand feet above the level of the sea, well cultivated, water plentiful. Both the Tora and the Zana Fagley, however, remove their flocks and herds down to the lowlands near the coast in the winter months. During the tropical rains, from June till September, they remain on the highlands to cultivate.

From Aydereso, where the torrent is left on this road, the ground belongs to the tribe Angana, who have five villages, one of which is Kayahkor. Supplies of grain are to be obtained in this place, as also at Gotafalasse. The Angana are subject to a larger tribe, the Aggala Goora, who have seventeen villages. The chief of these two tribes is the son of Anda Michael, who does homage to Wakaheim Gobazy, the rebel

leader of Lasta and Tigray. It is eight hours' journey, or twenty-two miles, from Kayahkor to Gotafalasse. The hill behind Kayahkor is not at present practicable to camels, but might easily be made so. Once at the top, the road passes over level plateaux to the village of Mya (four hours), there descends, crosses the Mareb, passable at all times, and ascends again the other side, presenting no difficulty whatever, to the village of Shaha (two hours), and on to Gotafalasse in two hours more. Gotafalasse is the great market-place for Northern Abyssinia, and lies in the midst of the fertile plain of Saramey. It is only about nine hours' journey from Tsazafa, the residence of Djaj Hailoo, the king's governor of Hamasen.

Dr. Beke visited Adule on his late expedition to Massawah, made in the cause of the Abyssinian captives. The Haddas, or Hadas, as he spells it, enters the gulf of Adulis or Annesley Bay, he says, near its south-western extremity. The "famous emporium" of Adule stood on the left or northern bank of the river; the modern Zula, or Zulla, is a poor village on the right bank. The ruins of Adule, twenty stadia distant in the time of Arrian, and two miles in that of Cosmas, are now about four miles from the coast, owing to the gradual uprising of the land. When Dr. Beke visited Adule (February, 1866), the bed of the river was dry, but from its head at Tohonda, as far south as Hamhammo, a well-known camping-ground of the caravans, situate a little to the south of where the river turns towards the sea, water is said to be met with at certain spots all the year round; and even when at the driest, wells, dug in the sandy bed of the river, afford a constant and copious supply.

The caravan-road passed in ancient times from Adule by the valley of the Haddas to Coloë, whose modern representative, Halai, retains its ancient name in a corrupted form, and thence to Axum, and so across the Takkazyë, the "Nile" of the Ethiopians. Halai is eight thousand four hundred feet, or a mile and a half perpendicular elevation, above the sea, and yet it is little more than twenty geographical miles from the head of Annesley Bay as the crow flies. This place appears to have been superseded at one time by Senafé, a commercial station on the edge of the table-land, a few miles south-east of Tohonda, and of which place there are still remains. Dr. Beke advocates Senafé as the best position to be occupied by an invading army on its entrance into the country. The ascent to this place from the east and north, through the district of Buré, is said to be equally good with that by way of Tohonda, the former being the direct road from the great salt plain of Harho, which supplies Abyssinia with its present currency—pieces of rock-salt. So important is salt to the Abyssinians, that both Mr. Consul Petherick (Letter to Lord Stanley, No. 136) and Dr. Beke think that the emperor might be coerced to terms merely by stopping the supply.

At Senafé, which can be approached in more than one direction, the troops would be at once removed from the coast to the fresh and bracing climate and clear atmosphere enjoyed at upwards of a mile and a half above the ocean, for Senafé is of even greater elevation than Halai. It is also the nearest point to Magdala, it being less than two hundred miles distant from that strong place, and all the way on the healthy table-land. Magdala, situated on a detached spur, at a lower elevation than the table-land itself, is, indeed, said to be approachable by a practicable road

through Agame, Enderta, Bora, and Woffla, without crossing the Takkazyé or any other large river. Dr. Beke (Corr. No. 101) is highly in favour of this upland road over the lower road through Bogos, Kassala, and Matemmah, or the middle road through Hamaseyn and Tigray, crossing the river Takkazyé. It was the road followed by De Gama when he entered Abyssinia in 1541 at the head of five hundred Portuguese, to assist the emperor against the Muhammadans.

It is to be remarked that when Dr. Beke was at Adule, although the bed of the Haddas was dry, there were wells sunk in the sandy soil about a mile nearer the sea, at which numerous horned cattle were being watered; "small, well-shaped, fat beasts, giving a delicious rich milk," the pasture at that time of the year being plentiful almost down to the sea-side. Mr. Munzinger's reports do not tally with Dr. Beke's when the latter describes the twenty-six miles of country intervening between Arkiko and the Haddas as low, barren, with no regular supply of water. Mr. Munzinger describes water as everywhere obtainable by digging; and, in fact, there would appear to be very little difference between Massawah and Adule as places of disembarkation, except that Adule is of far greater political importance. Dr. Beke does not, unfortunately, tell us what tribe were pasturing their cattle there—whether Arabs, Danakil, or Tora, whom Munzinger describes as nominally Egyptian subjects. If the latter, a question might arise whether Zula is really no man's land, as described by the acting consul at Massawah. If it was the Catholic tribe of Zana Fagley, the same difficulties would not arise, although their tendencies might be towards the French; and one of the Blue Book correspondents is so convinced of this partisan feeling of the Roman Catholic Abyssinians, that he recommends a French alliance to redeem our countrymen from captivity.

Mr. Rassam denounces Dr. Beke's mission as foolish, and as having done all the captives great mischief. Be this as it may, we heartily agree with the intrepid traveller and indefatigable writer, that "the wisdom of the founders of Adulis was displayed in the choice of a spot so richly supplied with water in a desert and almost waterless region; and whenever peaceful commercial relations are established with the interior, Adulis, at the mouth of the Hadas, will again prove itself to be the key of Abyssinia."

Lieutenant-Colonel Merewether has also been to explore the gulf of Annesley, which he did down to the bottom, landing at different places. He ascertained through Mr. Munzinger that there were two roads, the one to Halai, taken by Dr. Beke, and which, he says, is not a good one for laden camels; the other *the old Greek caravan-road* from Adule to Tenafee (as he writes it). This last has not been frequented of late years, and is overgrown with jungle, but it was much used when Adule was a Greek colony; and, adds the colonel, "I cannot help thinking will, on further inquiry, prove as good as any—at any rate, well worth examination hereafter, should entrance into Abyssinia become necessary." The country on the western side of Annesley Bay was at that epoch (January, 1867) richly green, and the plains were covered with herds of cattle "from all parts." Wild elephants were also found close to the sea-shore, at the bottom of the bay, feeding quietly in the plain. There were also at that time a party of two hundred Egyptian troops in the bay pro-

tecting the customs, which it appears the Egyptians manage to levy upon the salt. This is a further untoward combination.

It will attach further importance to the site of the ancient Amphila, advocated as a landing-place by Colonel Merewether, and which is more decidedly without those boundaries which the Viceroy of Egypt once spoke of as being "very elastic." But Moresby describes the modern village of Hanfila, which represents in the present day Amphila of old, as one of the most wretched places on the coast, consisting of six miserable huts close to the sea, on the verge of a sandy plain, and incapable of furnishing any supplies. Consul Plowden also described it as "a bad roadstead, and a worse landscape; very unfavourable to the shipment of goods, with little water, and that of a bad quality." Another drawback which he mentions is the fierce tribe of the Taltals, who occupy the intermediate region between the coast and the highlands in the interior, and of whom we know scarcely anything beyond their reported treachery and barbarity. The other advantages of the site are therefore, according to Major-General Coghlan, "quite neutralised by the difficulties attending that route." Sir William Coghlan appears, indeed, to prefer the Massawah route, but he admits that the road from Adule is the nearest, and was in ancient times the principal approach to Tigray; and it would be desirable, he adds, "to obtain, if possible, more detailed and reliable information respecting its eligibility for an invading army."

Should the British government occupy Adule, they will have the best possible basis for advancing into the country, and should it be deemed advisable as a result of the war to leave a small force at the ancient port of Abyssinia, it would be easily made safe from all aggression from without. It would keep the Abyssinians in check, and protect travellers; it would establish a point on the coast from whence commercial and friendly relations could be maintained with the interior, enhance European influence among the independent populations—Arab and Danakil—of the seaboard, make the best and most spacious harbour in the Red Sea, and to which neither Egyptians nor Abyssinians have any real claim, available for all nations, and give protection to the packets and traders of all countries which now furrow the waters of the old Erythrean Sea, and which may be expected to increase largely in numbers when the Suez Canal comes into operation.

It is natural that our proceedings in these quarters should be viewed with a certain amount of jealousy by the French, who have so long coveted the possession of Adule. A certain Count de Bisson intimates (*Blue Book*, p. 67) "*si le Negous (Theodorus) succombe, elle (England) seule en profitera. Elle deviendra la maîtresse de la Mer Rouge et du centre de l'Afrique, la plus riche contrée du globe, en productions tropicales, en mines de fer, de cuivre, de plomb argentifère, d'or et en bassins houilliers. La Mer Rouge sera un lac Anglais, et le percement de l'Isthme aura été fait à son profit.*"

But we look upon the question in a purely humanitarian and cosmopolitan light, not as affecting one party more than another, but as giving protection to each and all; and if a policy inaugurated and so long ago advocated by France as beneficial to the civilised world should happen by the force of circumstances to remain to be carried out by the English, it will be ultimately for the general benefit of a common humanity.

THE DEEPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

BY M. SULLIVAN.

PART THE NINTH.

I.

AFTERWARDS.

It was over, and Mrs. Ashton was unwilling to remain another instant in the dark and gloomy court-yard; she hurried Robert into the house, for, as she said, there was more to be done, and in the first place they left the outer door of the kitchen a little open, that Hannah might find it so in the morning. Grace's rooms were then visited, and arranged with as great an air of comfort as was possible; scraps and fragments of writing were anxiously searched for, and everything of that kind was at once destroyed.

"And now," Robert concluded, "we had better soon go to bed, that Hannah may find everything as usual in the morning; and remember, we must not put the reservoir into their heads, because the longer they leave it there the better. That meddling Brooks might come bothering about the place, but a few hours under water will prevent him from finding anything out."

Between three and four o'clock in the morning Robert declared again that it would be prudent to go to bed as usual, that Hannah might find everything "on the square." The fire was now carefully raked out, and silence and darkness fell upon the gloomy old house. Strange to say, Mrs. Ashton, who had shrunk from the idea of being left alone while the crime was only in contemplation, had no such fear, but rather a feeling of vindictive triumph over Grace, now that it had been committed. Grace had been an object of dislike to her from the first, but of late she had hated her with the very bitterest degree and kind of hatred, as the whited sepulchre of Scripture might be supposed to hate the one whose very life and presence lifted the lying veil from his pharisaic respectability, and made him appear, to himself at least, the hypocrite that he really was. This is the deepest form of antipathy, and is founded on the destruction of the self-deceptive element. Your true Pharisee could sooner forgive the enemy who exposes him to the world, than the enemy who exposes him to himself.

Hannah, returning at half-past seven, found the gate of the court-yard and the door of the kitchen entrance left ajar, but did not deduce therefrom any conclusion, except that somebody had forgotten to shut them, about the nearest approach to a deduction of which her mind was capable. She "redded up" the dwelling-rooms, and made her usual preparations for breakfast, laying a napkin upon a tray that was presently to be taken up to "Mrs. Robert." At exactly half-past eight o'clock Mrs. Ashton came down-stairs; she usually made her appearance at about that hour, with a margin of ten minutes on either side, but on this particular morning

she had sat with her watch in her hand, anxiously waiting for the exact moment when it would be time to go down-stairs; it seemed to her as if a minute later or earlier might in some way rouse suspicion, and direct inquiry to herself. She looked better and younger than she had seemed to be of late, in spite of two wakeful nights; the excitement of her purpose, and the knowledge of its consummation, had given colour to her cheeks, and brightness to her eyes. It had done something more than this; it had rolled back the mists of age from her mind, and, for the time, at least, her mental faculties were as clear and vigorous as they had been a score of years ago.

She came down-stairs, and began to pour out the coffee with a steady hand; a cup for herself and a cup for Grace, Robert not having yet come down. She put Grace's cup upon the tray, with some toast and butter, and carried it up the stairs, as she had been accustomed to do since Susan had left them. Half way up she met Robert, descending. He wished her good morning, the same feeling taking possession of the guilty pair at the same moment, that it would be better for them now to act and speak to one another, exactly as if the world were looking on, and never, even in their strictest privacy, to refer in any way to the past.

"I am taking Grace her breakfast," she said, and went quickly past him, with a kind of galvanised agility. Up the lobby stairs, through the door that was not locked now, but closed, that it might look to Hannah as it had always looked before; into Grace's room, where everything had been left in order the night before, and where she set down the tray on the dressing-table. She gave one glance round her, paused for a few moments, looked into the sitting-room, and then went down-stairs again to Robert, who was seated at the breakfast-table. "Grace is not in her rooms," she said, quite steadily.

"Then perhaps she is in the garden. Ask Hannah," he replied.

Hannah being called, and interrogated, said that she had seen nothing of Mrs. Robert, and did not think she was in the garden, but would go and see. Returning from which quest, she announced, briefly, that she could see "nought of her," and plunged at once into some black and grimy region at the back of the kitchen, where she sympathetically absorbed and transferred to herself the sootiness of the pots and pans that she was cleaning. To her descended Mrs. Ashton, who asked her, with a face of alarm, where she thought Mrs. Robert could be. Now Hannah very rarely thought at all, but she made a bold attempt at this unwonted process, and after a pause of nearly five minutes, during which all her mental resources were called into play, she propounded the result of her reasoning—an opinion that "she won't likely to be fur off."

With which it was not Mrs. Ashton's part to be contented; so she despatched the logician on a tour through the house, and then on another through the grounds; both fruitless ones. Then she called Robert, and acquainted him with the fact that Grace could not be found, asking him what it would be better to do. During the pause that ensued, Hannah again hazarded a conjecture that "she might have took a walk."

"But how did she go out?" Mrs. Ashton asked, anxious to elicit the fact of the door and gate being left open, before Hannah had had time to forget the circumstance. "She could not have left the house without unbolting one of the doors, you know."

"A seed t' door a bit ajar when a comed in," Hannah immediately affirmed, the opened gate seeming to have escaped her notice.

The criminals were alike afraid of doing too much or too little; they feared lest, on the one hand, they should seem to neglect any precautions usual and proper to be taken under these circumstances; and, on the other hand, lest they should betray a guilty knowledge of the catastrophe, by making too much of what still appeared to be a very simple and ordinary kind of incident.

"Hadn't we better have breakfast," Robert suggested, "and see if she doesn't come in before we have finished? The coffee will be getting cold."

They took pains to breakfast much as usual. Hannah presently appeared with a tray, and cleared away the cups and saucers with a stolid and indifferent face. She had probably forgotten the mystery of Grace's disappearance.

"How horribly stupid that girl is!" Mrs. Ashton exclaimed, forgetting that Hannah's concrete stupidity had been her principal recommendation.

"She doesn't seem to take much notice," Robert remarked; "you'd better poke her up again."

So Mrs. Ashton went down to the kitchen, and informed Hannah that she was very uneasy about Mrs. Robert, and that she wondered what it would be better to do. Hannah slowly opened her eyes, as a new idea dawned upon her, and declared that "it did look strange."

Mrs. Ashton asked her again what she thought it would be better to do; but here Hannah was quite at a loss, the idea of applying to the police, or of making any inquiry in the village, not occurring to her. Mrs. Ashton was afraid to suggest any step that might be afterwards understood to imply a prematurely serious view of what had happened, but she presently ventured to say, "Don't you think I had better go out and look about for her? I cannot help feeling uneasy."

Hannah opined that Mrs. Robert would be in, and looking after her breakfast, before "t' owd missis" returned; but Mrs. Ashton decided that it would be well to go, after holding a moment's conference with Robert, who remained in the house.

When she was once outside the walls, she felt that a new sense of life and freedom had come upon her; she had been living in daily dread of discovery, for a thousand chances, as she knew, might arise for Grace in the course of one single day, and any of them might be seized successfully, and might result in detection to the guilty schemers. Now, these avenues to ruin were all closed up; one more danger had to be faced, a great danger, but a single one, and then—wealth and freedom. The game was nearly won now—a game that she would—oh, so greatly—have preferred never to engage in; but circumstances had in a measure forced it upon her, the stakes were high, and she would play it carefully to the end. The confusing mists that had been creeping over her brain of late, had now all cleared away, she saw what it would be most prudent to do, and she had plenty of energy to do it. Guilt sometimes makes and keeps the promise, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

She inquired in the few shops of which Basnet could boast, whether Mrs. Robert had been seen that morning, and receiving answers in the negative, she mentioned the unusual circumstance of her absence from

home, trying, as it were, to make light of her own fears, and to seem to think that the absentee would be at home before her. She listened patiently to various items of news that were related to her, making suitable remarks upon them, though she heard with her outward ears only. On the preceding afternoon there had been an explosion at the coal works, five men had been killed, and several had been more or less injured; Mrs. Ashton was appropriately shocked. A patient had also escaped from the new lunatic asylum; Mrs. Ashton hoped the poor creature would soon be found. There was no news of Grace, and the inquirer returned to Tyne Hall.

Even Hannah had been startled from her normal stolidity by the news that Mrs. Robert had not been seen or heard of; but she had no suggestion to offer, and Robert had decided that he would "step round to the police-office," and acquaint those guardians of the public weal with the circumstance that was causing so much uneasiness. It had been settled that he and Mrs. Ashton must not both be absent from home at the same time, so she remained in-doors to keep watch and ward over the gloomy old house that she hoped soon to leave for ever.


She went into one of the sitting-rooms, and sat down to think; it was quite surprising to herself that she could think and reason so clearly, and the events of her past life unrolled themselves before her as in a kind of panorama, seen in the strong light of her present excitement. She had been a pretty girl, well educated, according to the standard of female education that obtained in those days, more than ordinarily robust and vigorous, and gifted, if not with much intelligence, with large ideas on the subject of worldly position, of wealth, and rank. The chance of a good marriage had been offered her very early, before she was eighteen years old, and she and her friends had concluded the negotiation with as little delay as possible, for it was quite unlikely that Fate could have anything better in store for her in the way of a husband than the rich Mr. Ashton. Troubles had come upon her very quickly, however; unsuccessful speculations were afloat in those days as well as in these, and a large portion of her husband's property had been lost in this way, before she had been married three years. It was a great loss, but it was not ruin; still, it had preyed upon his mind by day and by night, and had probably made him fall a more easy victim to disease, when he was attacked by it. She was left a widow, with two young children, boys, with enough to live upon comfortably, but without any of the pomps and vanities that follow in the train of wealth.

She was still very young, a mere girl in years, in spite of her widowhood, and her head was full of plans for her worldly advancement; but it happened that a second "good marriage" never fell in her way. Her eldest son, the father of Grace and Robert, had disappointed her by marrying, when very young, a woman of moderate fortune, somewhat older than himself. Her second son, the father of Grace Meadows, had also married young, but had secured the affections of an heiress, Miss Meadows, possessed of considerable property, and with still larger expectations. When Grace and Robert were born, their grandmother was only about forty-five years old, still handsome and blooming, and not without some idea of the possibility of another marriage; not more worldly than she had been at eighteen, and pious, after a worldly fashion.

She did not go to church merely because it looked well to assist in the public ceremonial of religion, but because she felt better and happier for doing so. The Pharisee, who does all his works to be seen of men, is but a coarse and blundering kind of hypocrite, and stands little chance of promotion in the Devil's service ; the really useful and finished deceiver must be clever enough to deceive himself.

And this was a point that Mrs. Ashton had fully attained to ; she was anxious to stand as well as possible in both worlds, to omit no duty, and to be as respectable in her own eyes as in those of her neighbours. Even her schemes had all consisted of proper and virtuous scheming, plans for the good of her family, that were to bear fruit in the regular way, in due season, as it were. Her favourite plan of late years had been to bring about a marriage between Robert and Grace Meadows, to secure to the grandchild she preferred the large inheritance that would otherwise go out of the family as soon as Grace Meadows happened to marry. This idea of hers could never have been carried out, but circumstances had enabled Robert, as the reader knows, to perpetrate a fraud, by means of which he had become possessed of the interest of Grace Meadows' fortune. It is certain that Mrs. Ashton would never have planned this fraud, would never have suggested or encouraged it ; the element that does duty for sterling worth, that clings to respectability, and shrinks from crime, was far too strong in her for that ; and she was really shocked and distressed when, on the occasion of her first journey to Deepdale, Robert had communicated to her the secret of the fraud that he had committed. It was only after a time that her mind had become reconciled to the idea from which at first it had shrunk away ; her path was made smooth for her ; the game would not be a difficult one to play. Grace Meadows' death, if known, would have deprived her of a large part of the income on which she was living. Once get the twin away from Deepdale, and among strangers, once obtain her consent to help her brother to the end, and there would really be no reasonable chance of detection. Every year that Grace lived would alter her a little, would make her more like what Grace Meadows might have been, if she, too, had lived to grow older, and the best thing for all parties would be really to believe and persuade themselves that they were acting as well as they could under the very untoward circumstances that had arisen. It was an unconventional way of acting, certainly, but then Providence, for once, had made such a dreadful blunder in taking Grace Meadows and leaving the twin, that there was really no conventional way of remedying it. And the thing was done before Mrs. Ashton knew anything about it. What *could* she do, unless she fell in with Robert's views when they were made known to her ? It was then too late to remonstrate, for the Renshaws had been deceived, and the deception was actively going on. To denounce it would be to bring disgrace as well as comparative poverty upon her family, to bring the name of Ashton before the world, associated with an attempted fraud, to soil the spotless vesture of respectability that was so dear to her soul.

She did what she really thought it would be better to do ; better for all parties, she said to herself, not including probably the legal heir of Grace Meadows' property. But all her plans had been baffled by the unexpected obstinacy of Grace, and by the utter failure of Robert's in-



fluence over her, when sorrow had matured her mind and character, and when her eyes were fully opened to the extent and wickedness of his scheme. Now, Mrs. Ashton had never liked Grace; something antagonistic between the two natures had kept them wide apart, and this want of liking deepened into positive hatred as Grace showed herself more resolutely intractable, and as her obstinacy threatened not only to overthrow the whole plan, but to give up the schemers to justice, to a power that would probably not take the same "view" of these peculiar circumstances that Mrs. Ashton had found herself able to adopt. She recalled the fears and worries of her continental life, her efforts to pacify Grace, her dread lest she should find an opportunity of betraying everything to strangers; she remembered how it became more and more difficult to put off Grace with pleas and excuses; how they were obliged to hurry away in the night from one town in which they had made an English acquaintance; how they had at last to bury themselves in that desolate old house, in the dulllest part of Yorkshire, afraid to surround themselves with comforts, not to speak of luxuries, afraid even to have the house repaired, because any of these things would necessitate the presence of strangers, with whom Grace might communicate. It was a life of daily dread and anxiety that had suddenly brought upon her the infirmities of age; from being surprisingly young and vigorous for a woman of sixty-six or sixty-seven, she had become all at once feeble in body and paralysed in mind, all through Grace—all through Grace! And things were coming to extremities; Grace was growing more desperately determined to betray them, the intercepted letter to John Renshaw had been the nearest miss possible, and Susan, on whose vigilance they depended, was drawing near the time when she would be unable to keep watch over the prisoner. The money that they had sinned for was absolutely of no use to the two women; their lives were spent in all-consuming fear and anxiety.

And then came the discovery that Robert was spending this money, and more, at a distance from them, that even the large income he now possessed was not sufficient to keep him out of debt; he must have all, he told Mrs. Ashton, the whole principal of Grace Meadows' fortune, instead of only the interest of it, and then he saw his way to a steady and prosperous life. He would "cut" the pursuits that had caused him to get into difficulties; he would be as steady as it was possible to be, if only he had the whole, instead of the interest upon it. Let Grace Meadows be supposed to die, married and without children, and her entire property would belong, unconditionally, to her husband. Grace's death made just the difference to her that lies between wealth, with ease of mind, and poverty, with ceaseless gnawing anxiety and fear. She felt as if many years of life were before her, if only she could shake off the load that had been pressing so heavily upon her, and she hoped that now she had shaken it off for ever. No more haunting fears, after the next few days at least: no more lying down to sleep with wakeful senses, preternaturally alive to every sound and every ray of light; no more sinking into troubled dreams, and waking with a start, to ask herself whether her great dread were realised, whether Grace had found means to betray her.

She was not haunted by the consciousness of her crime, by the pale accusing face of the dead; for the time, at least, she had no feeling of

that kind ; there was absolutely no room for it in the excitement of her release from one overwhelming dread, and of her preparation to meet with prudence and composure the danger that might be awaiting her. She did not believe there could be much danger of *that*. No eye had seen, no ear had heard. Some fragment of circumstantial evidence might start up when she least expected it, and might throw suspicion on the guilty; but much would depend on the way in which it was met, and here she felt that she had strength to be on her guard. As for Grace, she hated her more than ever now, for had she not brought this upon her too? And instead of any feelings prompted by the superstition of remorse, she experienced a sentiment of triumph over Grace, now lying cold and dead, incapable at least by word or act of doing further harm. She felt this, and rather wondered at herself, and at her own strength of mind, for being able to feel it. The strong excitement that followed upon her crime was bearing her up, for the moment.

Mr. Renshaw had received Robert's letter the day before, had talked the matter over with his wife, and had agreed with her that there was cause for very great anxiety on behalf of the supposed Grace Meadows. They remembered her peculiar state of nervous depression, as she had slowly recovered from the shock that had so completely prostrated her at Deepdale; they read the dismally suggestive poem, in the handwriting that they had always received as hers, and they tried to gain from it a glimpse into the mind and purposes of the writer. John Renshaw was away from home at the time, and they thought, as people not endowed with any extraordinary acuteness would be almost sure to think, that Grace Meadows was suffering from the depression that verges on absolute insanity, and yet often yields to skilled and careful treatment. They were kind-hearted people, and the presumed Grace Meadows, in spite of her long illness and her peculiar condition of mind, had endeared herself to them during her visit to Deepdale. They decided that it would be right for Mr. Renshaw to see her, and to judge for himself as to her mental and physical state, without even the delay that would be caused by first announcing his arrival. Robert had rightly calculated that Mr. Renshaw would be unable to reach Basnet until the day after Grace had been disposed of; and Mrs. Ashton was still thinking over her past troubles, when he drove up to the door of Tyne Hall, in a fly procured from the nearest railway station.

II.

THE SEARCH.

In a moment she was ready to receive him; while Hannah was still wondering, with dull curiosity, whether the carriage at the door contained Mrs. Robert returning home after her unusual absence, Mrs. Ashton was already in the hall, putting the great key into the lock. Before she turned it, however, she found time to call to Hannah, "Do make yourself as tidy as you can, in case it should be company." For she knew that many points connected with their establishment, Hannah included, would surprise Mr. Renshaw, and would have to be explained away. She met him with a face of anxiety and concern. "Have you heard——?" she asked, and then stopped short.

"Yes, I got Robert's letter yesterday. It is a cross post, or I think I

should have set out at once; but I did not get the letter until after train time. How is she this morning?"

As he spoke he had been following her across the hall towards the door of a sitting-room, but now Mrs. Ashton stood still, and turned round as she answered his inquiry. "We are in trouble about her. I did not know whether you might have heard of it in the village, for I have been making inquiries, perhaps quite needlessly."

"What has happened?"

"When we came down this morning, Grace Meadows was not in her room. I took up her breakfast as usual, but she was not there, and she has not been in since."

"God bless my soul!"

"It may be only a freak of hers, but it is so very unusual, that I could not help being uneasy, so, after waiting a little while, I went out into the village to ask if she had been into the shops, or if any one had seen her, but I could hear nothing of her at all."

"Did she go to bed as usual last night?"

"Yes, she was tired; we all were, for we had been having a little picnic. She had seemed all at once to get restless in the house, and inclined to roam about the grounds, so we thought that a day's excursion on these beautiful moors would do her good. We all went to West Vale yesterday, taking our dinner with us, in gipsy fashion, and at night I was so tired that I never woke at all, and did not hear her leave the house, as she must have done last night or this morning."

"And her husband? Did he not hear her, or miss her from her bed?"

"Ah, I see Robert has not told you. I thought he wrote on purpose to let you know how very odd she was becoming in all her ways: it is some time now since she insisted on having a separate room."

"Ah!" Mr. Renshaw was not greatly surprised at this statement, for he thought Robert particularly unlikable and unsuited to Grace Meadows; most likely the marriage had been a great mistake, and the young wife had found it so. "And so she was not missed till breakfast-time?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"No; I went up with her breakfast as usual, and found that she was not in her room."

"I think some one should have slept in her room," Mr. Renshaw observed here; "a female attendant, at all events. But what we have to do now is to find where she is. Was any door or window found open this morning?"

"Yes, the outer door of the kitchen had been unbolted, opened, and left a little ajar. But allow me to answer what you said just now; indeed, indeed, she was not neglected in any way. We had a very nice attendant for her, Mrs. Marsh, a superior kind of person, better than a common servant, but last week circumstances obliged her to leave us for a time, and we have been disappointed in the person we expected to fill her place."

"Ah, and the poor girl, who had probably been meditating over some wild plan or other, took advantage of the interregnum to carry it out. Well, we must manage better in future. Surely, there will be no great difficulty in finding her, unless——No, we won't think *that*; we'll look at the bright side, Mrs. Ashton. Did she take any money with her?"

"No, she never cared to keep much money about her, and she left her purse upon her dressing-table."

"That looks bad—very bad; worse than anything I've heard yet. Where is Robert?"

"He has gone over to the police-station to tell them about her disappearance, and to see what they can suggest. I expect him in every minute; indeed, it was scarcely by my wish that he went there. I have tried to keep her odd ways from being talked about."

"Yes, that is kind and considerate up to a certain point, but one may do harm by being too reticent. I think, myself, that Robert has done quite right in applying to the police. Ah, there he comes."

Robert had let himself in by a side-door, and his voice was heard calling to Hannah as he crossed the hall. Then he opened the door of the room, and came forward to speak to Mr. Renshaw.

"Has she told you?" he asked, in his old abrupt way.

"Yes, and I cannot tell you how concerned I am. Have you brought back any news with you?"

"No, the fellows at the station promise to keep a sharp look-out, and to make all sorts of inquiries, but I can't hear of any one who has seen her, or seen anybody at all like her. What do you think I had better do? Offer a reward?"

Mr. Renshaw considered.

"How was she dressed when she went away?" he asked, turning to Mrs. Ashton; "what must she have worn?"

"At the pic-nic yesterday she wore a brown silk dress, a black cloth mantle, a straw bonnet trimmed with blue velvet, and brown kid gloves."

"And are these things missing?"

"I don't know; I saw nothing in the way of wearing apparel lying about her room, not even her night-dress, but that is probably in her little dressing-room. It was nearly dark when I looked in there, for the shutters had not been opened, and I have been busy ever since, trying to find out if any one has seen her. But now I had better search among her things, and find out exactly what she has taken."

"Do so, please; we could not issue a description of her without knowing what she wore."

Mrs. Ashton left the room.

"She has seemed dreadfully cut up all the morning," Robert observed.

"I hope she is making more of it than she need."

"I hope so too, but what I particularly dislike is the fact that your wife left her purse behind her; it may have been an oversight, or she may have had money about her, not in the purse. Do you think that is likely?"

"Can't say, I'm sure. Of course she always had what money she wanted, but she never seemed to care for any of the things that women like to spend money on. Everything seemed a trouble to her, except sitting still and thinking, and lately she took to strolling about the grounds by herself in an unsociable kind of way."

"Did she seem to enjoy herself at all at the pic-nic?"

"Not as anybody else would; she said she had a pain in her head, and at night she said she was very tired."

Down came Mrs. Ashton with a face of utter dismay. "Everything is there!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Renshaw stared at her; Robert remembered his part, and stared too. They both said, almost together,

"What do you mean?"

"I found all her clothes in the little dressing-room neatly folded, and laid in the clothes-press; nothing is missing except the night-dress that she wore last night."

There was a pause of consternation. Mr. Renshaw was the first to speak:

"Have you looked in her boxes and chests of drawers? Are you quite sure that no wearing apparel is missing?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Then I think she cannot have gone off the premises, and we had better have a thorough search. Perhaps it will be a help to have some one in from the police-station, they are more accustomed than we are to search with care and skill; will you send one of your servants with a note, requesting the attendance of one or two of the most intelligent officers?"

"I will go myself," Robert answered, "and save the time that would be lost in writing a note."

And he departed.

"The matter appears to me to be assuming a very serious aspect," Mr. Renshaw observed, turning to Mrs. Ashton; "have you any dangerous places about the grounds?"

No, Mrs. Ashton could not think of any.

"The grounds are very much neglected," she said; "it would require quite a staff of gardeners to keep them in order, and we have hitherto only employed one elderly man, for it was a fancy of hers to be as quiet and secluded as possible, and not to meet any one when she walked in the garden. Still, there is no place about that could become dangerous from being neglected."

"I suppose not, but everything you say makes me think that she should have been more closely watched. I don't want to blame you; I know how easy it is to prophesy after the event has happened. Ah, here is Robert with a policeman."

He was a middle-aged man, with rather an intelligent face, and he had been already made acquainted with the facts of Grace's disappearance. He thought it possible that she might be somewhere in the house, but, on the whole, more probable that she would be found about the grounds, taking into consideration the unbolted and opened door. On the other hand, it seemed very unlikely that she should conceal herself out of doors without wrapping herself up, unless, indeed, her mind were seriously affected, as he was rather disposed to think that it was. They determined that the garden and grounds should first be carefully looked through.

"Are you going to call any of the servants to help us?" Mr. Renshaw asked.

"You will be surprised to hear that there is only one at this moment in the house," Mrs. Ashton replied. "We only inhabit a part of Tyne Hall, and poor Grace was so very anxious to see as few strange faces as

possible, that I consented to have only two servants during the short time that we proposed to remain here. One, as I told you, was obliged to leave us last week, and we have been disappointed in her successor; she was Mrs. Robert's attendant, and for the last few days I have waited on her myself. I feel now that I have done wrong in indulging all her odd fancies, and in concealing the misfortune that I often feared was coming on her."

This speech was made while they were looking round the front garden, which contained many convenient hiding-places, on account of its overgrown and neglected condition. After searching it very thoroughly, the policeman asked to be shown the door that had been found ajar, and was accordingly taken to the kitchen entrance. The back garden was now carefully looked through, and a disused brewhouse, with many compartments, occupied them for some time. Then the policeman suggested that the stables and outhouses should be searched before they went farther from the house, and so the whole party went through the great gates into the court-yard. Mr. Renshaw was the first to point out—the reservoir!

"Look at that great cistern," he said; "for Heaven's sake, let us be sure that all is right there before we go any farther."

Mrs. Ashton was visibly agitated. "You don't think——" she said, huskily.

"No, no; compose yourself, I don't; only I can't help remembering the verses that the poor child wrote; the sight of water made me think of them. We'll set it all right in a moment. Don't tremble so."

The water was very black and sooty, for a spout that was connected with the roof of the building emptied itself here, and the "blacks" from the kitchen chimney found their way into the reservoir.

"How do you turn off the water?" Mr. Renshaw inquired.

The policeman had already found the stop-cock of the cistern, but it was stiff from long disuse, and would not turn. A large wooden rake was hanging on the door of a tool-house close by; the policeman took it down.

"Oh dear, what are you going to do with that?" Mrs. Ashton asked.

"Just to grope round the bottom, ma'am—it won't take a minute;" and the hayrake went steadily down, down, till it knocked on the leaden bottom of the cistern.

They were all standing round it, looking with straining eyes into the sooty water: the policeman watchful and business-like, Mr. Renshaw speechless from suspense. Mrs. Ashton looked down with a face of horror that would have seemed natural to the occasion if any one had had time and attention to spare for her, and Robert's inexpressive countenance only showed that he was waiting stolidly for the event.

Round and round against the sides of the cistern, twice round to make sure, and not a word was spoken. A gleam of hope dawned on Mr. Renshaw's face, a thanksgiving to God rose to his lips. Mr. Ashton hated the man for being so slow. Why, oh why did he not get it over quickly? Surely, surely, that large rake could not sweep round without catching *something*! But it did, twice, and then it trailed into the middle. Mrs. Ashton clutched the edge of the cistern on which she was leaning, and a sharp broken piece of soldering ran into two of her fingers,

but she felt no more than the senseless metal. The rake caught something this time, something heavy, too, for the man exerted his strength to raise it; it must have been half way up when it slipped away from the rake, and went down again, striking heavily against the bottom of the reservoir.

The man caught the expression of Mrs. Ashton's face at that moment. "Don't you be frightened, ma'am," he said, kindly; "it only felt like a big stone, or something of that; not like what we were afraid of." The rake went down as he spoke, took a good sweep, so as to get well under the object, and brought it up very quickly before it had time to slip away. In another moment it was lying on the stones of the court-yard. It was a large iron weight, with a ring of the same metal, and through this ring a piece of strong corded ribbon had been passed, of the kind generally used for ladies' waistbands, and a steel buckle was hanging on the ribbon.

Mr. Renshaw uttered an exclamation of horror. "Again, again," he said impatiently to the man, "try again." But the rake was already in the water, trailing up and down, and from side to side, searching every inch of the bottom of the reservoir, while watchful eyes noted the slightest inequality in the depth of water. All in vain, there was nothing else in the cistern.

Mrs. Ashton had sunk down on the stones; she did not faint, but she was crouched together, speechless, stiffened with terror, as she stared with glazing eyes at the mass of wet iron—at that, *and nothing else!*

In a moment Mr. Renshaw was kneeling beside her. "Now don't, pray don't lose heart!" he exclaimed; "take comfort, as I do. Let us look the matter boldly in the face. There has been an attempt at self-destruction, no doubt there has, but God's hand has mercifully intervened. We can't tell how, that is still hidden from us, but I hope, I feel, I am sure, that she is living! She wasn't saved from that black water to sink into some other form of death; no, no, we won't believe it for a moment. Take comfort from my conviction that she lives, that she will speak to us face to face, and tell us everything. She was religiously disposed, in spite of her misfortune; she had faith in God, and He has interposed to save her from this dreadful death. Why, she may be at this moment only a few feet from us. She can't be far off; rouse yourself for her sake, and be ready to help her, to listen to her first words—Why, she gets worse—like a dead person almost! Ashton, go into the house for some brandy before we look any farther—quick!"

Robert had been looking at the iron weight with a kind of dull, stupified gaze, but Mr. Renshaw's voice roused him, and he did mechanically what he was told to do, and went into the house for brandy. Hannah was standing on the door-step, staring at the party in the court-yard, and as he approached her she called to him, with some appearance of anxiety, that "she hoped nothing hadn't been found in the water." He pushed past her with a curse, and went to the cupboard in which the brandy was kept; he tried to think of what had happened, and of what it might portend, but it was as if an iron hand had crushed all power and purpose out of his scheming brain.

He went back with the brandy, trying to walk as steadily as possible, for once or twice the ground seemed to slide away from him, and gave

the bottle and a glass to Mr. Renshaw. He had brought a glass without having been asked for it, and without thinking of it at all, just because it had stood on the shelf beside the bottle.

"That's right," Mr. Renshaw exclaimed; "she won't hinder us many minutes; I know she will rouse herself for the sake of that poor dear girl. Come, now, try to swallow it, for *her* sake, you know, because we want to go on with the search. I do believe we shall find her in one of these stables and places—alive, I mean—requiring the utmost care for a long time, but still alive!"

The miserable old wretch clutched, as it were, at the shadow of oblivion that was stealing over her. She would have been glad to die. She would sooner have faced the unknown terrors of eternity than the discovery that was waiting for her in this world; but the stimulant revived her in spite of her own will, and with a desperate feeling that something might be done, if only she knew what it was, and had strength to do it, she caught hold of Mr. Renshaw's arm with both her hands, and tottered to her feet. Her face looked wild and ghastly, as her eyes roamed over every corner of the court-yard, half expecting to meet the answering eyes of the accuser.

"There," said Mr. Renshaw, "that's real strength of mind triumphing over the weakness of the body. Let me persuade you to go in-doors while we pursue the search. I know how you feel. I blame myself for having seemed in any way to blame you, now that I see with my own eyes your depth of love for her. Take my arm and return to the house, while we find news for you, good news, be sure." But Mrs. Ashton could not go into the house; the first shock of paralysing terror was over, some strong impulse impelled her to stay, and to know the worst.

"Thank you," she answered, forcing herself to speak distinctly, "I wish to stay."

Mr. Renshaw did not wait any longer to argue with her; he was too anxious to continue the search, so he said, "Very well, don't exert yourself at all till you feel better;" and then he turned to the policeman to ask which of the outhouses he thought it would be better to look over first. He, in the mean time, had been inside the tool-house, and had found nothing there, and he proposed to look through the stables regularly in turn, taking the coach-house first, because it came next. They all went into the coach-house together; it was not now used for its original purpose, but contained some green flower-stands, on which the gardener kept a number of flower-pots, with cuttings of plants that he hoped to rear through the coming winter. No one could be concealed here, but in the ceiling of the coach-house there was a trap-door communicating with the hayloft. This trap-door was open, and there was a ladder that reached from the floor of the coach-house to the floor of the loft. The policeman proposed to search the loft in the next place, and Mr. Renshaw advised Mrs. Ashton to remain below. She shook her head, for it seemed to her as if the suspense of not knowing what they were finding would be worse than anything else, and she caught hold of the ladder and tried to ascend it, but she was dazed and giddy, and she nearly fell in the first attempt.

"There, I knew she couldn't," Mr. Renshaw affirmed; "she would

help us as long as she had any life left in her, poor soul. Ashton, you stay with her; we will be as quick as possible, and if we find her we will call to you that moment; you will know as much as if you were with us."

Robert muttered something in the way of assent, and Mr. Renshaw and the policeman disappeared through the trap-door, and were heard tramping overhead on the floor of the loft. Then Mrs. Ashton tightened her hold on Robert, and asked in a hoarse whisper, "What shall we do?"

"God knows! The game's up if they find her alive; it was you that brought us to this, curse you, hurrying me away from the water before she was well in it!"

"Oh, Robert, she may be in one of the stables, and alive! Oh, go and look while they are up there, and if you find her——"

"If I find her, I'll make it *all right*, never fear. Hush! They've found her!"

It was Mr. Renshaw's voice calling from the extreme end of the loft, which was large, and extended over an adjoining stable, as well as over the coach-house. "We've found something," he called to them, "and we don't know what to make of it. It was stuffed in behind a lot of mouldy old hay up here, and there's nothing else to be found in the loft."

The something proved to be the night-dress that Grace had worn on the preceding night; it was marked with the initials G. M. A., for Susan Marsh had taken care that every article of Grace's clothing should be stamped with these letters. It was very wet and very black, dripping, in fact, with the black water of the reservoir. It had been found in the loft, hidden behind some hay, and without any other trace of its late wearer.

The stables, knife-house, and wood-house were searched anxiously; and when the court-yard offered no other place of possible concealment, the adjacent premises were looked through and through, until night fell upon the searchers. And all in vain.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

DREAM of a mighty mind!—The sleeper woke,
Recalled that dream, and built it up in stone!
Pleased was the shade of Angelo, whose cloak
Of gorgeous genius on our Wren was thrown;
Old Architecture gazed with wondering eyes,
As domed St. Paul's flashed upwards in the skies.

Come from the idle bustle of the street,
The noise, the glitter of life's little "now!"
Enter the hall of thought, Religion's seat,
Feel God is near, and reverent bare thy brow;
Look round, and lift thy meditations high,
Grandeur a golden ladder to the sky.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

All is colossal here; the gazer seems
 Lost, overwhelmed, beneath yon wondrous dome,
 A being borne to giant-land in dreams,
 A creeping pigmy in a Titan's home:
 He stands incredulous, entranced the while,
 And scarce can think frail man upreared this pile.

The pyramids are grand, but wildly rude;
 Here beauty weds magnificence; O Art!
 What hast thou done for mortals?—Man, imbued
 With thy great soul, achieves a wondrous part,
 Builds like a god, and leaves impressed behind,
 On works of glory, his proud master-mind.

Marble, cold, shining marble, all around—
 Statues of marble, marble 'neath my tread,
 Where every passing footfall gives a sound;
 Sublimity begets a sense of dread:
 Could nobler temple rise from this low sod,
 Where mind, in holiest calm, might worship God?

Here, from the throng, the whirl of life, apart,
 A loftier life awhile we seem to lead;
 A still small voice is whispering to the heart,
 Why grovelling cares and trifles should we heed?
 This mighty temple lifts the soul above
 All things save noble deeds, religion, love.

Hark! heard I the far cannon's deepening boom,
 Such as at Waterloo went up the sky?
 Saw I a sword bright-flashing through the gloom?
 Did the vast walls faint echo victory?
 Such thrilling fancies in the heart will glow,
 Musing on Valour sepulchred below.

He rises yonder with the "eagle eye,"
 Full plumed, and harnessed for his last great fight;
 Cool yet resolved—if vanquished, he can die;
 Mighty are hearts when battling for the right;
 Heroic shade! why still? Dash on! dash on!
 Do I not gaze on conquering Wellington?

Sleep, England's famous captain! such a pile
 A worthy tomb for thee; great hero, sleep!
 Glory on thy sarcophagus shall smile,
 And stainless honour thy prized relics keep;
 St. Paul's, from age to age, will stand sublime,
 And, like thy world-spread fame, will mock at time.

ABOUT PETER BELL AND PRIMROSES.

A CUE FROM WORDSWORTH.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

To Wordsworth, the meanest flower that blows could give thoughts which did often lie too deep for tears. To Wordsworth's Peter Bell, a yellow primrose was a yellow primrose, and it was nothing more. What more *would* you have? Peter Bell would have said. Sure never man like him had roamed! yet for all his trudgings over Cheviot Hills and through Yorkshire dales, not by the value of a hair was heart or head the better. "He roved among the vales and streams, in the green wood and hollow dell; they were his dwellings night and day,—but nature ne'er could find the way into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."^{*}

Notwithstanding his opportunities, he was not a whit better off in effect than the brutalised town-poor described years ago by the Children's Employment Commission: "You will find poor girls who had never seen a violet, or a primrose, and other flowers; and some whose only idea of a green field was derived from having been stung by a nettle."[†] But before illustrating the Peter Bell type of taste and intellect in general, a page or so may be given to the literature of the particular flower to which he was so memorably indifferent.

Wholly unread was Peter Bell in the language or the literature of flowers. What the poets have said of primroses was to him a matter of supreme indifference. Almost all the poets *have* something to say of primroses. In Shakspeare, Perdita speaks of

—pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids.[‡]

And Arviragus, over the supposed corpse of the supposed Fidele, promises with fairest flowers, while summer lasts, to sweeten his sad grave:

—Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose.[§]

One of the most picturesque of our old pastoral poets, as variegated a word-painter as he was a genuine lover of nature, puts it next in his floral catalogue to the daisy (scattered on each mead and down, a golden tuft within a silver crown):

^{*} Peter Bell, part i.

[†] Report of the Children's Employment Commission, 1843.

[‡] A Winter's Tale, Act IV. Sc. 3.

[§] Cymbeline, Act IV. Sc. 2.

The primrose, when with six leaves gotten grace,
Maids as a true love in their bosoms place.*

The bonny hind squire has to answer the ladye, in the old ballad, a series of questions; to the first of which his reply is,

The primrose is the first in flower,
That springs in muir or dale.†

From Milton we will only

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies.‡

John Clare has a sonnet to the pale primrose, that starts up between dead matted leaves of ash and oak, strewn through every lawn and wood: to him, how much its presence beautifies the ground! how sweet its "modest unaffected pride glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!"§ Bernard Berton devotes to the evening primrose an octave of stanzas. Miss Mitford makes a stage songstress set aside the red rose, that queen of the garden-bower, and the lady lily that swings her white bells in the breeze of June,—in favour of flowers that bloom less pretentiously at a less sunny season:

But they who come 'mid frost and flood,
Peeping from bank, or root of tree,
The primrose, and the violet-bud,—
They are the dearest flowers to me.||

Hood's sempstress utters her "Oh but to breathe the breath of the cow-slip and primrose sweet, with the sky above my head, and the grass beneath my feet!"¶ And in some miscellaneous stanzas of his we read how he

—pluck'd the Primrose at night's dewy noon;
Like Hope, it show'd its blossoms in the night;—
'Twas, like Endymion, watching for the moon.**

So that in making up his flowers, and assorting them as symbols, if this poet gives daisies for the morn, and pansies and roses for the noontide hours, he gives primroses for gloom—some, perhaps, would suggest for the gloaming.

That is a pretty picture Mrs. Browning paints for us, of the happy violets hiding from the roads

The primroses run down to, carrying gold.††

Cowper, in his *Winter Walk at Noon*, gives us a passing glimpse of

—lanes in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root.‡‡

Kirke White, too, has his early primrose, opening its tender elegance to nipping gale, unnoticed and alone, serene, the promise of the year:

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire,
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds;

* Browne, *British Pastorals*, ii. 3.

† Early English Ballads: *The Bonny Hind Squire*.

‡ Lycidas.

§ Rienz, a Tragedy, Act III. Sc. 2.

** Hood's Poems, p. 372, 8th edit.

†† The Task, book vi.

§ John Clare's *Rural Poems*.

¶ Song of the Shirt.

†† Aurora Leigh, book i.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.*

John Keats shall give us

What next? a tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it doses;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep.†

We can readily imagine even Peter Bell doing *that*. In fact, it is the very thing he would most naturally do, if required to let his mind hover o'er the primroses.—Another poet commonly classed with the Keats school, as the jargon of criticism goes, or went, takes us

To visit the virgin Primrose where she dwells
'Midst harebells and the wild-wood hyacinths.
'Tis here she keeps her court. Dost see yon bank
The sun is kissing, &c.‡

Of late primroses the Laureate offers us a figurative presentment:

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,
Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
The primrose of the later year,
As not unlike to that of Spring.§

The penultimate Laureate, describing an autumnal day so bright that it sent into the heart a summer feeling, introduces this among other signs of the season:

The solitary primrose on the bank
Seem'd now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth.||

His nephew, Hartley, compares Leonard, in one of his narrative poems, to

—the last primrose in the shadowy glade,
That bloom'd too late, and must too soon decline.¶

Another solitary one he greets on the first of April, 1845,—“And if a primrose peep, there is but one where wout the starry crowd to look so jolly.”** He paraphrases Milton's line in another poem:

—as oft in dewy glades,
The peering primrose, like a sudden gladness,
Gleams on the soul, yet unregarded fades.††

Frequent, indeed, are gentle Hartley's references to this simple flower. If he styles the cowslip, in a poem entitled by that name, “the lady Cowslip, that, amid the grass is tall and comely as a virgin queen,” he adds:

The Primrose is a bonny pleasant lass,
The bold and full-blown beauty of the green;
She seems on mossy bank, in forest glade,
Most meet to be the Cowslip's waiting-maid.‡‡

* H. K. White's Poems: To an Early Primrose.

† Keats's Miscellaneous Poems, from the first in the collection, after the dedication to Leigh Hunt.

‡ Barry Cornwall, Dramatic Fragments, cvii.

§ Tennyson, In Memoriam, lxxxiv.

¶ Southey: Madoc in Wales, c. xiii.

¶ Hartley Coleridge: Leonard and Susan.

** Sonnets on the Seasons, v.

†† Poems by Hartley Coleridge, i. 45.

‡‡ Ibid., ii. 91.

And in another poem on the Cowslip, again hailed as a lady, and a coy one, he says:

Thy sister Primrose is a damsel bold
That will be found, mayhap, before we seek;
Thou art a lady, coy, yet not so cold,
Tall and erect, though modest, yet not weak.*

He seems never to tire of the comparison betwixt them twain. In another flowery piece, next to the cowslip, "maiden of the mead," he places the

—primrose of the "river's brim,"—
A village lassie, frank and free,
Unlike the cowslip tall and slim—
A lady she of high degree,
Like a Roman bride in her bridal trim.†

He was mindful of Wordsworth in that quotation of the "river's brim;" and Wordsworth is still fuller than he of allusions to the flower Peter Bell could not for the life of him idealise. Long as there's a sun that sets, primroses will have their glory, sings the bard of Rydal in one of his lyrical pieces.‡ In another he says the patient primrose sits like a beggar in the cold§—while the celandine, wiser-witted, slips into sheltering recess. In another he relates how a wren's nest was built in a tree where a primrose concealed it—spreading for a veil the largest of her upright leaves; "and thus, for purposes benign, a simple flower deceives."|| Another poem celebrates a tuft of primroses on the so-called glow-worm rock between Rydal and Grasmere. Hideous warfare had been waged, and kingdoms overthrown, since first the poet spied that primrose-tuft, and marked it for his own; and large and deep were the moral lessons he fain would draw from the blooming of that lonely plant, which dreaded not her annual funeral.¶ And yet once again, there is a sonnet of Wordsworth's which tells how a love-lorn maid once came to a hidden pool, deep and crystal-clear,

And, gazing, saw that rose, which from the prime
Derives its name, reflected, as the chime
Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound:
The starry treasure from the blue profound
She longed to ravish;—shall she plunge, or climb
The humid precipice, and seize the guest
Of April, smiling high in upper air?
 Upon the steep rock's breast
The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,
Untouched memento of her hapless doom!***

Wordsworth's son-in-law, Mr. Quillinan, often caught something of his inspiration, and this we see in the stanzas headed "A Flower of Fairfield," about a primrose in a nook enshrined, a rocky cleft with mosses lined and overarched with fern: "wrens hide not in more jealous cells their precious hoard of speckled shells, than that where hidden blew this golden treasure of the Spring, as brightly delicate a thing as ever Eden knew."†† And in some lines of welcome to a returning friend, written in winter, he says, amid other compliments,

* On a Bunch of Cowslips.

† To the Plant "Everlasting."

‡ To the small Celandine.

§ To the same Flower.

|| A Wren's Nest.

¶ The Primrose of the Rock.

** Sonnets on the River Duddon, xxii.

†† Poems by Edward Quillinan, p. 13.

If a flower be thy type, 'tis the simplest, the dearest,
The bright little primrose, whose advent is nearest :
That flower will I call thee, the herald of spring ;
'Twill announce thy return, and the season will bring.
No rose in all England, no lily of France,
Or in summer or spring against thee has a chance :
Such a primrose is worth all the tulips of Holland.*

It is as the herald of Spring that the primrose is so dear. As such it brought tears to the eyes of Blanco White, as a rememberable passage in his Journal records. He was living at Bayswater at the time, when fields were possible opposite one's window ; and one morning, while he was getting up, and rejoicing in view of fields in tender green, he saw a woman passing on her way towards town, with a basket full of flowers, to sell there, and singing as she went. His heart was still beating when he wrote this record, from the impression which the sight of the flowers made upon him. " They were primroses, new primroses, so blooming, so fresh, and so tender, that it might be said that their perfume was perceived by the eye. A sudden tear started in mine, and my heart was instantly overflowed with mixed sensations of tenderness, melancholy, and pleasure—the pleasure of longings and regret."†—In a like spirit William Sydney Walker—not altogether an unlike-minded man, hails returning Spring, and this its symbol, when

On sloping banks, and under hedgerows tall,
The primrose lights her star.‡

Professor Wilson goes so far as to say, in his far-going way, that all the verses that ever were written on flowers, are good—at least, he declares (in a review of flower poems) he can remember no bad ones : the reason he alleges being that flowers are so spiritual in their balmy beauty as to inspire not only clods, but clod-hoppers. A bunch of flowers suddenly held up before the eyes and the nose of the veriest blockhead, makes him for the moment, according to Christopher North,§ a poet. How much greater the effect then, if, instead of a blockhead, a poet or poetess, *in esse* or *in posse*, be in question. An Emily Brontë, for instance, of whom her sister tells us,|| describing her love for the moors, that flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her ; and that out of a sullen hollow in a livid hill-side, her mind could make an Eden.

But not even primroses, which in one sense were above him, must detain us longer from Peter Bell, the Potter ; or rather from some discursive exemplifications of that type of creation, differing enough among themselves in degree, and sometimes almost in kind.

In his essay on Use and Beauty, Mr. Herbert Spencer makes some remarks on the contrast between the feeling with which we regard portions of the earth's surface still left in their original state, and the feeling with which the savage regarded them. If any one, he suggests, walking over

* Poems by Edward Quillinan, p. 86.

† Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, iii. 341.

‡ Poetical Remains of W. S. Walker: Wandering Thoughts, p. 3.

§ *Blackwood's Magazine*, xxviii. 270.

|| Life of Charlotte Brontë, ch. viii.

Hampstead Heath, will note how strongly its picturesqueness is brought out by contrast with the surrounding cultivated fields and the masses of houses lying in the distance; and will further reflect that, had this irregular gorse-covered surface extended on all sides to the horizon, it would have looked dreary and prosaic rather than pleasing; he will see that to the primitive man a country so clothed presented no beauty at all. "To him it was merely a haunt of wild animals, and a ground out of which roots might be dug. What have become for us places of relaxation and enjoyment—places for afternoon strolls and gathering flowers—were his places for labour and food, probably arousing in his mind none but utilitarian associations."*—The name of "weed prairies," it has been observed of those expanses of flowers which enrapture the traveller in America,—enamelled pictures (as one has described them) brilliant with every hue of the prism, where millions of corollas are waving their gaudy standards to the breeze, the tall stalks of the helianthus bending and rising in long undulations, like billows on a golden sea, and where, in short, Nature wears her richest mantle, richer in its tints than the scarfs of Cashmere,—the misnaming as "weed prairie" what should rather be called the garden of God, is ascribed to the trappers, "practical men, indifferent to objects which have no bearing upon the immediate demands of existence, intent upon furs and skins, fodder for their steeds and food for themselves."†—Who, asks a transatlantic transcendentalist, who sees the meaning of the flower uprooted in the ploughed field? The ploughman who does not look beyond its boundaries and does not raise his eyes from the ground? No; but "the Poet who sees that field in its relations with the universe, and looks oftener to the sky than on the ground."‡ Says an English poet,

This wild white rosebud in my hand
Hath meanings meant for me alone,
Which no one else can understand:
To you it breathes with alter'd tone.§

We are told of the French poet Louis (or, as he liked *se poetiser*, Ludovic; or still better, *Aloisius*) Bertrand, that "tantôt, les coudes sur la fenêtre de sa mansarde, on l'eût surpris par le trou de la serrure causant durant de longues heures avec la pâle giroflée du toit."|| In one of his letters on poets feeling most forcibly, of all mankind, the powers of beauty, Burns affirms that "even the sight of a fine flower" has "sensations for the poetic heart that the herd of mankind are strangers to."¶ But it need not be a "fine" flower to do that. For Wordsworth at least, as we have seen and said, the meanest flower that blows would suffice.

Sir Thomas Browne says of that "universal and public manuscript," the book of nature, "that lies expanded unto the eyes of all," that it was the scripture and theology of the heathen world; and adds: "Surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters than

* Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative, by Herbert Spencer, p. 385.

† It is allowed, however, that the flowers have a weed-like distribution, being indiscriminately scattered, and not arranged in beds.

‡ M. Fuller Ossoli, Summer on the Lakes.

§ Owen Meredith, The Artist, xxi.

|| Sainte-Beuve, Portraits Littéraires, t. ii; Aloisius Bertrand.

¶ Appendix to Currie's Life and Letters of Burns.

we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature."* Wherein they may thus far be said to have approved themselves a little nearer to the angels, and we a little nearer to the brutes.

Brutes graze the mountain-top with faces prone
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them ; or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.†

An eloquent essayist on Alpine Travelling expatiates on the intense feelings it awakens as seldom experienced by many even richly endowed with intellect and imagination—to whom the stern language of rock and glacier is unintelligible and harsh, though from the forest, or the heaving plain, nature speaks to them in tones that they can understand. For, "not every man is equally fortunate in being able fully to enjoy these high delights. The spell may awaken faculties, but cannot create them. Neither the cabbage, nor the caterpillar that feeds upon it, would feel it a gain to be transplanted into the region where the gentian bursting through the snow turns its blue starry eye towards the zenith. In some men the sense of the sublime is all wanting, or benumbed by some accident of education or circumstance."‡—There's nothing great nor small, has said a poet of our day, whose voice (has said *the* poetess of our day) will ring beyond the curfew of eve and not be thrown out by the matin's bell ; and truly (she reiterates) nothing's small :

No lily-muffled hum of a summer-bee,
But finds some coupling with the spinning stars ;
No pebble at your foot, but proves a sphere ;
No chaffinch, but implies the cherubim
. . . . Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God :
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes ;
The rest sit round it, and pluck blackberries,
And daub their natural faces unaware
More and more, from the first similitude.§

We, 'οι πολλοι, it has been truly enough said, can have but a glimmering notion of what it must feel like to be a *savant*—to go about the world reading everywhere truths to which the gross eyes of one's fellow-men are closed, seeing wonders in that which they think common-place, and regularity in that which they stare at as extraordinary, and tracing harmonious beauty and order, exquisite mechanism, and delicate structure, in things which perhaps seem to them monstrous and grotesque, or at best mere lumps of dirt, chips of rock, or fragments of crumbling bone—"always to carry about with one a key by which the fair language of nature, her invariable laws, her touching poetry, her solemn antiquities, may be deciphered, while the ignorant behold only a jumble of mysterious characters."|| Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes makes his Professor

* Religio Medici, sect. xvi.

† Cowper, *The Task*, book v.

‡ Art. on Alpine Travelling in No. 3 of that short-lived *Review*, *Bentley's Quarterly* (1859).

§ E. B. Browning, *Aurora Leigh*, book vii.

|| Art. on the British Association at Balmoral (1859) in *Sat. Review*, viii. 393.

wonder whether the boys who live in Roxbury and Dorchester (U. S.) are ever moved to tears or filled with silent awe as they look upon the rocks and fragments of "pudding-stone" that abound in those parts. He has his suspicions that those boys "heave a stone" or "fire a brick-bat," composed of the conglomerate just mentioned, without any more tearful or philosophical contemplations than boys of less favoured regions expend on the same performance. Yet a lump of pudding-stone, the Professor asserts, is a thing to look at, to think about, to study over, to dream upon, to grow crazy with, to beat one's brains against. "Look at that pebble in it. From what cliff was it broken? On what beach rolled by the waves of what ocean? How and *when* imbedded in soft ooze, which itself became stone, and by-and-by was lifted into bald summits and steep cliffs, such as you may see on Meeting-house Hill any day—yes, and mark the scratches on their faces left when the boulder-carrying glaciers planed the surface of the continent with such rough tools that the storms have not worn the marks out of it with all the polishing of ever so many thousand years?" So again he refers us to a roadside ditch or pool in spring-time, and bids us take from it a bit of stick or straw which has lain undisturbed for a while; fastened to which are some little worm-shaped masses of clear jelly containing specks—eggs of a small snail-like shell-fish; one of which specks magnified proves to be a crystalline sphere with an opaque mass in its centre. "And while you are looking, the opaque mass begins to stir, and by-and-by slowly to turn upon its axis like a forming planet—life beginning in the microcosm, as in the great worlds of the firmament, with the revolution that turns the surface in ceaseless round to the source of life and light." A pebble and the spawn of a mollusk! Mysteries are common enough, at any rate, the Professor concludes, whatever the boys in Roxbury and Dorchester think of "brick-bats" and the spawn of creatures that live in roadside puddles.* To quote Mrs. Browning again:

— See the earth,
The body of our body, the green earth,
Indubitably human, like this flesh
And these articulated veins through which
Our heart drives blood! there's not a flower of spring,
That dies ere June, but vaunts itself allied
By issue and symbol, by significance
And correspondence, to that spirit-world
Outside the limits of our space and time,
Whereto we are bound. Let poets give it voice
With human meanings; else they miss the thought,
And henceforth step down lower, stand confessed
Instructed poorly for interpreters,—
Thrown out by an easy cowslip in the text,†

or, say, handling a primrose not so very much better than Peter Bell.

The pleasures of nature, it is truly observed, become more vivid as our internal store of association becomes richer, and as we gain in sympathy and in experience. "Man does not get much out of a sunset, or a landscape, except what he carries with him. We draw, not upon the outer but the inner world, and the outer world only supplies an occasion

* The Professor at the Breakfast-table, xi.

† Aurora Leigh, book v.

or a key to internal emotion." So writes an anonymous essayist,* who adds, by the way, that the very young, as a rule, have no experience of the pleasure in question; the reason of which is, not that nature is less beautiful when the young look at it, but that they approach nature empty-handed, and, bringing little to her, get but little in return. We receive but what we give, as Coleridge has it.

To persons with an ear for music, it has been remarked that sound speaks thoughts as truly as a landscape or a flower is full of expression, or as the human countenance speaks, though no articulate sounds are uttered. "To those who are destitute of the musical organisation such a notion may seem inexplicable and visionary; yet, by a similar deficiency, there are minds so constituted that a rose or a lily, the Cascade of Terni or the Bay of Naples, no more awakes any special thought or feeling in their breasts than does a dusty road or a meadow full of ditches." Whereas, to the true composer† and lover of music, on the contrary, these innumerable combinations of concords and discords, these successions of notes high and low, express with an inimitable accuracy all that multiplicity of conceptions and feelings which the human mind is capable of entertaining. "All our ideas of law and order, of unity and movement, of moral beauty and sweetness, of human energy and strength and self-reliance and tenderness and sorrow and agony, with every variation in the fleeting moods of the heart, find as real and satisfactory a vehicle of utterance in the combinations of genuine music as in the plays of Shakspeare or the Psalms of David."‡

The sculptor's marble suggests to Mr. Hawthorne a train of reflections in which he by no means expects the general body of sculptors to join with him—for, indeed, his preconceptions demand that a sculptor should be even more indispensably a poet than those who deal in measured verse and rhyme: his material, or instrument, which serves him in the stead of shifting and transitory language, being a pure, white, undecaying substance, which ensures immortality to whatever is wrought in it. Under this aspect, to the author of "Transformation," marble assumes a sacred character; and he holds that no man should dare to touch it unless he feels within himself a certain consecration and a priesthood, the only evidence of which, for the public eye, will be the high treatment of heroic subjects, or the delicate evolution of spiritual, through material beauty. "No idea such as the foregoing—no misgivings suggested by them—probably troubled the self-complacency of these clever sculptors [the Americans in Rome]. Marble, in their view, had no such sanctity as we impute to it. It was merely a sort of white limestone from Carrara, cut into convenient blocks, and worth, in that state, about two or three dollars per pound; and it was susceptible of being wrought into certain shapes (by their own mechanical ingenuity, or that of artisans in their employment), which would enable them to sell it again at a much higher figure."§ Clever men, with yet a family likeness to the

* On Intellectual Pleasures.

† Said in reference to Mendelssohn, and to his avowed experience of the greater clearness and intelligibility of music than of words. "What the music I love expresses to me is not thought too *indefinite* to be put into words, but, on the contrary, too *definite*."—Letters of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Second Series (1833-37).

‡ *Sat. Rev.*, vol. xvii. p. 230.

§ Transformation, ch. xv.

vulgar minds and souls without refinement, whose perceptions, as Father Prout says, are of that stunted nature, that they can see nothing in the pass of Thermopylæ but a gap for cattle, in the Forum but a cowshed, and for whom St. Helena is but a barren rock.

There is a tomb in Arquà,

which to the stolid peasant that wends his way along the Euganean hills is mute indeed as the grave, nor breathes the name of its in-dweller.*

Mr. Chester, in "Barnaby Rudge," riding at a tranquil pace along the Forest road, when the trees are budding into leaf, goes glancing on among the trees, from sunlight to shade and back again—looking about him, certainly, from time to time, but with no greater thought of the day or the scene, than that he is fortunate (being choicely dressed) to have such favourable weather. And so he "went riding on, upon his chestnut cob, as pleasant to look upon as his own horse, and probably far less sensitive to the many cheerful influences by which he was surrounded."†

Francis Osbaldistone, in his tour northwards, takes notice of the air of reverence which the Scotch usually pay to their distinguished rivers—the Clyde, the Tweed, the Forth, and the Spay, being commonly named by those who live on their banks with a sort of respect and pride; indeed, he professes to have known duels occasioned by any word of disparagement. With this sort of "harmless enthusiasm" he, for one, has no sort of quarrel; so when the Bailie exclaims, "That's the Forth!" with the proper tone of reverence, as they come upon that river in their moonlight progress, Frank receives his friend's communication with becoming interest and respect; whereas his body-man, Andrew Fairservice, mutters a matter-of-fact "Umph!—an he had said that's the public-house, it wad hae been mair to the purpose."‡

It is this same prosaically constituted Andrew Fairservice that testifies of this same poetically disposed Francis Osbaldistone, in another chapter, that—the converse of Peter Bell—"he'll glowr at an auld-warld barkit aik-snaig as if it were a queez-madam in full bearing; and a naked craig, wi' a burn jawling ower't, is unto him as a garden garnisht with flowerin' knots and choice pot-herbs."§ Andrew's vocation as a gardener supplies him with something like imagery that looks somehow like poetry—despite his intensely matter-of-fact temperament. As for the Bailie, notwithstanding the almost enthusiasm of his note of admiration, at once expressing it and challenging it, "That is the Forth!" he is a prosy body after all, and knows it, and owns it. *Habemus confidentem.* When he and Frank, on the road back to Glasgow, have lost view of Loch Leven, and its superb amphitheatre of mountains, the younger traveller cannot refrain from an outburst of delight at its natural beauties, conscious though he be that Mr. Jarvie is a very uncongenial spirit to communicate with on such a subject. "Ye are a young gentleman," says the Bailie, "and an Englishman, and a' this may be very fine to you; but for me, wha am a plain man, and ken something o' the different values o' land, I wadna gie the finest sight we hae seen in the Hielands, for the first keek o' the Gorbals o' Glasgow."¶

* Reliques of Father Prout, pp. 45, 46; ed. 1860.

† Barnaby Rudge, ch. xxix.

§ Ibid., ch. xxi.

‡ Rob Roy, ch. xxviii.

¶ Ibid., ch. xxxvi.

So (and yet not so; *sic et aliter*), in Mr. Disraeli's *par excellence* Love Story, when Ferdinand Armine makes his first entrance into the streets of London, he is enraptured as they seem each minute to grow more spacious and more brilliant, and the multitude more dense and excited; as palaces, churches, squares, of imposing architecture, rise before him; so that to his unsophisticated eye the route appears a never-ending triumph. "To the hackney-coachman, however, who had no imagination, and who was quite satiated with metropolitan experience, it only appeared that he had an exceeding good fare, and that he was jogging up from Bishopsgate-street to Charing-cross."* Ludgate-hill was a city hill to him, and Temple Bar was a city bar to him,—and it was nothing more.

So Mr. Sala prefaces his discursive essay on the Mall in St. James's Park,—to him a region teeming with ancient and pleasant memories,—with the assumption that clownish readers, dunder-headed money-spinners who vote that books are "rubbish," and cobweb-brained fops who languidly call them a bore, "will find in the broad smooth Mall, just a Mall, broad and smooth, and nothing more"†—or at best, and for practical purposes, a short cut from Marylebone to Westminster.

The novelists are fond of introducing a walker or rider through sylvan or hilly districts, and of describing his susceptibility or apathy to the attractions of the scene. We have glanced at Bailie Nicol Jarvie in the Highlands, and at Mr. Chester in the Forest. Here again we have Lord Lytton's banker riding along green lanes on a summer's day. He rides slowly, for the day is hot. The face of the country, it is suggested, so fair and smiling, might have tempted others to linger by the way; but our hard and practical man of the world is more influenced by the temperature than by the loveliness of the scenery. "He did not look upon Nature with the eye of imagination; perhaps a railroad, had it then and there existed, would have pleased him better than the hanging woods, the shadowy valleys, and the changeful river that from time to time beautified the landscape on either side the road." But, after all, Lord Lytton submits that in the affected admiration for Nature there is a vast deal of hypocrisy; and he expresses his conviction‡ that not one person in a hundred cares for what lies by the side of a road, so long as the road itself is good, and the hills are levelled, and turnpikes cheap.—Take, again, Currer Bell's Malouë, doggedly pursuing his way by night—not a man given to close observation of Nature, whose changes "passed, for the most part, unnoticed by him: he could walk miles on the most varying April day, and never see the beautiful dallying of earth and heaven; never mark when a sunbeam kissed the hill-tops, making them smile clear in green light, or when a shower wept over them, hiding their crests with the low-hanging, dishevelled tresses of a cloud."§ Miss Braddon pictures James Conyers gazing into the long glades of Mellish Park, where the low sunlight is flickering upon waving fringes of fern—following with his listless glance the wandering intricacies of the under-wood, until they lead his weary eyes away to distant patches of blue

* Henrietta Temple: a Love Story, ch. vii.

† Twice Round the Clock, p. 69.

‡ Ernest Maltravers, book iv. ch. ix.

§ Shirley, ch. i.

water, that slowly change to opal and rose-colour in the declining light. "He saw all these things with a lazy apathy, which had no power to recognise their beauty, or inspire one latent thrill of gratitude to Him who made them. He had better have been blind; surely he had better have been blind."* In this respect the handsome trainer is the pronounced inferior of his brutish helper, the "Softy"—in the semi-darkness of whose soul there is said to have been some glimmer of that light which was altogether wanting in Mr. James Conyers; for Steeve Hargraves, on his way to the Hall, "felt that these things were beautiful:"—the flickering shadows of the evergreens on the grass; the song of a skylark too lazy to soar, and content to warble among the bushes; the rippling sound of a tiny waterfall far away in the wood,—“made a language of which he only understood a few straggling syllables here and there, but which was not altogether a meaningless jargon to him, as it was to the trainer; to whose mind Holborn-hill would have conveyed as much of the sublime as the untrodden pathways of the Jungfrau.”† If the "Softy" had more than a little of the Caliban about him, Caliban's susceptibility to island beauties—witness his descriptive lines in the *Tempest*—may be in a measure included. But the trainer, except for his Antinous face, is a Peter Bell. He belongs to the people stigmatised by Dr. Boyd as utterly unimpressionable by the influences of fine scenery; who live perhaps for long years where Nature has done her best with wood and rock and river, but in whom, on the closest acquaintance, one cannot discover the faintest trace of the mightily powerful touch (as it would be to many) which has been unceasingly laid upon them through all that time.‡

Miss Ferrier rightly says of two of the characters in her *Highland story*, that "certainly Glenroy and Benbowie did not seem in character with the scenery, as they were borne along on the bosom of the blue waters," which reflected the magnificent panorama of hills. But Glenroy and Benbowie cared for none of these things—though the woods and waters, hills and dales, suggested ideas to them, such as they were, as they sailed along. "The crystal depths of the limpid waters over which the sun was shedding its noonday effulgence, suggested to their minds, images of herrings, fat, fresh, or salted, with their accompaniments of casks, nets, and busses; the mountains in their stern glory, with their lights and shadows, and lonely recesses, to them showed forth heath-burning, sheep-walks, black-faced wedders, and wool." So when these *Arcades ambo* touch the shore of Inch Orran, they break into no idle raptures about the water-plants, the fern, the wild flowers, the tall fox-glove, the grey rocks and bright mossy stones, half hid beneath the broad-leaved coltsfoot, that form the rich and variegated foreground; "for they were casting searching looks for 'black tang' and 'yellow tang,' and 'bell wrack' and 'jagged wrack,' and such other ingredients as enter into the composition of that valuable commodity called kelp."§ Probably neither of that dual number would greatly have objected to join in the candid confession ascribed by Mrs. Southey to

* Aurora Floyd, ch. xxi.

† Ibid., ch. xxii.

‡ Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson, ch. xi.

§ Destiny, ch. vii.

One who says plainly—"I confess to me
Painting's but colour'd canvas, Music noise,
And Poetry prose spoilt; those rural scenes
Whereon *you* gaze enraptured, nothing more
Than hill, and dale, and water, wooded well
With stout oak timber groaning for the axe."*

A. K. H. B. waxes wroth over his experiences of unimpressible people, usually with high cheek-bones, smoke-dried complexions, and disagreeable voices; who think Mr. Tennyson a fool, and tell you that *they* cannot understand him, in a tone that conveys that in their judgment nobody can. "I have known men who declared honestly that they did not think Westminster Abbey in the least a more solemn place than a red-brick meeting-house with a flat ceiling, and with its inner walls chastely whitewashed, or papered with a paper representing yellow marble."† His acquaintance with such "individuals" (a favourite word of his) was not likely to add materially to the Recreations of our Country Parson; and he mentions that by mutual consent it speedily ceased.

Your model Manchester man, as depicted by that other clerical essayist on *Fraser's* staff, who styles himself "A Manchester Man," is one who, "like Peter Bell, sees things as they are." If he examined the coat in which Nelson died at Trafalgar, he would wonder (Mr. Lamb goes on to say) whether it were of West of England or Bradford manufacture. Of the Duke's despatch-box he would say, that it was worth so much as "old materials." If told of the marvels of Aladdin's lamp, he would inquire whether it were gilt or bronzed. "If he saw the mummy of Potiphar's wife, he would pronounce oracularly that the wrapper was flax, not cotton."‡

Of Goethe at Strasburg, in 1770, his biographer well says, that to him pictures meant something; they were realities to him, because he had the true artistic nature; whereas "to the French architects, as to the Strasburg officials, pictures were pictures—ornaments betokening more or less luxury and taste, flattering the eye, but never touching the soul."§ In another place, Goethe's biographer incidentally criticising Lessing and his tendency to realism, observes that the author of the "Laokoon" loved a beautiful landscape, but German though he was, never felt any of the soft sadness and mystic witchery felt by moderns; that he looked on Nature as a Greek looked on her, seeing nothing *behind* the panorama.|| Referring later again to Goethe's study of anatomy, and the delight with which he declared how legible the book of Nature was becoming to him, Mr. Lewes remarks, by the way, "But there are minds, and these form the majority, to whom dry bones are dry bones, and nothing more."¶ His own genial researches in science have been of a kind to acquit *him* of the charge, or rather to secure him against its ever being made.

* The Birthday, by Caroline Bowles, part ii. p. 105.

† A Reminiscence of the Old Time.

‡ Free Thoughts on Many Subjects, by a Manchester Man.

§ Lewes's Life of Goethe, book ii. ch. v.

|| Id. *ibid.*, book iii. ch. vi.

¶ Ibid., book v. ch. vi.

THE ARLINGTONS:

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

PART THE THIRD.

I.

MORTIFICATION. A GOOD LESSON NOT TAKEN TO HEART.

IN this not very safe state of mind, Sophia Larpent made her début in London. Of course her circle was limited, for her own family had never resided in town, and Mr. Larpent had not cared to mingle much in society, confining himself principally to that of his own connexions, or of those with whom he was obliged to associate in consequence of his position as a member of parliament, and the numerous undertakings in which he was engaged, most of which related to charitable institutions.

He was a director of more than one hospital; of a society for the benefit of poor clergymen, of a society for the relief of the widows and orphans of artisans, of a society for the propagation of the Gospel, of a ragged school society, of a society for the prevention of crime, ditto for the prevention of cruelty to animals; of a charitable loan society, which took a good deal of money out of his pocket, as he was the only director who gave anything but his name, and there were but few subscribers to it; and, lastly, of various missionary societies—viz. to China, Thibet, Borneo, Van Diemen's Land, the Fiji Islands, New Zealand, Terra del Fuego, and the gold coast of Africa; thus embracing a great portion of the circuit of the world in his pious exertions for the good of mankind and the spread of Christianity.

It was no wonder that, with these multifarious engagements and self-constituted duties, Mr. Larpent had no time to look after his wife or her doings. She was consequently free to do whatever she pleased. She was pleased to spend a good portion of her day in shopping, paying long visits to her milliner, and lounging at Howell and James's. Of course buying finery and pretty trifles of which she had no need.

But where was Sir Jasper Dillon? In vain she haunted Regent-street, Bond-street, and Pall-mall; in vain she went to the public places which were open—no Sir Jasper was to be seen, and the young dame was getting ill from "hope deferred," when one day Mr. Larpent came home from his club with the stunning intelligence that the rich baronet had eloped with a popular young actress, and carried her off in his yacht to the Mediterranean, if not to Constantinople!

Here was a crusher to Mrs. Larpent's undefined hopes and projects, for she had not formed any plan in regard to her acquaintance with him; to see him as frequently as possible, to ride with him in the morning, and probably to waltz with him at evening parties, was the amount of the expectations she had formed respecting him. Nothing absolutely wrong had entered her mind; she certainly was innocent of all idea of eloping with Sir Jasper, or doing anything which might lead to an elopement;

but she did not reflect that a married woman errs when she allows her thoughts to dwell on any man who is not a member of her own family. There may be no positive vice, but a vicious tendency assuredly exists, and if not stifled, destroyed in its early stage, it may grow into a state of feeling difficult, if not impossible, to subdue.

Notwithstanding his escapade, her acquaintance of a fortnight still held his place in her recollection, but she was not so deeply smitten as not to be able to enjoy the novelty of life in town. All was going on smoothly, when, towards the end of the season, the runaway returned to his accustomed haunts and accustomed habits. He was received very cordially by his former associates among the men, and graciously, upon the whole, by his acquaintances among the ladies.

Mrs. Larpent met him at the house of the very lady, the wife of her husband's cousin, at whose abode in the country she had been introduced to him.

How her heart fluttered, and how her cheek became red and pale by turns as she beheld him! Her first impulse was to rise from her seat, and fly across the room to him; but she constrained herself to remain quiet, for she had sense enough to fear a scene. She watched him, however, eagerly; at length she saw him draw the arm of his hostess, Lady Mary Thornhill, within his, and make a progress round the room, bowing respectfully to some, stopping to say a few words to others, and passing loftily by those who did not seem to recognise him; but these were ladies who were *very particular*, or ladies who had no daughters to marry.

At last he and Lady Mary approached the part of the salon where Mrs. Larpent was sitting; she actually trembled, and yet in the tremor there was a thrill of joy. How gracefully he moved! how handsome he was! and though he had been such a sinner, how charmed she felt to see him again!

But he passed her without the smallest attempt at recognition—not a glance showed that he had the slightest recollection of her, and Lady Mary's spitefully triumphant look evinced her satisfaction at the gay Lothario's oblivion of "the little rustic," of whom she had once felt some jealous fears.

It was a trying moment for poor Sophia; but if she had laid the lesson to heart, that moment would have been a fortunate one for her: it would have subdued her vanity, and checked her folly, and taught her how utterly worthless is any apparent regard which is not based on respect and esteem.

She was struggling hard to conceal her mortification, when Richard Arlington was brought up and introduced to her by an acquaintance of his and hers. Richard was a tall, fine-looking young man, with easy and pleasant manners. He speedily got into conversation with the lady, and paid her a few adroit compliments, which were very acceptable after her grievous disappointment. But she could not get over her chagrin, and expressing a wish to go, Richard escorted her down-stairs, sent to call her carriage, and handed her into it. Small attentions these, but fraught with serious consequences to him, poor young man!

He and Mrs. Larpent did not then, however, meet often; he only saw her at the last Philharmonic Concert, and at a pic-nic at Richmond; for

everybody knows that pic-nics and whitebait dinners always mark the *fig end* of the season. Neither of them had made any impression on the other, therefore neither felt the slightest pang when the usual period of migration, and the temporary break up of London society, arrived.

Sophia could not get over her vexation at Sir Jasper Dillon's real or pretended oblivion of her; and she was furious at Lady Mary's conduct. So angry was she, that she could not help complaining of her to Mr. Larpent.

"That wife of your cousin, Mr. Thornhill," she said to her husband at breakfast, for they still sometimes took that meal together, "is a very disagreeable woman; she treats me with the utmost rudeness, I cannot imagine why. She seems to look upon me as a mere nobody, quite beneath *her* notice. To be sure she is the daughter of an earl, but my father is of a good and ancient family, and my mother was the granddaughter of an earl, and none of us ever swindled anybody. Her father, the old earl, died over head and ears in debt, and her brother can't show his face in England until some of these debts are paid. If your cousin, Mr. Thornhill, had not married that Lady Mary, she would now be living on soup maigre and frogs in some remote part of France instead of sporting her diamonds and showing her rouged cheeks and painted eyelids and eyebrows wherever she can exhibit them here in England."

Sophy stopped to take breath, and Mr. Larpent, who was amazed at her unusual volubility, and could not get a word edged in before, exclaimed:

"Rude to you, my dear! I am surprised and sorry to hear it. I think it must be your fancy; but if she really annoys you, I will speak to Guy, and I am certain he will make a point of her treating you properly."

"Oh no! please don't—don't—Marmaduke! I should not like a word said to Mr. Thornhill; he is always very kind, but he can't help his wife's ill nature, and she would only ridicule me."

"Very well, my dear; if you don't wish it, I won't."

"I'll tell you what I *do* wish, though, Marmaduke. I think, as I am not riding now, that it would be better to send my horse to Craig Court; it is only taking up the groom's time, and eating oats uselessly in town. Pray send it into the country, and the sooner the better."

Mr. Larpent was much pleased at his wife's consideration, and agreed readily to her proposal. He would not, perhaps, have been so pleased had he known her real motive for sending away her horse—that she did not care whether it ate oats uselessly or not, but she wished to disappoint Lady Mary Thornhill, who had latterly been in the habit of frequently borrowing her horse. It was a showy but gentle creature, while Lady Mary's own horse was heavy-looking, and sometimes not very manageable.

"Now for my revenge," thought Mrs. Larpent; and, as she expected, a servant came the day after with Lady Mary's compliments, and would Mrs. Larpent lend her ladyship her horse, as she was going to take a ride in the Park with Sir Jasper Dillon.

Sophy was delighted to send back word that she could not lend Lady Mary her horse, as it had been sent off early that morning to Craig Court.

"Now she may break her neck if she likes riding that obstinate brute

of hers. She won't appear to such advantage as she would have done on *my* horse, but she shall never mount that again!" exclaimed Mrs. Larpent, in high glee.

A few days afterwards, Mrs. Larpent was driving in the Park with her relation, Lady Clarissa. Among the gentlemen leaning over the railings was Sir Jasper Dillon, and he bowed as their carriage slowly passed him. Sophy did not know whether the bow was to her or to Lady Clarissa, though she saw him look at her; but neither lady took the least notice of him, and Sophy observed that his brow darkened, and an angry expression flitted over his countenance.

"That man has a vast deal of assurance," said Lady Clarissa. "I am glad you did not notice his bow. If ladies of respectability would only cut the acquaintance of gentlemen when they make themselves notorious, it would be better for the interests of society. I am some years older than you, Sophia—let me advise you never to encourage men or women who parade their vice before the world with unblushing effrontery. I am afraid Lady Mary Thornhill will singe her wings if she is seen so much with that Sir Jasper."

"I don't care how far she commits herself," replied Sophy, "but I should be sorry if any disgrace were to fall upon poor Mr. Thornhill; he is a very good sort of man. Have you heard what has become of the young actress who eloped with Sir Jasper?"

"Some people say that he transferred her to the harem of a wealthy pasha; others, that he left her under the protection of an Italian nobleman, poor girl! There is a sad career before her in any case," remarked Lady Clarissa; "and her having become that man's victim has been terrible for her unfortunate bedridden mother, who was dependent upon her for support."

"How can that Lady Mary patronise such a wretch?" cried Mrs. Larpent, apparently in a fit of virtuous indignation.

"We must charitably hope that she thinks only of amusing the passing hour," replied her companion; "but she forgets that when the breath of scandal taints a lady's character, it is touch and go with her reputation. In the mercy of the Almighty there is pardon for all repentant sinners; but by the harsher laws of man, the woman who brings disgrace upon herself and her family can never, never be forgiven."

II.

CONVERSATIONS IN EATON-SQUARE.

HAVING seen what were the antecedents of Mrs. Larpent, we cannot be surprised at her subsequent career. Yet she really had nothing to complain of, nothing to urge her into the neglect of her duties as a wife and a mother.

It is a sad spectacle that of a lady with every domestic comfort, surrounded by luxury, with a most indulgent and trusting husband, with children looking to her as their guide and hope, poor innocent creatures! With an excellent position in society, relations, friends, and acquaintances of high respectability, casting away all the blessings the God of Mercy had showered upon her. For what? A wild chimera—a vicious incli-

nation—a morbid feeling of dislike to her husband, and weariness of those duties which ought to have been equally her pleasure and her pride!

What a state of mind that woman must be in who knows what is right yet does what is wrong! What a dreadful fate for her victims, who are sacrificed without regret, without remorse, to the Molock of her Vanity! The outer world may shrug its shoulders and sneer at her, but she lives under the protection of her husband; she gives *recherché* dinner-parties, therefore they do not break with her. She is not sent to Coventry at once, as she *ought* to be; therefore her power of doing evil remains. And the relations of the favourite, or the *cavalière servente* of the time being, dare not say a word, for fear of injuring one who is dear to them. Wincing under the woman's influence over a member of their family, they are forced to be dumb. Despising and naturally disliking her, they must be civil to her, and, for his sake, pretend to be on friendly terms with her.

Such was the position of the Arlington family in regard to Mrs. Larpent—at least, of most of that family, for there were some few of them who were either too obtuse or too indifferent to care about her improper influence over Richard. His father was rather gratified than otherwise by Richard's intimacy with "the Larpents." It was a maxim of his that a young man must either have good society or bad.

"And so, my dear," he said to his wife, "we should be very glad that Richard find sufficient attraction in the society of a lady in his own rank of life, a well brought up and well-educated lady, which keeps him from forming low and vicious connexions. Richard is a good-looking young man, with money at his command; he must be, therefore, surrounded by temptations, and of course must have plenty of bad examples among his brother-officers. Military men are not celebrated for their steadiness, and so I think we ought to feel obliged to Mr. and Mrs. Larpent for their friendly manner in which they receive him."

"Ladies can be bad as well as women of the lower classes," replied Mrs. Arlington.

"But, my dear! surely you don't mean to affirm that Mrs. Larpent is a—bad woman!"

"No—not decidedly—a bad woman—in the broadest acceptation of the term; but I don't call her *good*. A married woman, who runs after a young man as she does after Richard, can't be called very correct in her conduct."

"But her husband is just as partial to him as she is," urged Mr. Arlington.

"Mr. Larpent is a very worthy man," replied Mrs. Arlington, "but a bit of a noodle."

"Well, I don't see this, Nelly—I really don't see this, and I think you must have got some spite against these Larpents, or perhaps the girls have, and you have taken your cue from them. I consider Richard fortunate in having such safe and pleasant friends."

"Safe!" ejaculated Mrs. Arlington to herself, as her husband left the room. "Arlington is as great a noodle as Mr. Larpent; he does not see an inch beyond his nose!"

Mr. Arlington was not far wrong about his wife and daughters having

taken a spite against Mrs. Larpent. Aurelia and Eleanor could not forgive that lady for having prevented Richard from escorting them to Plymouth on the occasion of the festivities there, to which they had been so anxious to go; Fanny found out that Mrs. Larpent had applied the ignominious term of "old maid" to her; Cornelia suspected that Mrs. Larpent had ridiculed the Reverend Septimus Severin; and Letitia was always inclined to be severe on the actions of others.

"I wish," exclaimed Eleanor, "that that Mrs. Larpent had fixed on any other young man than poor Richard for her cher ami, or l'ami de maison. She makes quite a slave of him, poor fellow!"

"You need not commiserate him so much, I think," said Letitia; "he seems a willing slave, at any rate. I had hoped, when he became acquainted with that girl, Miss FitzHenry, who has thirty thousand pounds, that he would have thrown Mrs. Larpent overboard, and attached himself to her. She is a nice-looking girl, and her money is quite at her own command, or will be very soon at least, for she will be twenty-one on her next birthday. I am quite sure that she rather likes Richard, she seems so pleased to dance with him, and when he joined her the other day in the Park, she got rid of all the other gentlemen who were flocking round her, and devoted herself entirely to him."

"These Irish girls," said Maria, "are *very* frank; they think nothing of meeting a man half way."

"You had better say meeting him three-quarters of the way, Maria, then you will be nearer the truth," remarked Letitia.

"I would not care if she met him every inch of the way," exclaimed Eleanor, "so she cut out Mrs. Larpent, and bestowed her fortune upon Richard."

"Depend on it," said Letitia, "the Larpent woman will never give him a chance of marrying the thirty-thousand pounder, or any one else. He ventured to take a ride the other morning with Miss FitzHenry, and I conclude, not having presented himself in Wilton-crescent for his daily orders, the vigilant dame came forth with two of the children and their nurse, and possibly suspecting some little wandering on Richard's part, she perambulated the walks, both on the side of the carriage-road and the ride, until she discovered him. Fanny and I happened to be in the Park at the time, and we saw her shake her finger in a threatening way at him. He will never dare to ride with Miss FitzHenry again."

"He had better look sharp if he should be thinking of her," observed Eleanor. "A girl with her money, though she is not a millionaire, will have plenty of admirers and offers."

Little did Eleanor guess, when she made this speech, how Miss FitzHenry's fortune would affect her own future prospects—or, at least, fancied prospects.

Had Richard Arlington, as his sisters wished, given up his quiet little *liaison* with Mrs. Larpent, and enlisted himself tout bonnement among the ranks of the young Irish lady's admirers, with her apparent proclivities towards him, he might probably have carried the day and won the heiress. What a difference this would have made to himself, if not to another member of his family.

How blind we often are to our own good! Working in the dark like moles—but, alas! not like moles bringing our work to a successful issue!

Richard Arlington just paid enough attention to Miss FitzHenry to awaken her susceptibility, and create for him some interest in her mind. Had he followed up the matter, there seemed every promise of success for him, and had he succeeded, it would have been fortunate for him. He would have married a pretty, good-humoured girl, with a tolerably large fortune. She was not very bright, but neither was he, and they might have got on extremely well together. But Mrs. Larpent's jealousy and selfishness came, like a withering blight, between them.

God help the poor young man who is led in chains by a married woman! She becomes his evil genius—she cares not how she sacrifices his best interests, his respectability in the present, his hopes, his prospects in the future. She is a moral murderer! Can a stronger term be used?

Miss Fanny had opened her mother's eyes to the eligibility of Miss FitzHenry as a daughter-in-law; and that worthy matron was seized with a strong desire to secure the young lady and her fortune for her eldest son.

"We must ask her, and the lady who is her companion, or chaperone, to dinner, Fanny," she said. "A dinner-party will be better than an evening one, for we need only have a select few, and Mrs. Larpent can be excluded. I must get Richard to fix on a day, and keep himself engaged. He must really promise to come."

"He will promise fast enough," replied Fanny. "But will he keep his promise? If Mrs. Larpent discovers that Miss FitzHenry is to be here, she will find some other engagement for him, and as Richard tells her everything, I don't see how the fact can be kept from her."

"I will manage that," said Mrs. Arlington. "I'm pretty sure Richard is in want of money, and he shan't have a shilling until the dinner-party is over, and he has done his duty."

She mentioned the matter to Richard that very afternoon.

"Humph!" exclaimed Richard, making a wry face. "Marrying is a very serious affair, mother. I can understand running off with a pretty girl whom one loves to distraction, but I don't know any such adorable damsel. As to little FitzHenry, I can't pretend to be in love with her. If I were to swear it until I were black in the face, I could not make her believe me sincere. She's not quite a fool, and she would soon enough find out the difference between pretence and reality."

"Do you suppose," answered Mrs. Arlington, "that any one among the gentlemen who swarm round her, and pay her attention, care a straw for herself? It is her money they all want, and of course they must take her into the bargain. I have it from good authority that you have made a favourable impression upon her. Follow it up, my boy—follow it up! You are always in hot water about money; this marriage will set you at ease upon that point, and as you do not care for anybody else, there won't be much difficulty in your making up your mind to marry Miss FitzHenry. If you were much attached to another girl—a girl who, however charming and accomplished, was too poor for you to marry, I admit it would be a bitter pill to take this young Irish lady; but as you don't care for anybody——"

"How do you know that, mother?" exclaimed Richard, interrupting her; "perhaps I *do* care for somebody."

"It is not possible, Richard, or you would not be so much devoted to Mrs. Larpent. You are quite under her thumb; it is a sad pity. But you know you can't marry *her* unless you make away with her husband, and I don't think you would administer poison to him, as Hamlet's uncle did to his father, Shakspeare's celebrated Ghost. You can't marry Mrs. Larpent, and therefore it would be folly to throw away a good chance on her account."

Richard moved his foot impatiently; then rising stiffly, he asked if she had anything more to say.

"Yes, I have, and you must listen. Silvester's expenses at college have been increasing very much lately; I fear he is falling heavily into debt, and I also fear not doing much in the way of study. You can't live upon your pay and your allowance put together. We have a large establishment to keep up, and eight daughters are not fed and clothed for nothing. You and your brother seem to think that your father has the whole revenue of the bank at his disposal; you should remember that he has only a portion of it, and that he can no more go beyond that amount than a clerk can go beyond his salary—that is to say, without dishonesty. If anything were to happen to your father, his private fortune would not be much divided among so many. Make hay, therefore, while the sun shines, Richard, and secure a tolerably rich wife while you can!"

III.

A DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE.

THE projected dinner-party took place. Miss FitzHenry and her chaperone, Mrs. Gray, came to it; Richard handed the younger lady down to dinner, and exerted himself considerably to chat with her. But had she known why he so exerted himself, she would not have felt gratified, or fancied that the handsome Guardsman was pleased with her conversation. Mrs. Arlington had bribed him into good humour with the promise of a cheque on the bank, which, however, she prudently refused to deliver to him until the following day.

The Reverend Septimus Severin was one of the guests, and Miss Cornelia was in the seventh heavens, for, under the influence of the champagne and other wines, the curate, accustomed generally only to regale himself with small beer, or a glass of bitter ale, became quite eloquent and quite tender, and spoke of love as "the brightest gift of Heaven to suffering humanity." Query—Did he not think in his inmost soul that a good dinner, with "a little wine for his stomach's sake," was better?

Cornelia made up her mind that the hour was now close at hand when the name she was so anxious to bear—Mrs. Septimus Severin—would be offered to her.

The evening passed off pleasantly and harmoniously. Mrs. Gray, the widow of a major in the army, was very confidential and communicative to Mrs. Arlington. She had been, she said, a schoolfellow and early friend of Mrs. FitzHenry, and that was the reason she had undertaken the charge of her "dear Ellen," whom she had known since she was a

sweet child of four years of age. Mrs. Gray did not allude to the three hundred pounds a year remuneration which she received for being chaperone to the sweet child, now a grown-up young lady. Mrs. Arlington agreed with Mrs. Gray that, even when Ellen FitzHenry married, it would be an advantage to her to have that experienced lady as her companion, and to take charge of her house. The delivering of this opinion was a stroke of policy on Mrs. Arlington's part, and it evidently told, for the major's widow hinted rather plainly that Richard Arlington would be an acceptable suitor.

Maria, for a wonder, was anxious to sing; but neither her mother or her sisters would let her.

"Maria has had a cold for some days past," said Mrs. Arlington, in so decided a tone that it admitted of no contradiction. And Letitia added, "We don't want to hear *you*, Maria. We wish to hear Miss FitzHenry sing."

Miss FitzHenry had no idea how much better Maria sang than she did, or she would have had good sense and modesty enough to have declined showing off; but, ignorant of Maria's extreme superiority, she sat down without any fuss, and sang some of the beautiful melodies of her native island. She did not sing badly, and Richard, who had a tolerable voice, joined her in the duet, "Go, where Glory waits thee!"

Mr. Septimus Severin volunteered, somewhat to the surprise of the party, "The night before Larry was stretched"—a proof that the Puseyite clergyman was half seas over; and Irish songs being thereupon discontinued, Miss FitzHenry, who pertinaciously kept her seat on the music stool, sang one or two Scotch airs. She knew that she was not equal to Italian, and as she was not strong in her pronunciation of German, she was afraid to venture on any German *Lieder*, so she took refuge in English ballads and Scotch songs. She had chosen

O, dinna ask me gin I loe you—
Ask it o' yoursel'!

to which she was giving all possible expression, her eyes fixed on Richard's face, when a loud double knock was heard at the door, and the portly butler announced, in a clear voice, to Richard,

"Mrs. Larpent is waiting for you, sir."

If a bombshell had fallen into the drawing-room there could not have been greater surprise, indeed dismay, amongst most of its occupants. Mrs. Arlington absolutely started, Richard turned very pale and looked at his watch, then stammered forth, "It wants a quarter to eleven o'clock; I told her not to call for me till a quarter past eleven." The Reverend Mr. Severin said, in a loud whisper, to Cornelia, "'Tis well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new;" and Miss FitzHenry reddened up to the roots of her hair.

"Where are you going, Richard?" asked Mrs. Arlington.

"To Lady Mary Thornhill's, sir," he replied.

"Lady Mary Thornhill's!" repeated Letitia, scornfully. "You will meet a nice set there!"

"Do you visit Lady Mary Thornhill?" asked Mrs. Gray of Eleanor, who happened to be standing near her.

"No," she replied, "not now. But I believe some ladies still visit her, and of course plenty of gentlemen do."

"She has made herself very notorious about that Sir Jasper Dillon," said Mrs. Gray, turning to Mrs. Arlington, who was struggling hard to regain her composure.

"Very!" she at last jerked out; adding more quietly, "I think such extremely light-headed ladies should form a coterie of their own, and keep to it. But while their husbands wink at their misdeeds, what can be done?"

Mrs. Arlington with difficulty suppressed a sigh. It was a relief to her that Miss FitzHenry's carriage was announced, and nothing more was said than adieu.

The guests had no sooner all taken leave, than Letitia exclaimed,

"What a vile woman that Mrs. Larpent is!"

"And what a blockhead Richard is!" added Aurelia.

"He is very soft!" said his mother. "I am quite distressed at his folly. We must try to get him sent to some foreign station—Gibraltar, perhaps—or some colony—Canada, the Cape of Good Hope—anywhere so that *that* woman cannot follow him, and keep up her influence over him!"

"I wish she were at the bottom of the sea!" cried Eleanor, passionately. "My poor Richard!"

"Don't say that, Eleanor!" exclaimed Cornelia. "Wish, rather, that the Lord would touch his heart with grace from above, and lead him into green pastures!"

"I don't know what you mean by 'green pastures,'" cried Eleanor, "but I think that Miss FitzHenry will be very green indeed if she takes up with him after the finale of this evening."

Richard's folly was in the mouth of every one of his sisters. Yet he was not quite so much to blame as they thought. He had told Mrs. Larpent that he had promised to dine at home on the day fixed for inviting Miss FitzHenry, and that lady at first took no notice of the matter. But, by degrees, she extracted from Richard the names of the persons who were to be of the party, and when Miss FitzHenry was mentioned, she became angry.

"They are trying to get up a marriage between you and that doll, Richard," she said, "on account of her having a little money. You will be a fool if you submit to be led blindfold into this scrape. Depend upon it she won't suit you, and the pittance you will receive with her will never indemnify you for all the privations you will have to undergo, and all the sacrifices you will have to make."

Richard was not exactly thunderstruck, but certainly he was taken a little aback.

"Really," he replied, "I cannot see things in the same light as you do. My mother wants me to fill a place at her table on a certain day; what has that to do with my marrying any of her guests? My mother is not an ignoramus in the affairs of the world, and she knows very well that my dining at my father's house in company with a young lady, rich or poor, does not entail a matrimonial adventure."

"Look here, Richard," said Mrs. Larpent. "You can't mystify me. I know very well that this Miss FitzHenry is destined, or rather desired by your own family, to be your wife. They don't care for your comfort or happiness, only for the money. If you are going to marry for money alone, there are plenty of richer girls to be had."

"Name them," said Richard, "and tell me where I can meet them. A plentiful addition of tin would really be very acceptable to me."

"Tin won't give you happiness, Richard."

"There is no happiness without money, however," he replied. "You, who have had abundance since you were born, and never knew what it was to owe a bill that you could not pay, or be reduced to your last five-pound note, may speak with lofty scorn of money; but a poor devil like me, with a soldier's pitiful pay, and a not exceedingly liberal allowance, can't despise the useful metals."

"I hope he is not going to ask me for a loan!" thought Mrs. Larpent; and, taking no notice of his financial difficulties, she plunged back into the subject of the dinner at his father's house, and informing him that Mr. Larpent was engaged that day at a meeting, and a dinner given by one of the numerous societies to which he belonged—for public bodies of men can never settle their affairs, great or small, without the accompaniment of eating and drinking—she asked him to take a tête-à-tête dinner with her, and go with her to the Gallery of Illustration after it.

But, for once, Richard was refractory. Not that he cared in the least to meet Miss FitzHenry, but his mother had promised him a cheque the day after the dinner-party, and he well knew he would not behold it unless he kept his word.

Mrs. Larpent was equally surprised and annoyed at his "obstinacy." Richard Arlington, whom she could always mould to her will, as she would have moulded a bit of soft wax between her fingers! Was he going to give her the slip? If he resigned his post, who was to succeed him? Not Sir Jasper Dillon, that hateful Lady Mary had fastened her chains too tightly round him! Suddenly Mrs. Larpent remembered that she was asked to a soirée at Lady Mary Thornhill's on the evening of the dinner-party at Mrs. Arlington's. Her determination was instantly taken. Richard should go with her; she knew he was also invited; she would call for him, and carry him off in triumph from Miss FitzHenry, though Mrs. Arlington and her six daughters should go into hysterics!

Richard calculated that Miss FitzHenry and her chaperone, as well as all the other guests, would be gone by eleven o'clock, and he therefore agreed to be fetched by Mrs. Larpent at a quarter past eleven. But to wait till that hour was no part of *her* scheme, and she came, on purpose, half an hour too soon.

Mrs. Larpent, however, was mistaken if she fancied Mrs. Arlington was to be so easily conquered. She had only made enemies by her manoeuvre, for Letitia could not be restrained from speaking of her as a person no better than she should be; and Mrs. Gray was very bitter against her. But Mrs. Larpent was fast falling into that hardened state that she did not much care what any one said of her.

Prompted by his mother, Richard had left cards for Mrs. Gray and Miss FitzHenry, and he had, moreover, escorted these ladies to an exhibition of paintings.

"He is regaining his lost ground," said Mrs. Arlington to some of her daughters, "and we must get up a party at the Crystal Palace. If Richard will only pay a little marked attention to Miss FitzHenry, all may yet go well."

The party was arranged with great care. An old East India colonel

was invited to escort Mrs. Gray; Eleanor's friend, and supposed admirer, Captain Colville, was asked; as also was the rich stranger who had been introduced to Richard at Major Chapman's club-dinner, Richard having succeeded, by his mother's instigation, in hunting him up. Two or three other gentlemen—"nonentities," according to Letitia—were invited to fill up the necessary complement of their sex. Fanny and Cornelia were to be left at home, for it was impossible to take more than four Miss Arlingtons. Richard objected to so many; but, as he was rather in disgrace, no notice was taken of his objection. Cornelia did not care to go, for the charity children were to have a treat that afternoon at the schoolroom, at which the Reverend Septimus Severin was to be present. He was to deliver a short lecture to the little pupils, after which they were to be regaled with a preparation called tea, but which was, in reality, warm water and sugar with a slight dash of milk, with bread-and-butter, and half-baked, very indigestible cakes.

Fanny was in great wrath, and expressed her opinion that *she* ought to have been selected as the companion of the old Indian officer, instead of his being delivered over to "that Mrs. Gray." She considered herself very ill used; but there was no help for her.

MUHBOOB JAN.

PART V.

THE boorea was soon known to the chief, who made him alight, and had his dromedary taken care of. When he had given him something to refresh him, and he had bathed his feet and washed his hands, Ukhbar Khan said that he could not go back so late that night, so he must stay and rest himself.

To this the boorea consented, and said, "Is it safe for me to speak to you my message in this lonely room?"

Ukhbar Khan said he need fear nothing.

Then the chokeydaur said: "The begum, the lady of rank, who lives in the palace near Delhi, and is married to the son of the nawaub, has some important message for you, and she sent me to tell you to be with her at five in the morning, two days from this, so that you may have time to make your journey."

Ukhbar Khan replied: "I cannot go on a dromedary. I am so well known, that I should be seized soon after my arrival at Delhi by some of the people in the pay of the new government which has taken the country from the Mahrattas, but I will send on my horses by different stages, and by that means I may travel over the ground if I go disguised as a hajee."

Then the boorea said that such was the best plan.

After this, Ukhbar Khan sent his saeesees with relays of horses to the different villages on the route from his own jungle home to Delhi. He said, that as he had three strong fleet horses besides the one which he rode on, they would be enough to carry him swiftly the seventy miles, and he would be able to finish the journey the next night. So he sent them on that night, and he told the boorea that when he reached the palace of the begum, the next night, he might say to her that he would be sure to be at her service on the morning she mentioned at five o'clock. After this he left him to his repose, and he himself, having given all his orders, selected a dress which was that of a hajee, or pilgrim who had been to Mecca, and which he knew would secure his not being arrested either on the road or the streets of the Great City.

There is no more exciting mode of travelling than by a relay of horses; and in a country where there are no roads it is, with the exception of riding a dromedary, the swiftest mode of getting over the ground. To one who knew the face of the country so well as Ukhbar Khan, it was also very secure travelling, as he was sure not to miss his way. So he was determined to give the saeesees a day to lay the different relays of horses, and to travel the whole of the journey, the next night stay in the town at a friend's house, and the morning after that pay his visit to the begum. So the chokeydaur took his departure the next morning, and returned on his dromedary to the begum's palace, and at night brought her news of the message which he had received in answer to hers to Ukhbar Khan; and the next night Ukhbar Khan put on a green turban and a green sash, took a large tusbee which he hung from his neck, and dressing himself in the thick clothes which travellers wear crossing the desert, he mounted his horse and took the direction of Delhi. He found his relays of horses all waiting for him at the different places, and as he changed each he gave a certain number of coins to each saeese to expend in feeding the animal which he entrusted to him in place of the one which he mounted, and told him to wait in charge of the steed until his return. By this means he made sure of having the same accommodation coming back as he would have going, and that the horse should always be available, however late his return.

The journey, as he supposed, passed over without his being stopped or, in fact, suspected by any one; and when he reached Delhi he put up for the day at the house of an old friend. He heard numerous stories of the wonderful people who had now got away in the country, and that their vigilance was such that an ant could not fly through the gates of the city without their being aware of it, and that the trade of the outlaw very soon bade fair to become extinct; but he said while there are women that pay like the begum, the men who work for her shall not starve. He was dressed the next morning at four, and mounting his steed he took the road that led out of the Shalimar Gate to the palace of the begum. When he gave his name as Hajee Khan to the durban, he was admitted. This was the name he told the boorea he should take, and accordingly the faithful boorea reported it to the begum, and he was admitted without further question. The begum, who always rose early, was attended by three of her old female servants, and walking in a spacious veranda enjoying the cool morning air, and the perfume of the flowers and plants from the extensive gardens. The different sorts of oranges, the chukotras

the satrunjees, the jumbaylee, the acacias, and many other shrubs grew there, laid out in parterres.

When Ukhbar Khan arrived he gave his horse to an attendant, and being led up to the verandah by two burkandosses he made a profound salaam to the lady of rank, who said, "Are you Hajee Khan?"

Then he answered, "Mistress of my life, I am that slave."

She then waved her hand, and the three women who stood near her in the verandah disappeared, and also the burkandosses who had accompanied Ukhbar Khan. She then said, "I sent for you to ask you if you will, with your gang, surround the house of Khurream Buksh, who is a merchant of this town, and whose servant, Morad Alea, has a daughter called Muhboob Jan?"

Ukhbar Khan answered: "Lady, if what you propose were to have been done some years or even some months ago, before the regulations were in force that exist since the English have got footing in this city, I should have said I should do it easily; but to come here with my men armed, considering the number of patrols that they have established, is what now no man who is sane could think of doing."

She then said: "I have not told you yet what my wish is; but when I tell you, you will see that by means of using your ingenuity I think you will be able to effect it. I want to get possession of the little girl who is living in that house. If you can bring her to me here, either alive or dead, you shall have a thousand gold mohurs. If you use your own discretion, and surround the house some time when Khurream Buksh and his servant are away, and then break into the zinana and seize the girl, when you bring her here you shall have the money given you instantly; or if in the attempt you should be stopped by any means, then, if you will make an end of the girl, and bring me certain proof that she is no more, I will give you also the same sum. You now know my wish."

Then the bandit replied: "Lady, it is an arduous task, and one which I would rather not attempt; but your word is good, and your patronage and that of your lord is what would be like a fountain of life to your slave. You would be better to him than father, mother, or any natural blessing, if he were so fortunate as to gain your favour. I have now disguised myself as a pilgrim, and if any of our family were to see that I had done so, I should be disgraced for evermore; but I will go through this matter to the end for your sake, and you may rely upon my doing what is possible to effect your wishes."

The begum said: "Enough. I have told my husband that you were a hajee, but it will not do for you to stay too long here. You know the terms of the agreement, so you may now take your departure."

Then Ukhbar Khan made answer: "There may be some little delay before I can ascertain what time it will be best to surround the house, and I must linger a little longer in the city; but when I have heard of any likelihood of the merchant leaving his house, I will certainly take my steps to have my followers brought in here. And if I should hear anything further, I can come here to-morrow at the same hour and tell your highness of it."

The begum said: "You know that the Mohurram will soon take place, and you know what crowds assemble in the streets, and what an opportunity it will afford you for your doing what I say."

"What the lady of rank says is true," replied Ukhbar Khan, "but it is hard on a follower of the prophet to do as you say."

"I have told you of the reward," said the begum, "and I know your resolution of mind. Go in peace."

When she had finished speaking, Ukhbar Khan knew that she would hear no more; so, making a profound salaam, he took his departure.

When Ukhbar Khan left the begum and returned to the house of his relative, his first object was to inquire relative to the movements of Khurream Buksh and his servant. He learned from some of the hangers-on, who are so numerous in every man's house in India, that the chokeydaurs had ascertained that in the ensuing month, when the Mohurram was to be celebrated, Khurream Buksh and his follower were about to go to an Emaumbarah, or large shrine, which is used by the Mussulmans for the purpose of going through the commemoration of this religious ceremony, and that the Emaumbarah was situated about three miles from the city; that they were the more anxious to celebrate this anniversary of the murder of Mohammed's grandsons on account of their wishing to evince a sense of religious gratitude upon the occasion of Morad Alee's recovery from the dangerous accident, and as soon as the sacred rites of this mourning celebration were finished, Khurream Buksh proposed to reward the fortunate doctor, who had been the instrument under Allah of recovering his faithful servant. But, as a matter of paramount necessity, they were both determined that the reward and the demonstration of gratitude to Morad Alee's deliverer should not take their course until after the due solemnities, which all true Mussulmans of the Sheeah class owe to Hassan and Hossein, had been completed.

Although Ukhbar Khan found it revolting to his feelings and to his creed to take advantage of such an occasion for the purpose of carrying on the plot for which the begum had made him her agent, yet the urgent need in which he stood, and the tempting anticipation also of gaining future favour from her, made him enter into the business with all the unction and earnestness that was a part of his character on all occasions. So he sought the next morning the appointed meeting with the begum again to report progress, and show himself her faithful ally. He left the city in the same disguise, and took the same route as he had taken the day before. When in due form he arrived at the verandah where the begum was seated, she smiled, and said that it augured favourably his returning so soon.

He then said: "Queen of my life, this your bounden slave is here to do your behests, and to die for you if there should be need."

"Bu muzmoon—Come to the point," she replied.

"When the approaching Mohurram is to be," said Ukhbar Khan, "and the moon of mourning is to begin, then this slave will have fifteen of his followers here, and he will go for them now, but will himself return during the night. His eyes and his head are in pledge to the service of his queen. When the servants shall be all ready in the city, and the merchant and his follower shall have gone to draw their tazias at the Emaumbarah, three miles from Delhi, then will be the time to enter the merchant's house and carry off the khanazadee."

The begum clapped her hands, and said: "Shahbash! May your fate be glorious."

The ceremony which Ukhbar Khan had adverted to is one that is considered the very holiest of all those that are observed by the Mussulmans in India. It is for many days the sole object of the consideration of the faithful. During its continuance, in a series of processions (conformable to the demi-theatrical mimic show so prevalent in the country), the whole history of the march of Mohammed's grandsons and their sister with her lover to Kurballa is represented by living actors; these work up the feelings of the faithful to such a pitch, that a host of frenzied fanatics of all ages are seen during the days appropriated to this celebration continually moving to and fro in the direction of the Emaumbarahs, where the mursya kwans, or singers, call out or chant the tragical story. Some are actually to be seen dancing while they beat their breasts, and call out loudly, "Hassan-Hosseyne!" There are at all the cross-roads in the country contiguous to the towns scaffolds erected, called sabbeels, and a guardian seated on each has numerous jars of sherbet, and keeps perpetually calling out, "Nuzzur-Hosseyne pyasa ne jaeyo!" "Pass not thirsty, the free gift of Hosseyne the martyr." And those who are of the Mussulman creed get as much of this from him as they please to drink, paying nothing. The horse, called Dhul Dhul, who was ridden by the bridegroom, is paraded in procession on one of the days. All well-to-do Mussulmans provide themselves with a wooden representation of a hand, which they hold while they walk in procession. This is commemorative of the circumstance of the bridegroom, Huzrut Abbas Alee, having had his hand cut off. Even the mussack of the water-carrier, who was supposed to have accompanied the party in their march, is carried in mimic procession pierced with arrows. The grandest part of the demonstration, however, is the tazia, which is a very large framework made of talc, and decorated most elaborately, as also festooned with numerous garlands. At night it is lighted up with lamps and brought out on a plain near the city, where multitudes of Mussulmans stand round it gesticulating, calling out in clamorous language the names of the two martyrs, and evincing every sort of violent grief. The ceremonies of the Mohurram, which take up a period of ten days, are concluded by the tazia being buried in the earth, or, in some cases, thrown into a river.

When Ukhbar Khan left the begum's presence he was determined not to delay any time longer his return to his own house, and taking the same horse as that which carried him to her residence, he rode the first dawk, or stage, and found the horse which had been in charge of his servant there; and, without any pause further than giving over his steed to the saees to await his return, he proceeded on, and in the same way rode through the several stages, and was at his own house before evening set in. Then his next task was to select the men from amongst his followers whom he should consider most efficient to aid him in his nefarious project. Notwithstanding what he had heard related of the wonderful vigilance observed by the English Government, and that the officials were free from the taint of venality which universally pervades all the natives of India, he could not, from his antecedents, realise the fact that he should not be able to deal with men in authority there so as to buy impunity for what he should wish to undertake. But, at all events, he said, I will get the wisest, the most

active, and the most experienced men to accompany me in my expedition, and as they can scarcely trust to receiving anything from these strangers to betray me, I hope I may be enabled to carry out the begum's wish.


Of all the characteristics which strike a European most on his arriving in any part of Asia, the trait which is so universally predominant in the native's disposition, the peculiar one that most arrests his astonishment and inspires him with a distaste and even disgust, is their universal venality. This is, throughout all countries which are subject to Asiatic rule, one observable distinction compared to those which are under the domination of any power in Christendom. There is a universal absence of even-handed justice. All parties that approach any tribunal, no matter of what kind, throughout Asiatic countries, must never expect to earn any recognition of their claims from their own merits. Unless it be that they bribe the officials, or that they have a friend to plead their cause, the expectation of meeting with due justice is a dream that would never enter into the conception of any suitors. In the same proportion also as justice is enfeebled and neutralised by the extensive venality of all her functionaries, injustice is practised by means of delinquents being able to purchase their connivance. Thus it was that previous to the British occupation of Delhi there was no certain protection for any resident, although the Eastern saying, so similar to that found in our Scriptures, "The lion and the lamb under his sway drank water together out of the same stream," was one of frequent expression. The sublime allegory which represents Justice as blind is one that is unknown in the philosophy of a Hindoo or a Mussulman. The love of self and of lucre has so completely swamped all idea of disinterested impartiality in his mind, that he does not even understand what it is to approach the subject of forming a judgment without having first received an equivalent to the value of his opinion in the way of something substantial; and the judge being universally of this opinion, the advocate, the client, and the whole *posse comitatis* who form the court, are alike imbued with it. The unfortunate claimant who would rashly attempt to engage in any suit without having the means to satisfy the harpies of justice would certainly have not a shadow of a chance of succeeding. There is no country wherein the popular writers say so much that is at variance with the popular practice, and the precepts of Noshérwan the Just are constantly quoted, and the example of the benevolent Hatim continually adverted to. The whole of it is "lip-worship." But they are profuse in commendation of what they have not, and from their frequent mention of justice, both in their writings and in their conversation, one would suppose it likely to find appreciation amongst them; still, nothing could be more helpless than the condition of those who were unable to pay for the protection of the so-called police who are in the pay of the native governments. Ukhbar Khan chose the men from his gang who were most proper for the purpose of making the attack. These he fixed on, and confining his number to fourteen, he directed them to proceed in two bodies, dressed as travellers, but still armed, to Delhi. The first party, consisting of seven, he obliged to set off immediately. They were to accomplish the journey in three days,

so as not to give their horses over-fatigue, and he charged the leader of the party to leave them at the Ajmeer Gate, and to enter it and report his arrival to himself at the house of the relative whose name he told him. He gave similar instructions to the second party, who were to move in the same order the next day, and he went himself that night, and as his horses were still in waiting, he, having started at four in the morning, completed his ride and arrived at his friend's house by twelve the next day. The men of his party in their several divisions also arrived in time, and long before the commencement of the Mohurram were housed in different lodgings which Ukhbar Khan had been careful to provide for them in the city. The whole party were instructed as to what measures Ukhbar Khan would take when the Mohurram would come on. Something like a saturnalia, so far as regards license of movement, but the very reverse of such so far as regards the object and purport of the groups assembled, is this ceremonial of Mussulman observance. But when the rule of the foreigner, the high and mighty Feringhees, who wielded the sceptre of power over the vast territories of the Mogul, had been, through the instrumentality of Lord Lake's power, established in the North-West Provinces, then a system of guardianship was set on foot, which, while it admitted to the fullest extent of the processions and the rituals of devotion which the Mussulmans observed, and contributed by its wholesome power to ensure the safety of all true believers whilst in the exercise of their acts of devotion, still was influential in preventing any depredator, disturber of the peace of any of the class commonly called among the natives budmashes, from the pursuit of their nefarious occupations.

At last the days for the commencement of the Mohurram came on. The crowds assembled in every street. The colours of mourning were so prevalent, that all Mussulmans of the Soonnee class who did not dress so were hooted by the majority. The population being mostly of the Sheeah order made the Hindoos and the other descriptions of Mussulmans refrain from any sort of remark upon the doings that were going on. The songs of mourning night and day, the crowds with banners, the shouting of the names of the martyrs, would have made a stranger suppose that the whole populace had become inoculated with a spirit of frenzy. Morad Alee had been sufficiently recovered to accompany his master to the Emaumbarah, and two days after they had gone there an assemblage, consisting of fifteen men, all dressed in the mourning garb, and shouting in the most vociferous manner, passed down the street in which his house was situated, and finding the door of the zinana open, rushed inside. The chokeydaur had gone to look at the tomasha a little distance off, he being also one of the Sheeah tribe, and before he could return, Ukhbar Khan and four of his men had seized poor little Muhboob Jan, and, dragging her outside, were about, notwithstanding her screams and entreaties, to take her to a part of the street where there were a party of kuhars, who had a native litter, or meanee, ready, and who were hired for the purpose of conveying her to a chosen house which Ukhbar Khan had some days before selected. In the mêlée, in the great hubbub of the crowd, in the confusion incidental to such occasions, Ukhbar Khan thought he could safely build upon this plan of abduction. But when he

had gone on with his companions only a short way from the house, and as they led the struggling and terror-stricken girl away, some mounted police, with whom were the magistrate, Mr. Johnston, and the doctor, came down the street, and hearing the cries, they galloped straight up to the place, and the policemen called out to Ukhbar Khan to say that the magistrate, who was the acting judge in the city, was present. But he with two of his men still persisted in drawing the girl away, until one of the policemen, dismounting, seized him by the arm. He drew a pistol from his belt and fired at the policeman. Just as it was fired, Mr. Johnson and the doctor came up, and the latter, seeing the state of the case, instantly aimed a blow with his bludgeon at the bandit, and knocked him down. When the other men saw this, they ran away, and left their chief in the hands of the policemen. The case was a desperate one for the robber, who, when he recovered his consciousness after lying a few seconds on the ground, drew his kunjar from his belt and aimed at one of the policemen who stood near; but another of the force standing by made a cut with his tulwar at the robber, and nearly severed his head from his body. All this was the act of but a few moments, and the poor little girl, who had fallen senseless, was, by order of the magistrate, taken to his house in a palanquin, and given in charge to his wife. The ruffian, who had paid the penalty of his life for his daring act of villany, survived no more than a few seconds after the man had cut him down with the tulwar.

When Muhboob Jan arrived at Mrs. Johnson's house, it was like new life to her. The kindness, the cordiality, the affection even with which she was welcomed, were so reassuring and so grateful to her feelings, that it seemed to her as if she had found new relatives. The doctor, who never had seen her before, was extremely pleased with her appearance; and when Mrs. Johnson told her that it was to him that she was indebted for her escape from the fiendish plot that had been devised to take her away, she looked her gratitude, and tears of joy came into her sparkling eyes. The most advisable plan now appeared to be, to urge Muhboob Jan to remain an inmate of Mr. Johnson's house until the Mohurram was over, and her father, along with Khurreem Buksh, should return from the Emaumbarah. The morning after her arrival at his house, accordingly, Mr. Johnson rode out to the Emaumbarah, and seeing Morad Alea, he told him that his house had been entered, but that no property had been taken away; and evidently the intentions of the assailants was merely to take away his daughter, but that he had by chance been passing that way with his policemen. He then told him the account of the whole of what had happened, how they succeeded in rescuing her, and that she was now at his house; and added, if he would permit him, she should stay there, where Mrs. Johnson would be delighted to take charge of her. Morad Alea consented; and as Mr. Johnson did not wish to interrupt the progress of the solemnity which was going on, he stayed but a short time after Morad Alea had given him his consent. He then returned, and found the doctor seated with his wife, conversing together relative to the young Mussulman girl, Dr. Mainchance certainly feeling a great interest in all he heard her say. She was so lovely, so innocent looking; her manners were so simple and unaffected, she was so different from all other females that he had ever seen. Before he left the house,



Mrs. Johnson never ceased to enlarge upon her qualifications and her charms, and she said that she had adopted the Christian religion in all its purity, and was not in the least biased by the parties which, in their zeal of partisanship throughout England, make the forms of religion supply the place of its reality.

Mrs. Johnson, who now began to feel the affection of a mother for the little girl, was extremely anxious to forward her views of ensuring her being confirmed in her belief of the Christian religion, and weaning her from the prejudices which naturally belonged to her birth and her tribe. She sounded her upon the point, and from the glad way in which she expressed herself as appreciating the great kindness that had been shown by her, she thought of introducing the topic of her being married to a Christian, which, she said, would be so desirable as sealing the agreement which she had engaged herself to in becoming a member of the Christian Church. The little girl said that her heart and her every wish was to be a Christian, but that she must be in duty bound to obey her father in everything. It then became Mrs. Johnson's grand object to effect what, in her woman's tact, she surmised would be practicable—a union between the doctor and the little native girl. She saw that he was much taken with her, and she ventured to ask the little girl what her opinion was of the great Feringhee hukkeem whose skill had saved her father's life, and whose courage had been instrumental in saving hers? The little girl listened long, and pondered. She could not bring her mind to realise the idea of becoming the wife of the great strange gentleman. She had, in her crude state of education, been under the impression that it was solely the duty of a girl in her situation to submit herself to the dictates of a parent. Mrs. Johnson told her that now she had taken the part of being a true disciple of the Saviour of mankind, a Christian believer in the true faith, she would not, she hoped, ally herself to any of the Mohammedans. She said she firmly resolved to refuse to do so, and that she thought her father would not, from his very great partiality to her, urge her to do what she did not like. "But this great gentleman, this wise hukkeem, is so learned and so much above me; how is it possible that he can be supposed to be content with the love of a poor native girl, even supposing I had any to give him?" Mrs. Johnson said that she would like to know first the state of her inclinations, and then, she thought, she would be able to answer for him. She laid her head on Mrs. Johnson's lap, and she began to cry. She wept long and loud, and at last she said, "Take me, lady, and do what you will with me. There has been nothing but persecution of this slave since ever she had sense to know anything. I have no friends to trust but my God and you; I never would have known what was good had it not been you that showed it to me. What can a poor creature like me say? What knowledge have I of the world, that I should be able to judge one man from another? This slave is, indeed, helpless. What was written in her destiny will be carried out, let her do what she will." Mrs. Johnson said, "We will pray together to the Most High that He may so order His decrees that you may be directed in the right path." They knelt down together, and the amiable English lady poured out her thoughts to the throne of grace, and asked for guidance from the Holy Spirit to be enabled to tread the right path.

The Mohurram, with its curious and fantastic solemnities, proceeded daily. The horse of the bridegroom was brought out, the wedding procession was acted in mimic show; the last day arrived, in which the tazias were drawn out and taken in state, followed by an immense crowd, to the place of burial.

As soon as all the mummary and the fanaticism of the scene had been finished, and the proprietors of the tazias, as well as the actors in the drama, had leisure from the discharge of all the rites which were looked upon as essential to maintaining a due regard for their creed, the magistrate bethought him of sending to Khurreem Buksh's house for Morad Alee, and requesting that he would do him the favour of coming to him. The man, who felt the greatest gratitude to the magistrate for the manner in which he had behaved, and for the kindness which he had shown in taking care of his daughter, came instantly. The day before, at the house of Khurreem Buksh, the latter had said to him that, now that he felt perfectly recovered, he should like to think of some way by which he could reward the generous doctor who had been so helpful in bringing about his restitution to health. He said that he would gladly give him anything that it was in his power to bestow—that certainly no amount of wealth could repay the services of a man who had restored a fellow-creature to health in the way that he had done. When the next day he, at the instance of Mr. Johnson, repaired to his house to see and embrace his daughter, he found, from what she told him, that he had, indeed, much more to be grateful on account of the conduct of the doctor, and so lavish was Mr. Johnson in his praise for the noble manner in which he had acted, that he was able to say that the additional debt of gratitude that was due to him for the preservation of his daughter's life was, in his opinion, so weighty, that it greatly overbalanced the favour which he had conferred upon himself. The meeting between Morad Alee and his daughter was most cordial and affectionate, and he felt most grateful to the strange Feringhee gentleman who had so opportunely taken her into his household, and made her a companion for his wife.

After this, and when they had talked long and lovingly together, her father said he was on his path to fetch her back to her house. She sighed at the idea of going again to revisit the place where she had been so rudely assailed, but Mrs. Johnson told her that certainly her duty to her father was imperative, and, though she parted from her now, she was in hopes that they would often meet again. This comforted her much. When they arrived at Khurreem Buksh's house, her father took her to the zinana, and some hours after their arrival Dr. Mainchance came to ask after his patient, and Khurreem Buksh, having heard of his being there, went to meet him. He said, "You see, doctor, that my servant is now nearly quite as well as he was before, and he only now wants your advice as to what exercise he should take—whether it would be dangerous for him to walk too much now, and what you would say would be the best diet for him to observe." Then the doctor said that with care, and refraining from over-exertion, he was in great hopes that his limbs would become as strong and active as ever they were. Then Khurreem Buksh said that if there was anything that he could possibly think of that he could do to recompense him for his goodness, he would be glad to hear him name it,

Dr. Mainchance, who had just been at Mrs. Johnson's, and had a long and tender colloquy on the subject of the little Mussulman girl, was now full of the subject, and was confident also in his mind that, in addition to her being a most beautiful creature, whose every look was formed to captivate and entrance all who saw her, she was indeed, and in truth, a Christian, said to the merchant that there was a girl who was the inmate of the zinana which his house contained, a daughter of Morad Alee, his servant, that he considered would be a gift for an emperor.

The merchant said: "If the hukkeem will gain the consent of her father to take her, I will give her in dowry twenty thousand rupees, and I only hope that no further accident may happen to mar her happiness."

Morad Alee answered: "Oh, hukkeem! this slave's life has been saved by you, and if Allah grant you happiness and joy, the slave will feel glad. I will ask the daughter of my house (such as it is) the question, and if she consent to let you take her, what more shall I say?"

Then he went to his daughter, and she threw herself on the ground before him, and said:

"Oh, giver of my life! if you will pardon the wish that rises in my heart, and if you will give permission to your born slave to speak, she will say somewhat that is in her mind."

So he told her to say on.

She then said: "The Feringhee lady, high in rank, the light of whose eye was a blessing to all around her, had counselled her to accept the love of the strange hukkeem who had first saved her father's life and then her own." She added: "How can this little maid form in her heart a purpose and not tell it to her father? Say, shall she be pardoned for thinking what the high begum has brought to her mind to think?"

Then Morad Alee said: "Daughter of my heart, you shall have your wish. The strange gentleman has asked me to give you to him. There is no denying it. Jo Khoda kee murzee hye so hoga—What God has said will be, must be."

There was little more to be said after this between them, and the consent of her father having been obtained, the doctor was no longer in doubt. When he was allowed to visit her he made his proposal, which she at last consented to, and their union soon after took place, and formed one exception to the general rule that has most commonly been observed, that the great distinction of the European and Indian race generally precludes a happy marriage between two persons so wholly different in creed and in education.

GLORY AND MISFORTUNE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MRS. BUSHBY;

PART III.

AT length, irritated by some acts of extreme unkindness, Augusta resolved to seek consolation and advice from her own family. To obtain her sister's sympathy, she drove to the gloomy and silent abode where her monotonous childhood had passed. She sighed as she glanced at the upper window from whence she had first kissed her hand to him who now caused her so much sorrow amidst the glory he had shed around her. Here, nothing was changed—Virginia stood in the very spot where her mother had stood for years; her brother-in-law received her with his pen behind his ear, but he seemed too busy to waste a moment upon her. Her sister met her coldly; no wonder, for Augusta's visits had hitherto been few and formal, and the wife of the prudent Lebas fancied that this unusually early call might be to borrow money—an act of intimacy which she was determined to discourage.

In the course of her visit, Augusta had occasion to remark that the good sense of Joseph Lebas had made many improvements in the regulation of the family; she saw, too, that the properly matched couple before her seemed to esteem each other, and though enjoying no very exalted felicity, lived together in quiet comfort. It was difficult for her sister even to understand her grievances, and when she had recounted them they were met by a deluge of truisms and many moral precepts. Joseph Lebas, indeed, entered with a little more warmth into her feelings; but after balancing the advantages and disadvantages, as if he had been balancing his ledger, he finished by giving advice which so ill accorded with the affection she still felt for her husband, that Augusta declined being guided by it.

She then repaired to the old-fashioned domicile of her father and mother. The poor little woman was like one of those confirmed invalids who try every recipe, and fly even to quacks in the hope of bettering their condition.

The old people received her with much empressement; it is but fair to say, however, that any visitor was welcome to them now. For four years had they wended their way through life, like navigators without a helm or compass, drifting slowly in a profound calm. Seated at their chimney-corner, they recapitulated to each other all the doings of former days, and told each other, over and over again, all the old stories of the Rue Saint Denis. Monsieur Guillaume's greatest joy was to walk at a certain hour every day to the *Chat qui pelote*, to convince himself that all was going on well; while Madame Guillaume seldom used her fat over-fed horses except when she went on Sundays to grand mass at the parish church. The rooms were encumbered with gold and silver ornaments, and crowded with heavy but expensive furniture. Riches and economy seemed to be struggling for the mastery in these unique apartments, and it might have

been suspected that Mr. Guillaume was making an investment of a portion of his capital, even in the purchase of a candlestick. In the midst of this incongruous scene, the celebrated family picture, painted by Henri de Sommervieux, had obtained the place of honour. It was a great comfort to Monsieur and Madame Guillaume, who, with spectacles on nose, contemplated twenty times a day this representation of their former existence.

Madame Guillaume was no enemy to gossip, and therefore she drank in with avidity the detail of Augusta's matrimonial griefs.

"How, my child! your husband shuts himself up with half-naked women, and you have the simplicity to believe that it is only to paint them?"

"But, mother, all painters are obliged to have models."

"He took good care not to tell us that when he proposed for you. If I had known it, I never would have given my daughter to a man who had such a business. Religion forbids that sort of thing; it is not moral. And at what hour do you say he comes home of a night?"

"Why, sometimes at one o'clock, sometimes at two——"

The old people looked significantly at each other.

"He gambles, then," said Mr. Guillaume, "for in my time no one stayed out so late except gamblers."

Augusta shook her head to deny the accusation.

"What wearisome nights you must pass waiting up for him," said Madame Guillaume; "but I hope you go to bed rather. I suppose when he comes home he always scolds you?"

"No, mother—sometimes he is very gay, sometimes, when the weather is fine, he begs me to get up and take a walk with him."

"Take a walk with him? At that hour! Take a walk! . . . Oh, it is to give you cold that the scoundrel proposes such walks; it is to get rid of you. Did anybody ever hear of a reasonable being galloping about like a——"

"But, mother, you don't understand these things; excitement is necessary to develop his talent; he delights in these sort of scenes, which——"

"Ah! I should give him fine scenes if I were you," cried Madame Guillaume. "I don't know how you can put up with him at all. In the first place, I don't like his fancy of only drinking water—and then, forsooth, he can't endure to see women eat. But he must be deranged. To think of his setting off for ten days without deigning to vouchsafe a word to you, and then to tell you that he had been to Dieppe to paint the sea. Did ever anybody hear of painting the sea? All these stories are trumped up that he may get sleeping away from home."

Augusta was about to defend her husband, but her mother imposed silence on her by a wave of the hand, which sign, from ancient habit, she mechanically obeyed. Mrs. Guillaume then proceeded to say, in a dry tone,

"Hush hush, don't talk to me about that man! When did he ever put his foot inside a church except to stare at you and to marry you? People who have no religion can do anything that is bad. Did my Monsieur Guillaume ever venture to conceal anything from me? Did he ever remain for days without so much as saying *ouf*, and then take to chattering like a magpie as your husband does?"

"But, dear mother, you judge superior people too severely. If their ideas were like those of common people, where would be their talent?"

"Well, let these folks with talent keep themselves to themselves, and not think of marrying! What! a man will render his wife miserable, and if he has talent it is to be all very well. Talent—talent, indeed! There is not so much *talent* in downfacing people that black is white and white is black, as he does—in shutting people's mouths—in making his house a hell—in not letting you call your head your own—in ordering you to be gay when it pleases my gentleman to be merry, and sad when the humour takes him to be melancholy."

"But, mother, people of imagination——"

"What do you mean by imagination?" cried her mother, interrupting her sharply. "Imagination, forsooth! A pretty specimen of it his whim of eating nothing but vegetables without being put on diet by any doctor. If it were from religious motives, indeed, there would be some good in it; but he has no more religion than a Huguenot. Did any mortal ever hear of dressing statues in muslin—shutting out daylight to work by candlelight! Why, he should be put into a madhouse if it were not all wickedness. Ask the vicar of St. Sulpice what he thinks of him, and he will tell you that your husband does not conduct himself like a Christian."

"Oh, mother, how can you say so?"

"Glad am I," remarked Monsieur Guillaume, "that I settled your fortune upon yourself."

But when Madame de Sommervieux had been so imprudent as to relate her more serious griefs, the old people remained at first dumb with indignation, and then proposed a divorce. The very idea shocked Augusta, who had not the most remote wish to separate from her husband had he treated her ten times worse than he did. In vain, therefore, her father offered to advance money—to engage lawyers—to move heaven and earth for her release; she steadily refused to afford him this employment for the leisure which perhaps hung heavy on his hands. Leaving the couple, who could only be compared to persons cast on a golden rock far from the rest of the world, poor Augusta returned to the chilling atmosphere of her now solitary home. She did not care any longer to study, since study had failed to recover for her the heart of her husband; she had no resources within herself to withdraw her thoughts from her chagrin, and she felt, with bitter regret, that her mind had only sufficiently expanded to be capable of participating in the pains, but not in the pleasures of the souls of fire with whom she had latterly associated.

One evening the extraordinary idea struck her that she would go to the Duchess de Carigliano, not to accuse her of having withdrawn her husband from her, but to try to discover what were her arts of pleasing—to try to soften her heart towards the wife of the man for whom she professed so much friendship—to try, in short, if it were possible, with the duchess's magnanimous assistance, to recover her lost happiness.

The next morning, therefore, the timid Augusta, arming herself with a courage almost supernatural, ordered her carriage, and drove to the house of the celebrated coquette at the earliest hour at which it was possible she might be visible.

Madame de Sommervieux was not familiar with the sumptuous mansions of the Faubourg St. Germain. When she crossed the majestic vestibules, ascended the magnificent stairs, and entered the immense saloons, ornamented with natural flowers in the midst of the rigours of winter, and decorated with that elegance of taste only to be acquired by mixing in distinguished society, Augusta's heart sank within her, and she was at no loss to guess what attractions all this must have for her husband. But when she reached the smaller and more private apartments of the duchess, she experienced a feeling of jealousy and despair, for *there even disorder seemed graceful, and luxury, disdaining any display of riches, affected only to render homage to the arts.* The refined taste, the genius of the mistress of the house, was evident in all around.

"Alas!" thought Augusta, "it would be difficult for honest and artless affection to compete with so many fascinations; but perhaps, had I been educated like this syren, I might have struggled against her more successfully."

"I tell you I am not at home," said a sharp voice from the adjoining boudoir, which made her heart beat.

"But the lady is *there*," said the waiting-maid.

"You are a fool," answered the duchess. "However, ask her to walk in," she added, in a tone of affected softness, as if remembering that she might be overheard.

Augusta advanced timidly. She beheld at the opposite end of this *recherché boudoir* the duchess reclining voluptuously on a blue velvet ottoman, in the centre of a sort of half circle formed by drapery of the softest muslin. Exquisite ornaments of bronze and gold relieved the whiteness of the sort of alcove in which the duchess had placed herself like an antique statue. A subdued light, favourable to her beauty, pervaded the apartment, from which the trying glare of day was carefully excluded, and rare flowers in vases of rich Sèvres china shed a delicious fragrance around.

On perceiving Augusta the duchess rose languidly, and invited her to sit by her on the ottoman.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit, madam?" said she, with a smile full of sweetness.

"What deceit!" thought Augusta, who only replied by a bow of the head, for she saw another than the duchess in the room. This other was a man; and of all the colonels in Paris, he was the youngest, the handsomest, and the most graceful. Perfect were the little pointed moustaches, the well-furnished imperial, the whiskers combed in a superior manner, and the forest of black hair which floated in a sufficiently elegant disorder. His toilet was exquisitely made, and the self-satisfied expression of his countenance showed that he was quite aware of his own charms; the ribbons attached to his button-hole were carelessly tied, and he seemed much more vain of his fine figure than of his martial deeds.

Augusta looked imploringly to the duchess, and then glanced at the colonel. She understood the appeal, and answered it with "Well, adieu, colonel. We shall meet at the Bois de Boulogne."

These words were spoken by the syren as if in reference to some previous arrangement, but they were accompanied by a threatening look,

which perhaps the gay officer deserved for the admiring gaze with which he had turned from the proud duchess to the modest flower beside her. The young fop bowed in silence, looked at his boots, and glided gracefully out of the boudoir.

There was an expression in the face of the duchess as her eyes followed the brilliant officer that could not be misunderstood even by the inexperienced Augusta; and she felt her heart sink at the thought that her visit would be useless, for that the woman before her must have a heart thoroughly bronzed, alive only to the admiration of the other sex.

"Madam," said Augusta, in a broken voice, "the step I am about to take must appear very singular to you; but pray excuse the folly of despair. I see too well why Monsieur de Sommervieux prefers your house to all others, and why your mind exercises so much power over his. Alas! I have but to remember my own inferiority to find sufficient reason for his preference. But, madam, I adore my husband. Two years of grief have not driven his image from *my* heart, though I have lost his. In my misery I have dared to conceive the idea of rivalling you, and I come to beg that you will instruct me how to triumph over —yourself. Oh, madam!" cried the young woman, seizing with warmth the hand of her rival, which was not withdrawn from her, "I shall never pray God for myself with so much fervour as I shall pray for you, if you will only aid me to recover, I do not say the love, but the friendship of Monsieur de Sommervieux. My sole hope is in you. Ah! tell me how you have been able to fascinate him, and to make him forget the first days of——"

Stified by her sobs, Augusta could say no more, but, ashamed of her weakness, she concealed her lovely face in a handkerchief, which was moistened with her tears.

"Are you a child, my little beauty?" said the duchess, who, surprised by the novelty of the scene, and softened, in spite of herself, by the homage of perhaps the most perfect virtue in Paris, took Augusta's handkerchief, and began wiping her eyes, while she soothed her by some words of flattery and pity.

There was a minute's silence, and then the coquette, taking Augusta's hands into hers, said, in a soft and affected voice:

"In the first place, my dear, I advise you never to cry in this way, because tears make people look ugly. One must arm one's self against vexations. They render one ill, and love never remains long near a sick-bed. Melancholy gives at first a certain pensive grace which is pleasing, but it finishes by lengthening the features, and spoiling the prettiest face in the world. Besides, these tyrants of men, in their self-love, will that their slaves should be gay."

"Ah, madam! I cannot help feeling. How can one, without suffering a thousand deaths, see a face dull, indifferent, dissatisfied, which formerly was radiant with love and joy? Ah, I cannot command my heart!"

"So much the worse for you, my dear. I think I can read all your history. But first, please to observe, that if your husband is faithless, I am not his accomplice. If I have manœuvred to get him to my house, I confess I did so from self-love; he was celebrated, and went nowhere. I really am too much interested in you to tell you all the ridiculous

things he has done to please me ; I shall only reveal one to you, because that one will perhaps enable you to recal him to yourself, and will punish him for the audacity with which he thinks fit to approach me. He will end by compromising me. I know the world too well, my dear, to put myself in the power of any of your *very superior* men. Believe me, it is all very well to let them make love to one—to marry them is a folly. We women may admire men of genius, and gratify ourselves with their conversation, as we do with a play—but live with them ! Never ! Why, it would be like trying to take pleasure in seeing the machinery of the stage, instead of sitting in a box at the Opera enjoying its brilliant illusions. Unhappily, however, with you the evil is already done. Well ! you must only endeavour to arm yourself against tyranny.”

“ Ah, madam ! since I have seen you and your little sanctuary, I feel that I know some little artifices of which I had before no idea.”

“ Well, my love, you must come and see me sometimes, and you won’t be long of acquiring the science of these bagatelles—these important trifles. These little exterior matters make the sum of human life to fools ; and there are more than one clever man who is a fool in such things, notwithstanding his talents. But I wager you never found it possible to contradict Henri in anything ?”

“ How, madam, *could* one contradict the person one loves ?”

“ Oh, dear little innocent ! I shall quite adore you ! But do learn that the more we love, the less we should let a man, above all a husband, perceive the extent of our affection. For it is the person who loves the most who will be tyrannised over, and worse even, who becomes a bore sooner or later. The woman who wishes to reign should——”

“ What, madam ! Is it necessary, then, to dissimulate, to calculate, to become false, to teach one’s self an artificial character . . . and . . . always to act ? Oh, how can any one live thus ? You . . . could you find——”

She hesitated, and the duchess smiled.

“ My dear,” replied the great lady, in a grave tone of voice, “ conjugal happiness has been from the earliest times a speculation. It is an affair which needs very particular attention. If you continue to speak of passions, while I speak of marriage, we shall never understand each other. Listen to me,” she continued, assuming a confidential tone ; “ I have known some of the most superior men of our age—I have remarked that those among them who were married, had, with very few exceptions, taken to themselves wives who were complete nonentities. However, these very women governed them, as the emperor governs us, and were—~~if~~ not loved—at least respected and well treated by them. I love secrets well enough—above all, those which concern our sex—to have amused myself by prying into this mystery ; well, these good women had the talent of analysing the character of their husbands without frightening themselves, as you do, about their superiority. They had adroitly found out the qualities in which they failed ; then, whether *they* possessed these very qualities, or that they only pretended to possess them, they found means to show themselves off to such advantage, that they finished by imposing on their husbands. Further, let me tell you, that these minds which appear so elevated have all a little grain of folly, which it is our business to know how to work upon. Also, in making the firm deter-

mination to govern, in never losing sight of that end, in bringing to bear upon it all our actions—our ideas, our coquetties—we shall conquer these capricious beings, who, by the very changeableness of their feelings, afford us the means of influencing them.”

“Oh, Heavens!” cried the unsophisticated Augusta, looking quite aghast. “And is this life? This is an eternal combat—a——”

“Yes, one must always be in an attitude of defiance,” replied the duchess, laughing. “Our power is quite factitious. Above all, we never must let ourselves be despised by a man;—there is no getting over *that*. Come with me, however,” she added; “I will give you something which will enable you to put your husband in chains.”

She rose, and with a gay smile conducted the young and innocent pupil in the conjugal rules across the labyrinth of her little palace. When they had arrived at a staircase that communicated with the reception-rooms, and was concealed by a door, and when the duchess had turned the secret lock, she stopped, and looking at Augusta with an inimitable air of grace and of finesse, she said:

“The Duke de Carigliano adores me. . . . He dares not enter this way without my permission, and yet he is a man who is in the habit of commanding thousands of soldiers! He can stand his ground before batteries of cannon, but not before these,” said she, placing a finger of her right hand under each of her sparkling eyes.

Augusta sighed. They reached at length a splendid gallery, where the painter's wife was led by the duchess to the portrait Henri had painted of Mademoiselle Guillaume. At sight of it, Augusta uttered a cry of surprise and dismay. She had nearly fainted, but recovering herself, she said:

“I knew it was no longer in my house, but . . . here!”

“Nay, I only made a point of having it to see how far the absurdity of *one of your men of genius* would be carried. Sooner or later I intended to have returned it to you, but I never expected the pleasure of seeing the original here before the copy. I shall desire, during our luncheon, for we must finish our conversation, that my secretary shall have it taken down to your carriage. And if, armed with such a talisman as that, you are not able to manage your husband for a hundred years to come, why—you are no woman, and well deserve your fate.”

Augusta kissed the hand of the duchess, who, in return, embraced her with a tenderness the more lively that she would forget her on the morrow. This scene would, perhaps, have for ever destroyed the candour and singleness of mind of a woman less virtuous than Augusta. The secrets revealed by the duchess were equally sad and salutary. Augusta resembled at that moment some shepherd of the Alps overtaken by an avalanche: if he hesitate, and would listen to the cries of his companions, he is almost sure to perish. In such a great crisis it is imperative, according to the words of a philosopher,

Que le cœur se brise ou se bronze.

Madame de Sommervieux returned home in a miserable state of agitation. The conversation she had held with the Duchess de Carigliano had awakened a crowd of contradictory feelings. She was, like the lambs in the fable, full of courage in the absence of the wolf. As she

drove along she harangued herself, and laid down admirable rules for her own conduct. She thought of a thousand little coquettish stratagems, determined even on what she should say to Henri; then, on reflecting on Henri's searching, steady look, she trembled even by herself. When, on reaching her own door, she asked if Monsieur de Sommervieux were at home, her voice was scarcely audible, and on hearing that he was out, and would not return to dinner, she experienced a strange joy; she felt like a criminal condemned to death, whom the shortest delay in the execution of the sentence seems to restore to a new lease of life.

Placing the portrait in her own chamber, she waited for her husband in all the anxiety of alternate hope and fear. She was so impressed with the belief that this attempt was to decide the fate of her future life, that she started at the sound of every carriage, and trembled at the very ticking of the clock, which seemed to increase her terrors by measuring the hours. In the idea of increasing the effect of her little scheme, she dressed herself exactly as she was dressed in the picture, and then, remembering that Monsieur de Sommervieux was very inquisitive, she ordered her apartment to be lighted in an unusual manner, in order that he might be induced to visit her on his return home. Midnight had just struck, when the heavy gates of the court were heard to open, and the rolling of a carriage disturbed the silence below.

"What does all this illumination mean?" asked Henri, in a gay tone, as he entered the chamber where his wife was sitting.

Seizing the moment which appeared so favourable, Augusta threw her arms round her husband, and pointed to the portrait. The artist remained as motionless as a rock, his eyes wandering from the picture to Augusta and her unlucky dress. The timid wife, half dead, observed that his brow began to darken—that terrible brow!—and that frowns, like threatening clouds, were gathering on it. She felt as if every drop of blood were frozen in her veins, when, with a look of lightning, and in a deep husky voice, she was asked,

"Where did you find that picture?"

"The Duchess de Carigliano gave it back to me."

"You asked her for it, then?"

"I did not even know that she had it."

The sweetness, or rather the enchanting melody, of that voice might have softened a cannibal, but not a Parisian writhing under the tortures of wounded vanity.

"This is worthy of her!" cried the artist, in a voice of thunder. "But I will revenge myself," he added, pacing up and down with hurried steps. "She shall die of shame. I will paint *her*! Yes, I will paint her as Messalina leaving the palace of Claudius by night—disguised!—"

"Henri!" sighed a low, soft voice.

"I will kill her . . . I—"

"Henri!"

"She loves that little colonel of cavalry because he looks well on horseback."

"Henri!"

"Leave me! Begone!" cried the painter to his wife, in a voice hoarse with rage.

It would be odious to describe the whole of a scene during which the intoxication of fury carried Monsieur de Sommervieux into words and actions which madness only could have excused.

At eight o'clock the next morning Madame Guillaume found her daughter pale, her eyes inflamed, her hair in disorder, holding in her hand a pocket-handkerchief wet with tears, gazing at the scattered fragments of a torn picture and a gilded frame broken to pieces.

Augusta, almost speechless from grief, pointed to these evidences of destruction with a gesture of despair.

"And what great loss is it?" cried the old regent of the *Rampant Cat*. "It *was* a good resemblance, certainly, but I have been assured that on the boulevard there is a man who takes charming likenesses for fifty crowns."

"Ah, mother!"

"Poor dear! Well, never mind. Come, tell me all your vexations; I am ready to console you. Ah, no love can equal a mother's! Have I not told you that that man was mad? Your waiting-maid has been repeating some fine things to me. Why, he is an absolute monster!"

Augusta placed a finger on her ashy lips, as if to implore her mother to be silent. During that terrible night wretchedness had taught her to find in her soul that treasure of patient resignation which in mother's, and in women who truly love, is far above human energy, and which proves, perhaps, that God has endowed these delightful beings with gifts which he has denied to the colder hearts of men.

An inscription, engraved on a marble tomb in the cemetery of Montmartre, recorded that Madame de Sommervieux had died at twenty-seven years of age; and a poet who had been her friend, beheld in the simple lines of this epitaph, the last scene of a melancholy drama. Every year, on the solemn 2nd of November, when he visited that quiet spot, he asked himself if it did not require women of minds stronger, and dispositions less meek than the unfortunate Augusta's, to bear up against the turbulent passions that too often pervade the overheated atmosphere of genius.

The humble and modest flowers of the valley, he would say to himself, die when they are transplanted too near to the skies—to those regions where clouds are formed, and where the sun shines with overwhelming power.

THE REFORM BILL.

ANOTHER manifestation in accordance with the spirit of the age has been exhibited by the legislature in the passing of a second Reform Bill, and, what is more, a bill in considerable advance beyond that of Earl Grey in the main enactments. There may be some who are ready to find fault with its provisions, or may feel inclined to refuse it at the hands of those who were so lately uncompromising opponents. It is for them to reconcile their inconsistencies, and for us to profit by them. Lord Derby, it is true, left upon record in the proceedings upon the bill of Earl Grey in 1830-31, the most powerful advocacy of reform in his recorded speeches, and they are equally applicable for the present measure. That the ministry would be divided upon the question was to be expected. We might as well imagine that the honest obduracy of good Mr. Newdigate would vanish before a law for perfect religious freedom, or that Mr. Whalley would swallow a wafer consecrated by his Holiness of St. Peter's, without hazard to the worthy gentleman's digestion, as that some of the friends of Lord Derby's ministry would sanction a proceeding that might, if only by construction, hazard a fraction of political power, just or unjust, real or imaginary. Fanatics, religious or political, are not all of one faith. Some of the dissatisfied may desire to repudiate any benefit from a political opponent out of mere party spirit, but such persons must know very little of the basis upon which political concessions are commonly grounded if they dwell upon niceties. We must not, it is true, test political measures by the law of faith or morals. The rule of cabinets, in all times, has been policy before honesty, dissimulation before truth, gain before principle. Whenever an advantage is to be obtained let it be secured. We congratulate ourselves that without anarchy we are making a salutary progress towards a popular government rather than continuing to tolerate an aristocratical one. Let us reflect that the support of those who so long and unrelentingly opposed all popular advance has been yielded to reason. Let us not be too nice in examining into motives, nor in scrutinising the consistency of those whose present services we had far better place in the balance against past obduracy, and hope the continuance of further good. Let us forget the past in the expectation of future advantage, and hail the present measure as a further approximation to the spirit of our old Saxon institutions, making an allowance for the difference of the times, of which Edward I. returned us so large a portion, restoring some of the spirit of those institutions which the Norman hordes and their system of feudal tyranny and robbery had for a time annihilated.

The change now effected will soon exhibit salutary results, if the electors do their work honestly. It rests with them to perform their part, as they are bound to do if guided by a consideration of the welfare of their common country, their own interests, and, prospectively, that of their posterity—in short, if they resolutely exercise their franchise with the fear of a solemn duty before their eyes. Here is our chief apprehension. We feel that in a country where the lust of gain is so all-absorbing, rules so absolutely, and is the source itself so often of evils to

be deprecated, and even abhorred, that it will too often still pervert the baser minds in the community, where its effects will be the more injurious because more difficult to defeat. The social venality prevalent is fearful, seldom artificially masked, but unblushingly displayed. Never were the lines of Pope more applicable :

Get money, money still !
And then let virtue follow if she will ;
This, this, the saving doctrine preach'd by all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul ;
From him whose quill stands quivered at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

If the government have yielded to the right principle, it remains that the principle be honestly carried out by the people, that the electors resist venality and expose it. We must now, therefore, direct our attention to the electors and their duties. We would fain see that the principles of honour and patriotism rule at the hustings. We would desire that an honest reputation and a love of country should guide the voters, and that high feeling should direct every part of the public duty of an elector. Here we dread the mercenary character of the age with high and low, and its effect upon the duties of those who possess the franchise. When we peruse the histories of the ancient people of Greece or Rome, and find that a high reputation in the sight of their fellow-citizens was the noblest object of their ambition—when we find that the honour of a cheap laurel crown, the prize of the winner at the Olympic games, was more valued than a thousand talents of gold, we can no longer wonder at the ascendancy of Greece and Rome in their palmyest days, nor at their never-dying reputation, nor at their great names of poets, warriors, sculptors, artists, and others, never to be forgotten while man inhabits this lower world. Contrast these renowned states with Carthage and Tyre. Search the rolls of sordid traffic for similar glories. Vain will be the search. All we find is that they were, and are not. With the moderns, who place the *summum bonum* in riches, the laurel crown at the Olympic race would only excite a sneer. The sordid gamblers, high and low, who attend the races at Newmarket or Epsom, have never learned to set a value on renown. They are low-minded. The coin alone and its venal accompaniments are their ruling principle. They live under the laws in reference to action of those who “strain at gnats and drink down camels” in their conduct, yet boast of high moral feeling, and some of barbarian descent. A people who value only the glory that a betting-book will explain (certainly that is not the glory characterised as the “last infirmity of noble minds”) are, however, useful in sustaining the luxury of the passing hour, or resisting foreign aggression, it may be, at the nod of authority. The modern mind is essentially low, skimming the earth's surface like the swallow, in place of soaring like the eagle.

In a land where corruption extensively predominates, the performance of a great public duty is more difficult, on the principle that the virtues are ever more nearly allied with poverty than riches. Have we to expect that when the franchise is become more extended venal influence will be lessened? If the field for corruption has now become more extended, will there be a proportionate degree of integrity infused among the electors, or are we to trust alone to the greater difficulty of their corruption for the

advantage we expect to obtain? Will the multiplication of voters not render corruption more difficult from the expense? for it is upon pecuniary corruption that aristocracies batten, and sustain the arrogance which characterises them.

The integrity of the voter and his high-mindedness are the public safeguards. Reform bills may render elections more expensive, and still men without principle decide in favour of the deepest purse. Regard to the calls of duty, and a due degree of patriotism in the voter to second them, may not be increased. Those ignorant of the proceedings at elections imagine that corruption means a pecuniary consideration paid down to the voters of the party winning. It is not in general such a wholesale affair, and this is a still greater hardship to the conscientious voter. There may be a considerable number of honest voters on both sides who do their duty, but are neutralised by a percentage of the corrupt kept back by agents, when voters understand them, and by whom they are understood on their part, suppose five or ten per cent. of the whole number. They await to see how the voting proceeds, and are brought up to turn the scale on receiving so much per head paid either beforehand, or else, where the "right sort" of confidence exists, paid by a promise when the election is over, in order to evade consequences. The agent is generally some solicitor of the borough, well known and trusted by the corrupt electors. At times, men wholly strangers are introduced as paymasters, who vanish like ghosts after the election, taking care not to be traced. In this mode it is only a small proportion of the electors who may be bribed, and yet the evil be fully effected. We knew an instance of a borough in which the entire of the population only reached eight hundred, and the valuation of the whole place was a little above fifteen hundred pounds, and yet the election between the parson, the attorney, and the principal innkeeper cost the members five thousand pounds per head! This was under the old system, which Sir Robert Peel denominated excellent, and the Duke of Wellington, to use his own words, said "ought not to be changed, and that, without proof of delinquency, no one had a right to deprive a borough of its franchise any more than himself of his estate!" The duke contended, too, that it was "the most efficient legislative body in the world, and as complete a House as could be formed!" Rather the averments of ignorance, it is to be hoped, on the part of one who neither felt nor understood anything of the constitution of the country, nor of civil liberty in any other light than as delaying or accelerating the sovereign's business, which the duke ever honestly endeavoured to do. The English constitution very happily knows nothing of military rule, and her great military leader understood nothing of the real merits of any constitutional question, for he was too honest to play a double game about anything, and thus he showed it.

To return to the point. If there be not a feeling of high principle, and a sense of duty in the electors, no reform bill whatever will answer the desired end. Men will always be found scoundrels enough to be employed in corrupting profligate voters. Here, too, it must not be passed over in regard to the effect of principle, that the corrupter as well as the corrupted should be brought under the law, a thing heretofore shirked or neglected. The corruption of a voter is a heinous offence,

and men of fortune and of good social standing should not escape the law upon that account. Being proved corrupters, they should be incapacitated during life from taking a seat in parliament. When we see proved before a committee of the House of Commons that a large sum of money has been laid out in corrupting a constituency, and that certain electors are proved guilty, but that still there is no evidence to show that the individual returned by the corruption knew of any corrupt practices in his return, it provokes a smile. Is there no such thing as circumstantial evidence even in cases involving life? How is it that some one is generous enough to pay thousands of pounds to seat Mr. A. or Mr. B. in parliament, and the spotless virgin member, who took his seat, and then lost it through the corruption of voters, was "innocent of being guilty" of knowing anything about what his seat cost him! The wisdom of parliament in its transcendentalism, so it seems, does not admit of the principle, "*Qui facit per alium facit per se*!" This is really, as the late Lord Liverpool once remarked about the request of a brainless peer, "too bad." What hundreds of thousands of pounds have been thus "gratuitously" expended to place individuals in the House of Commons successfully, and how many unsuccessful attempts, all paid for without acknowledgment by Mr. Noman, as Ulysses called the giant, if our œsophagus be capacious enough to take it down!

The passage of the present reform bill through parliament it is our duty to accept thankfully. Let us keep in progress—let us restore and improve upon the plans of our Saxon ancestors. They had rendered their laws reasonable, and their courts popular. Their institutions embraced, not a mere clique, but all save serfs. Their chiefs and freemen had a tendency to association for the preservation of law and order, and for the general benefit, though they were somewhat different in privileges. Independence was the character of both. The Wittenagemote, though we know but little of the institution, we are aware was a popular body, and not, as some would "cunningly" have it, an assemblage of lawyers. The country was then free of those evils, for the law that bound all could be understood by all, being made for the benefit of all, not for that of its practitioners. It is true the Saxon appellation given to it does not designate exactly what we call a House of Commons. It was probably at first a meeting of certain landed proprietors, with some of the freemen, for the independent population consisted only of such. The serfs had, of course, no voice. The writings of Alfred, and, we believe, not more than one or two who wrote before him, do not clear up the obscurity as to many things relating to this body, but they show that the exercise of the government was not a despotism, the rule of a single mind without advice, a monarch isolated from the freemen and chiefs of the land, if they may be so called. The very fact of the existence of a chosen deliberative body, or one for consultation, shows a great superiority over the barbarous rule of the Norman bastard and his banditti, who destroyed every trace of freedom in order to establish the rule by brute power, accordant with the system of every savage government. From whatever quarter the Normans came originally, they brought with them only barbarous institutions; not one which marked the Saxon principle of government in the popular share of it. The feudal system alone was a curse enough upon any people. In fact, if the legislative

power were but partially vested, as there is little doubt but it was even in those rude times, in a Wittenagemote, that alone was sufficient to prove the vast superiority of Saxon over Norman institutions. It shows, too, that the affairs of the government admitted of discussion in a body of freemen, in place of the head of an unlicensed band of Norsemen ruling at their own wild wills.

The chief defect in the present bill consists in its complications. The spirit of the old system of qualification for voters in counties and boroughs is clear and consistent. Every voter ought to have a station, and some degree of social responsibility. The forty-shilling freeholder and, later, the copyholder to a certain amount for the counties, and the householder at a fixed rent after a given term of residence, would be a plain and simple system, to which might not unwisely be added the educational test of reading and writing. The duties of a free citizen cannot be duly fulfilled without these elements of knowledge. No man should vote without understanding the principles upon which he is governed. A list of voters for a county would be sufficient evidence of the due qualification for that class, and his last receipt for rent or taxes might qualify the householder. In such cases simplicity is everything. The vote should be void upon the discovery of any discrepancy in the proceedings, which thus simplified would easily be detected. There should be no canvassing for votes. The constituency should find its representative, and return him free of cost, as if performing a solemn duty. There is not the smallest doubt that the representative was originally selected by the voters, and sent up by them to parliament; that he was always known to them personally, understood their interests, and was one of their own body. It would have been considered a perversion of the whole system if an individual in Cumberland were sent to represent Devonshire, or a freeman of Carlisle to sit for Truro, which he had never seen. The burgess was clearly intended to be a resident in the borough, who understood the feelings and interests of the place for which he was returned, as well as the general tendency for good or evil of any political measures which the government might pursue affecting it in the practice of its public functions, in place of being a stranger introduced by his own purse in one hand, and led up to the hustings by an attorney.

In regard to the House of Peers, we cannot help thinking it should be a body selected from its own order, as the Irish and Scotch peers are selected at present. There are reasons for this, inasmuch as men may now decide important questions by their votes, who may not be exactly idiots for the care of a Lord Chancellor, but who, being little better, may count heads when on important divisions the numbers closely approximate, and decide by vote that which by natural want of understanding they cannot comprehend. We are aware that Montesquieu meets this objection by giving the peers the power of rejecting, but not of resolving. This does not seem to us to meet the difficulty, nor answer incapacity from natural feebleness of mind. Franklin's objection to the system, when he said that in some city of Germany they had "hereditary mathematicians," was not thus much out of the way. The advantage of this estate of the government being as it is cannot otherwise be disputed. Could the objection above made be met? It is neither an unfounded nor factious one. It is undeniable that a peer unfit to take his place in a drawing-room may

give a casting vote in the legislative house. While the executive power is of course lodged in the monarch, the Peers are regarded as a body that interferes to temper the other two estates. This, however, must depend on the feeling of independence it may preserve. We had an instance in the reign of George III. of the want of moral courage and patriotism in the Peers, who should be as independent as the king or Commons. Thus that House acted with a mean subservience to the unconstitutional conduct of the monarch, who suffered his arbitrary feeling to appear when the Lords having approved and read a bill once, the king had the "audacity"—for it was no less—to send the Peers a notice that if any peer voted for the bill, which, too, had already passed the Commons, he should regard the peer so voting as his "personal enemy." On the next reading the House of Peers, in place of regarding such a message as the insult of which it should have taken no notice, and as well being most unconstitutional, threw out the bill, in place of carrying it at once *nem. con.*, having carried a former reading, to show that the House had some value for its own independence of action, some sense of an insult to the constitution. But we are travelling out of the record.

Our Saxon usages, mingled with so much that was popular, were crushed beneath the Norman barbarian, and those little better than banditti who accompanied him, who had been manufactured into feudal nobles, and thus established a system ruinous to popular freedom, as well as altogether opposed to the previous customs and habits of the people of England. The realm had now fallen into vassalage. The feudal lords, the creatures of their leader, were a race of barbarians, with minds wholly uncultivated. They ruled the people they had reduced to vassalage with an iron hand, and seized their properties. These feudal chieftains, and their sovereigns afterwards to the reign of King John, exhibited only scenes of tyranny in action. John came to open differences with them, and then, not from any public, but from their own selfish motives, they forced from him the celebrated "Magna Charta," giving up privileges and royal prerogatives enjoyed by the throne from the time of William. Thus the people shared indirectly in the advantage obtained by the restraint put upon its head though only by the barons in the first instance. Certain powers and privileges were extended to citizens and merchants, which, though not more than were enjoyed by their Saxon ancestors, were a wonderful concession compared with Norman ignorance and vassalage. There was a feudal parliament, which meant no more than the king in the council of bishops, abbots, and barons, in which the bishops and abbots ruled with absolute sway, for but few of the barons could read and write. There were no corporate places until a later time. The grant of William the Bastard to the city of London was no charter, nor were any of the commons admitted as a part of the legislature, for such, as a body, did not exist at all at that time.

It was in the reign of Henry IV. that the barons assumed the character of an oligarchy, which in the present day means an aristocracy, according to some members of the House of Peers. Their sinister designs being seen by their looking only to their own interests, they gradually lost the influence which they had possessed. The clergy, too, crafty as ever, and in no instance the champions of freedom, began to play a game for their own advantage. They were too clever for the uncultivated barons.

Wales was invaded, and disturbances took place in London. King Edward enforced the Great Charter, and subdued Wales and Scotland. The last allying itself with France, a war with that nation ensued. The king's necessities and want of money obliged him to ask it of his subjects. The parliament being applied to in the royal pressure, a different class of persons to those before admitted were received into the public councils. The feudal system, from the dregs of which we are not yet free, together with the vassalage of the people, it was found had much weakened the means in the power of the king either for offensive or defensive warfare. The barbarous system of the Norman Conqueror, who cut up all the land into knights' fees, was now, from the pressure of circumstances, become much reduced in effect, as well as the men bound to do military service by tenure. The lands of Englishmen, too, seized by William, and conferred upon his creatures and dependents, had by the time of the accession of Edward I. been divided up or shared among the children of the owners as a provision. The knights and petty barons had become multiplied, and an order had arisen called "small barons," so that in a little time the baronage of England was held by writ as well as tenure. Other changes followed, the barons by writ strengthening the crown, and all pregnant with important results. Edward soon perceived the advantage of having the lesser barons and knights in parliament. It was this prince who assembled the deputies from boroughs, and from him dates our representative system, which acquired weight and influence, particularly in the assemblage of the burgesses or members of the Commons House, as well as the knights. It was remarkable here, and a proof of the selfish obstinacy and disregard for all but themselves, which so peculiarly marks churchmen, that while the nobles and burgesses granted an eleventh and seventh to the king, in the way of supply, the clergy held fast the "mammon of unrighteousness," and resisted to the utmost the king's writ, under the ridiculous pretence that they should thus acknowledge the superiority of the temporal power. At last it ended in a compromise. It was not long afterwards that the Pope forbade all princes from levying taxes on the clergy without his consent! The king did not pay much regard to these insolent orders from the head of the Church. He made the clergy feel that their spiritual insolence would be treated by him as it merited, and be subjected to the civil rule. Nor was this unjustifiable upon other grounds, for the king's necessities were great. It ended at last in the confirmation of the charters, with a clause that there should be no impositions or taxes laid on the people without consent of parliament. It was not quite palatable to the crown, but it was a far bitter pill for church arrogance, and delayed as long as possible from being swallowed. Ultimately, that law and others were confirmed, and the Great Charter of freedom established. From this reign dates the free constitution of England, the restraint under civil law of a boundless clerical ambition on pretence of religion, and an enlargement of trade and commerce. The name of Edward I. is seldom mentioned by Englishmen in the high status where truth should place him.

There were no serious attempts to abrogate the representative system until Charles I. proceeded to an open violation of the constitution by raising money without the consent of parliament—in fact, by dispensing with the representatives of the people altogether. This treason against

the people of England met the fate its author so well merited, with that of his family, subsequently. The Church, however, clung to Charles, and characterised the despot as a holy martyr, the last canonisation made by the Church of England.

There does not appear to have been any tampering with parliament in the election of members except by the influence of peers (though declared unconstitutional) and landed proprietors, exerted according to the party feeling of those who lent their interference for the sake of supporting or opposing the government. The individuals of large landed property, peers or commoners, continually influenced the freemen. In small boroughs more particularly they did not hesitate to use noon-day corruption to effect their objects, until Lord Grey's bill moderated it in a measure. In addition to these means of influence *pro* or *con.*, as the case might be, the invasion of the Pretender was seized upon as an excuse for prolonging the duration of parliament from three to seven years. This was a serious violation of the constitution, but a great convenience in aid of ministerial corruption. By prolonging a parliament from three to seven years, and changing the constitution before established, the right being once admitted, a parliament might vote itself perpetual. A corrupt minister afterwards found it more easy and far less expensive to corrupt constituencies and bribe patrons with public money once in seven than in three years, and hence, no doubt, the measure really originated. This last evil, however, the Reform Bill of Lord Grey and the present of Lord Derby united may effectually prevent. It is impossible to review that measure, which cost us America and the war commenced in France to replace the Bourbons, both carried out by corrupt practices in the representation, backed by the influence of the sovereign in promoting such ruinous and unjust wars, and not to regret that an end was not before put to such an enormous corruption as well as cost in the waste of life and the practice of every kind of iniquity in opposing free principles.

But to return to the present measure of reform: we cannot do better than welcome it, because it is right. We had rather the borough returns rested upon household suffrage of a fixed value in its simple form. It would be less complicated and clearer than any other mode of qualification, and as little capable of being abused. All that is great and pure must be simple. There is still much wanting to render the bill perfect. Treating under any plausibility should be forbidden. The opening of public-houses under the *pretence* of their being committee-rooms for election purposes, a practice through which some elections are wholly governed, should be set aside. Leave guttling and stuffing to the city of London, where four members are returned by one hundred thousand of population. There was to have been a bill to reform that Augean stable when other corporations were reformed—why not yet brought forward? The number of open houses in some places in certain boroughs about the capital are said to decide the elections.

There is one grand mistake in regard to the motive and spirit which takes up an elector to the poll. We continually hear of the duty which binds him in giving his vote, and that he is to consider the general good, his vote not concerning himself alone. The man who labours at his trade, he who gambles at Epsom or on the Stock Exchange, the shop-keeper who thinks it is his sovereign's duty to keep up a gay court that

he may truck his selfish wares, and the man that sweeps the crossing in the street, are all concerned, but how exalted are their motives for supporting particular candidates, and how remote from that which the candidates must affect to credit as the truth! Here lies a great hypocrisy. The "nation of shopkeepers" must act in character, high and low.* The patriotism of the voter in a land of venality will be venal to an extent painful to contemplate. No fraction of a solitary virtue can be admitted to be the property of a man who, like Diogenes, lives in a tub. Rig him out, let a West-end tailor do his best for him, and, setting him in a handsome equipage, show how the fraction or fragment of any ascribed virtue sparkles and glitters in the popular eye—how every scanty attraction he may possess becomes magnified! Could the plain face of a Cato exhibit a single virtue in the Apollo supper-room, of Lucullus? What worth is a candidate for a seat in parliament who will not pay for an elector's vote in some mode? Such a method of argument, however Carthaginian and Tyrian it may be, is not drawn from immortal Athens or glorious old Rome. It is upon the too great prevalence of this venal influence that we express our fears, that however far the electoral law may be carried in the effort to avoid corruption, the spirit of Esau will still govern, and offer for the vulgar pottage the precious and honourable birthright.

That the reform act of the present ministry should have been as it was accepted, we advocate to the fullest extent. Lord Derby was once a reformer. We have not forgotten his manly and effective speeches under Lord Grey's bill in 1830-31. He lapsed, but has returned again to his primary track. His lordship recalls the words of Scripture: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom." It is truth and nature. In our intermediate years we may stray from the fold. Age gives us wisdom, and we do not in advancing years go back to the evil of our middle-age days, we reject it, and return to the generous youthful impress of good, which, rendered of a more worthy colour by the *verd antique* of age, remains with us to be the guide, and solace, and glory of the later portion of our momentary existence. Why should we decry what is for the general weal through any party pique in middle life prompting us? The corruptions of the hour are a sufficient task for our utmost effort at resistance, exposure, and condemnation. If we can travel to good only *pas à pas*, let us still proceed, avoiding as much as possible everything complicated or crooked in our way.

But is it not advantageous to the governing body to be able to select clever men from the nation generally as representatives, and to have the whole country open for the purpose? Here the question must be begged, that the constituency, in the place of the individual selecting the constituency, will choose such individuals. Unfortunately, we have too much evidence that the ability of the candidate is scarcely ever made a part of the consideration, unless ability of purse, or interest, or some

* The writer, remonstrating with the authorities in a town that had just set up races, as introducing thieves, gamblers, jockeys, and all kinds of vice among high and low, was told it would be excellent for the shopkeepers: that was conclusive!

sinister motive happen to be included. We do not believe that fifty members in any general election have been ever chosen solely upon the consideration of their fitness and superior talents for the duties required, though, perchance, they may possess them. It is as it happens. If this be doubted as to past time, let the mode of entering the House of Commons, and the management of it, from Walpole to the change effected by Lord Grey, be considered; in fact, the entire reigns of George II. and George III., to go back no further. "I know the price of every man in the House except the little Cornish baronet,"* Walpole is said to have observed to a friend.

The sale of seats was as common for hard cash as that of oysters at Billingsgate, and by peers too. Money was the agent, and it sometimes threw out even a minister from his seat, who had to *buy in* somewhere else.† But these things occurred long after the change from Saxon to Norman. To return to the reaction, the latter was brought about by that high-minded monarch, Edward I., though not without something like a pressing necessity before him; it is not likely we shall ever return to that original county and borough system in selecting members. There are no longer serfs. The degradation, both civil and ecclesiastical, effected by the Norman tyranny, in some circumstances under the civil head, even now by no means stamped out, is of little effect. We have some dregs of its former barbarism remaining with us still, both in modes of thinking as well as of custom, or rather law. Thus families boast of being descended from those barbarians, a thing not very enviable to a reflective mind, and also somewhat difficult to prove. The wars of the Roses very nearly exterminated the remnants among the chieftains descended of that barbarous race, boasting a connexion in which many still credit a virtue from descent, although it can be no more than a boast, since every living man in the present day, if his blood be "foul" or right "blue," as the Spaniards have it, must have come to him, in the present year of Queen Victoria, after eight hundred years' usage, for so long is it since the savages who occupied Neustria, *alias* Normandy, met Harold at Hastings, or since 1066. This will include twenty-four generations of men, reckoning to the present year 1867, or 801 years since, calculating each generation at thirty-three years. The ancestors, male and female, from that day to the present, to which any affected descendant lays the claim of Norman blood, must have passed through 4,418,816 ancestors. Thus, by the end of the eight hundredth year, or in 1867, the blood of any Norman chief must be tolerably attenuated. We prove this by arithmetical progression. Every married pair must have four parents, those eight, those sixteen, and so on, to twenty-four generations. Supposing a new-born infant six pounds weight in 1066, the ancestral virtue, the blue blood, at the present day descended to his living representative from some Norman invader, must be just the 4,418,816th part of six pounds avoirdupois in regard to the integument. How the immortal part has been divided is not so clear as the incontrovertible fact. So much for the descent of the heroic virtues from

* Sir John St. Aubyn. His friends used to boast of it.

† We know an instance of this in which Lord Castlereagh lost his seat, and was returned for an English borough, for which four thousand pounds were paid to the patrons, not the voters.

Norman chiefs in half a dozen centuries. So much for the dream of ancestry cherished by ignorance.

The marks of abuses in our constitutional freedom were not yet obliterated; Lord Grey's bill only diminished them. The perseverance of the reflecting part of the people in reform, conscious of rectitude, have effected what has been done by obstinate perseverance alone. The measures carried by Lord Grey's government would have made the ministers Perceval, Addington, and Castlereagh arouse old George III. for leave to array in opposition the "last reason of kings." What has caused the difference of the times but a diminution in seat-selling, and in that interference of the peerage, unconstitutional as it was considered even then, which gave an influence against the people to those who had no right to possess any? Voters went up to the hustings under command, with certain stipulations agreeable to authority; and the peerage, whose interference was declared unconstitutional, itself returned a considerable number of members masked by some paltry subterfuge. We once saw the original, and took a copy of a letter *verbatim*, written by a peer, under the favourite system of George III., in "the good old times," when Bathurst, Sidmouth, Castlereagh, and Vansittart cast their baleful official shadows over the nation.

"Dear —. On my return from travelling round the county of A., on canvass, I found your letters. I told you I had always fears about — for you, but am proportionally delighted to learn that you are likely to carry T. I have no news from that part of the world but by letters, and shall wait the next post with real anxiety.

"I hope — is persuaded I did not for an hour neglect W.; his two friends, however, dissented entirely from the conditions: he thought they would accept of no cure no pay. What has been done since I know not.

"Thinking you, from your former letters, secure in —, I sent you down a very gentlemanly, agreeable colleague for Mr. — in the person of Mr. L. What have you done with him?

"I hope to be back soon. I have no trouble; but the Dowager of D. has raised a flame by a ball at H., and, as they say, a subscription of 2000*l.* to oppose Castlereagh. They say also that Lord — has promised neutrality, but if he allows his freeholders to be led by his mamma, Castlereagh will be hard run, and probably will in such case *complain of Lord D. on Putney-common!* Croker will have hard work in Downpatrick, and probably be beat. Bloody noses already, and the dragoons are gone off in a hurry.

"God bless and prosper your efforts. You surely will now be thought of by the government. Your exertions have been most exemplary. More of this when we meet.—Yours ever, &c."

Such was the mode in which the Upper House interfered with the Lower, and in fact commanded. Crowning its authority with glory, the selection of the House lost us America, for example; and, secondly, a thousand millions of money to replace the French king, and not less than half a million of lives, with a score of years of war, all which in its labours and effects the French cancelled in three glorious days, for the selection of a sovereign of their own in place of one by foreign dictation. It is something cheering to see the conviction of having supported political wrong for a time, at length exhibiting itself in action. We accept

with more than common pleasure the acknowledgment of Lord Derby's return to his primary sentiments in regard to reform, and should esteem ourselves factious in spirit if we did not applaud it. As to those of his lordship's late friends who separated themselves from their party in consequence of an abandonment of its former course of action, his lordship will do very well without them. He has taken the rule of the public good for his guide, and thrown aside unworthy predilections.

It will now be for the people to do their duty honestly. It will be for the people to begin to think with something like high-mindedness when they perform a public duty. It is the want of such a feeling that causes every political evil in regard to our parliamentary representation.

In selecting representatives it is the duty of the electors to be choice, and not to accept any adventurer who comes to them purse in hand, as is too much the custom. It is also their duty to select representatives with care from characters they know, and not strangers. There is no doubt that the knights of the shires were originally selected from residents upon landed estates in the counties where their properties and domiciles lay, they in return knowing their constituents, with all their local interests. In boroughs the free burgesses elected their representatives from among themselves. We do not believe that an ignorant London dealer in tallow or tow, filling his purse from his till, went down in those days to a borough a hundred or two of miles away, and there, utterly unknown before, got elected, and thus entered parliament with a golden key, an utter stranger to those who returned him, or to his public duties. We do not believe this to be the original mode of representation, nor that which the constitution intended it should be. An extensive venality was not contemplated; local influence there might be from property. A Cornishman did not go to Carlisle for a seat, nor an Exeter citizen to Berwick-upon-Tweed. Originally, the system of representation was conformable to reason; it was in the natural order of things adverse to corruption in the palm. No obscure from Pye-corner or Petticoat-lane, with a full pocket, went from the capital to a distant borough, a perfect stranger, and got returned with miraculous speed from where the echo of his civic glories had never before reached. No lord for twice twenty-six sabbaths dropped into a distant burgh, his robes fresh from that temple which Heliogabalus might have envied for its sensuality, and was constituted a Lyncurgus by a people that knew him not. No railway jobbers, nor agents for limited speculations, sat for constituencies which they did not honour with their presence, and thus aided in the increase of a stock of legislative wisdom peculiarly that of the time. No, our simple forefathers pursued a different course amid their stolidity. They were honest. We cannot help observing late modes of going to work, and of perverting a great duty. They are too notorious. Let it be hoped that Lord Derby's bill may aid in bringing back to its pristine truth and simplicity our better parliamentary representation. At all events, it is a step gained upon that of the veteran Lord Grey; it is a step in advance upon the bill of 1830-31, and we hail it accordingly, though it might have come with better grace from those who had always supported the measure, and had no footsteps in retrogradation to make in supporting it. Still, it was better late than never. A right step is always honourable. Man is a fallible creature, and political sins, like those of our first parents, may be forgiven upon an honest penitence.

Let us, then, hail the result of the late session as an advance of moment. Let us not misconstrue motives, but judge by actions. The people have by the present measure made no small progress in gaining back that influence which is their right. Some of those public men who rank with the selfish and half informed in public life, prompted by that feeling of self-inflation which marks the overweening sentiments of an aristocracy, have recently sneered at democracy in their forensic harangues. By what right in truth or justice they do this, it is difficult to discover, except it be that they commit a mistake little complimentary to their good sense. What is not aristocratical and exclusive is styled democratical, and, being opposed to aristocracy, is deemed the vilest thing in the world from that antagonism alone, without regard to their respective merits. But, as Mackintosh remarked, democracy, in its etymological sense the power of the people, is that which a legitimate government must needs be. A multitude of Newtons would be a democracy. Those who assume a native-born right for an aristocracy, though such a right can never be attained by merit, but by accident alone—the accident of chance-born position—must feel it is no merit at all, as the progress of ancestral virtue before stated fully makes known.

Leaving this part of the subject, and returning to the people who never wear out nor die of mental inanition, but whose strength is “renewed as that of the eagle,” we have to express great pleasure at the additional power they now possess. We trust it will be judiciously exercised. Let Lord Derby have credit for the step he has carried forward for that indefeasible right of the people which he has tacitly admitted. Let us rejoice that we proceed peaceably step by step, as we thus avoid tumult and confusion. We must finally attain a just position, an independence in the House of Commons, which will secure a prompt remedy of a thousand existing evils in law, finance, and church matters, and multiply improvements. Nothing must stand still; the diversity of conditions and the progress of mind forbid it. Free discussion will secure further advance in all that is still in arrear. Let us credit nothing because it is already in existence, or a thing of old, or a thing established, and therefore not to be examined nor controverted. We must continue to advance. Our existence is no calm, but a perpetual ruffle upon the surface of the great ocean of time. Its tumultuous waves sport with our most valuable appliances. Let us ever submit our operations to the test of right reason in all matters of government. They are plain sailing enough. In recording the present advance, let us congratulate ourselves that we set no example of violence, that our pressure is effective from the reason, not passion, that gives it action, and that all parties, however differing upon minor points, have been willing to make some sacrifices of sentiment and feeling for the general good, a few excepted, who justify ignorance by prescription, make property the rule of judgment, formularies that of religion, and government the will of an exclusive aristocracy. Some, with indomitable obstinacy in behalf of wrong, seem formed to prefer adding to the human species on the side of error rather than contributing to intellectual power and national strength by union in the defence of indefeasible personal rights derived from nature and reason.

CYRUS REDDING.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XXVI.

NEXT night the party reached Lyons, where Mrs. Trevor declared that she must stay a few days to repose herself, as well as to see the remains of antiquity, the manufactories, and other objects of interest with which that fine town is filled. Signor San Isidora yielded to all her whims, was obsequious to all her wishes; everything worthy of note was to be visited, and they set forth in the morning to make a tour of observation—the lady leaning gracefully on the Italian's arm, followed by her eldest daughter, who continued throughout the day in haughty independence to leave her sister and Christine to bring up the rear in company. In the course of this their first forenoon's wanderings, the behaviour of the two young ladies was sufficiently indicative of the texture of their different characters, opposed in every point but one—namely, the insatiable desire to attract notice and elicit admiration. This Christine soon perceived was the one thing needful to satisfy their craving vanity; Nola, going upon the plan of taking attention by storm—affecting eccentricity, and throwing herself into prominent points of view—followed up her aim by a general levity of manner; while Sophy strove by an assumed timidity and gentle demeanour to fix an interest where her sister only awakened curiosity. Mrs. Trevor, meanwhile, appeared quite unobservant of their unbecoming manner of conducting themselves, and deeply engaged in “converse sweet” with her new Italian friend, paid not the slightest attention to any one else, or even to the objects which she affirmed herself so desirous of seeing. Signor San Isidora, however, seemed abundantly alive to the extreme cases of “*l'allegro e il penseroso*” with which his daughter was associated, and from time to time sent a flashing and admonitory glance towards her as if to communicate his utter disapprobation of their demeanour. Christine, uneasy and frightened, was thus rendered utterly unconscious of the looks of unqualified admiration that everywhere pursued her, thinking that the observation awakened arose entirely from the boldness of the one young showy woman and the affected sentimentality of the other. On returning to the hotel, however, she was not long left in doubt as to her father's sentiments on the subject of her companions' levity, for he followed her to her room, and softly closing the door, advanced close to her, and said, in a low voice:

“Christine, I am come to put you on your guard, in order that you may not commit yourself by allowing the example set you by those silly girls, to corrupt the principles of reserve so essential to maintain in a young woman the impression of purity of moral conduct. So utterly deficient do I consider those young ladies in their manner of demeaning themselves, that it is my wish that you should appear in

their company as little as possible; so after we leave Lyons you must feign indisposition—or plead the usual apology of having letters to write—in order to avoid showing yourself in their society when we make those pauses in our journey which the delicate health of the *madre* renders necessary.”

“But, father, would it not be better to pursue our route in some other direction, and alone?” gently asked his daughter, looking at him inquiringly. “I own that the behaviour of the Miss Trevors shocks me, and it appears to me that their mother cannot be a very sensible woman, otherwise she would check her daughters’ impropriety of conduct.”

“No, no,” replied Signor San Isidora, “the *madre* is well enough; *she* is a married woman of a certain rank; her husband being a judge in India, and very rich, her countenance may be of some consequence to you when we arrive in Italy. Therefore I wish you to remain quite quiet, and to show yourself as little as possible after we leave this place; dress particularly plainly—rather as if you were beneath them in rank than anything else—for the surest way to preserve the good will and consideration of those vain, foolish young women is to appear as little in the light of a rival as you can. When we reach Naples, I shall not leave you long resident with them; and if they accompany us to Palermo—which I think it is probable they may do when I take you there in spring—I shall make arrangements to prevent your being in their way. But, as long as we are together, I must warn you above all things to keep your musical talent a secret—Miss Nicola could ill brook your superiority in vocal power—and your cultivation afterwards in this respect will be carried on with the utmost secrecy, as a thing essential to your future welfare. You must henceforth consider yourself quite an Italian girl, and consequently must observe the extreme reserve and caution necessary to secure for an unmarried female the approbation of your relatives and country people. Such are my wishes, nay, commands, and I expect you to obey them to the letter.”

It cost Christine no effort to give the promise required by her father. On the contrary, she only felt too happy to keep in the shade as much as possible; although, at the same time, she could not help being considerably surprised that he should wish her to associate at all with people he so evidently despised.

For the few days, therefore, which they continued at Lyons—as it was his wish that, while there, she should accompany them in their night-seeing expeditions—she studied to dress herself in the most unbecoming and simple manner she could, never speaking when not absolutely called upon to do so, and entering in no way into her young associates’ plans of attracting attention. She moved about more like an automaton than anything else, from the leaden weight that pressed upon her heart, arising from the mystery of her father’s conduct in regard to her, when united to his continual evening absences—which she but too justly suspected were spent at the gaming-table, from the expression of cloud or sunshine which in the morning dominated his changeful countenance according to the for-

tunes of the previous night. A short stay at the interesting town of Avignon, and visits to one or two places of note at a distance—as the whim of Mrs. Trevor dictated—occupied some little time before they reached Marseilles, where the languid Eastern woman again professed to feel it necessary to repose before proceeding by sea to Naples.

When fairly on board the steam-boat, Christine had plenty of time to indulge in undisturbed reflection, for her young lady companions immediately plunged deeply into flirtations, and Mrs. Trevor, taking possession of a sofa—brought on board for her special benefit—reclined there in sentimental majesty, receiving the homage of her seemingly captive Italian, whose whole attention she absorbed, except when, from time to time, he spoke kindly a few words in his native language to Christine, whom he had placed opposite to himself. The speeches which at intervals he addressed to her were calculated to show that she was his daughter, in order to keep off any enterprising intruder, who might otherwise have wished to claim a share of the attention of the young and beautiful girl.

With a book in her hand as a pretence for silence, Christine began to revive from her forced physical inaction and moral palsy under the influence of the bright Italian sky, and when they stopped at Genoa she scarcely regretted her father's prohibition to accompany the rest of the party in their inspection of churches, palaces, and pictures, so much did the beautiful scene around her, and the delicious air she breathed, dispose her to soothing meditation and tranquil enjoyment. She felt as if she were translated to a purer sphere; her fears of the future began to dissipate, and former superstitious impressions of peace awaiting her on Italian ground took possession of her mind and brightened her eye and cheek. Continuing in the same mental solitude to sail along the coast of the beautiful peninsula, her pleasurable sensations heightened, and when after a smooth and prosperous voyage they at last landed at Naples, her rapture knew no bounds, though she gave no outward demonstration of what she either felt or thought. The evening after their arrival—and in the absence of the rest of the party—she spent her solitary hours in gazing from her window on the sea, and long after she should have retired to the repose her bodily fatigue required, still she continued to linger as if fascinated to the spot, with her eyes fixed on the blue beautiful sky, so purely illuminated by the crescent moon, whose pellucid rays gilded the face of the water, giving distinct outlines of Vesuvius and of the islands in the distance, and imparting a magical appearance to the boats skimming to and fro. All sorrow and fears were forgotten by the innocent and enthusiastic girl in the enchantment of the moment; she felt that contemplating such a scene, and respiring so pure an atmosphere, rendered the sensation of mere existence a blessing. When at last she retired to rest, a dewy and refreshing sleep soon sealed her eyelids, in which were pictured to her slumbering but still active mind nothing but images of beauty and delight, accompanied by sounds of melting harmony, doubtless arising from some distant music wafted past her still open window by the soft sweet breeze of night.

An early message from her father, requesting to speak with her,

awakened her from her delicious dreaming trance, and hastily arising, she threw on a dressing-gown and prepared to receive him. His countenance on entering wore a gloomy and uneasy expression.

"I have made arrangements for your removal from those ridiculous women," he said, glancing at his daughter in an uncertain manner. "Immediately after breakfast you must be ready to accompany me to a convent where the nuns dedicate themselves to the education of the young. I have had some difficulty in obtaining your admission from your having been brought up a Protestant, and it was only in representing that you were the member of an Italian family of note and rank that I at last succeeded, and also in pledging my word that while resident with them you would never leave their walls, nor seek to disturb their rigid notions of religion by propounding any of the abstract, incomprehensible, Calvinistic nonsense you may have imbibed in Scotland. You must keep this in mind, remember, and bend your thoughts entirely to the cultivation of your musical powers, which have been already so well developed by the instructions you received in Paris. "As for different creeds," he continued, carelessly, "I consider them all pretty much about the same, and have therefore likewise stipulated that the sisterhood are in no way to interfere with yours, it being entirely for education that I place you with them. And now you must exert yourself, Christine; time flies, and you are nearly eighteen, a period of life when a woman's voice reaches its highest degree of purity and flexibility. Most Italian girls make their debut before that age, and you possess organs, strength, and genius sufficient to rise to the highest pitch of excellence if you take proper pains to succeed, and give your heart to the perfecting your extraordinary natural powers."

During this long harangue, a tide of thought swept over Christine's mind; the mask was partly raised, and his words convinced her of the justice of the Signora Cypriani's suspicions. Her native courage rose, mixed with an indignant feeling at her parent's unworthy intentions towards her, and a truer notion of his character took possession of her mind than she had ever before allowed herself to harbour. She felt that the moment was important for the elucidation of truth, her energies got concentrated, and raising her bright, comprehensive eyes to his dark and disturbed countenance, she calmly and distinctly inquired:

"Father, do you intend me for the stage?"

He started slightly at the question, and answered hastily:

"We do not know to what the turns of fate may bring us, Christine; and if your father were to become unfortunate, you would not surely refuse to exert the splendid talent with which you are so eminently gifted to redeem him from poverty?"

"Oh no indeed," replied the dutiful, keenly-feeling, yet firm girl; "but of that I trust there is no chance, since the money recovered from my brother is quite sufficient to ensure us independence in Italy, when united to the income I inherit from my kind great-aunt."

A momentary convulsive motion contracted San Isidora's brow.

"Listen, my child!" he said, perturbedly; "I have got some un-

pleasant intelligence to communicate. I vested that money, when in Paris, in a speculation which I thought would prove lucrative, but I regret to say that, owing to the villany of some of the agents in the concern, I have now great fears as to the result, nay, almost dread that all may be lost. This is the reason, Christine, that I am so anxious for you to profit by your present opportunities, as your little fortune will be barely sufficient for your own support; and as you have no power to bestow any part of the principal upon another, you will have no means of assisting your parent—if he should require it—but by exerting your musical talents professionally. In the mean time, I shall do all I can for my own maintenance, and trust that you may never be called upon to yield me your assistance; nevertheless, it is best to be provided against contingencies, and I give you the strongest proof of my respect for your intelligent character and filial affection by thus openly explaining the true state of the case. May I count upon you, my daughter, or do you blame your father, who in his anxiety to procure you a more brilliant position in life—has risked, perhaps lost, those few thousand pounds to which you allude?"

Christine hid her face in her hands; there was something false and hypocritical in the tone of voice in which he spoke those untruths that jarred upon her ear and feelings. "Nine thousand pounds gone; gone at the gaming-table in so short a space of time!" it was dreadful, almost incredible to her, poor simple girl! And yet she felt it was so. At last she raised her head, and, with a shocked but calm look firmly replied:

"I shall cultivate my talents, father; I shall endeavour to perfect them to the utmost, and, if need be, I shall go upon the stage to support you in comfort and ease; but if I am obliged to do this, I must be a free agent to give or retain as my judgment and my friends may dictate. I will trust nothing more to chance."

San Isidora regarded her fiercely.

"You doubt my truth, then?" he said, in a tone choking with passion, and a dark frown; "the *signorina* speaks with authority, but she will please to recollect that, until she is one-and-twenty, she is under her father's control. Adieu for the present; make yourself ready to accompany me to the convent of the Ursulines, and for the future keep your resolutions to yourself, until the time arrives when you can with effect act upon them."

So saying he quitted the room, leaving Christine overwhelmed with astonishment and fear.

"Oh, Guy!" she mentally ejaculated, "where are you now, when your companion of former years totters on the brink of degradation and ruin; when, instead of the fond father, whom she tried in every way to attach and conciliate, she has only found a tyrant, who seeks to precipitate her into the whirlpool of folly and vice for the gratification of his own frenzied and corrupt propensities!"

She sobbed convulsively, and wrung her hands in a delirium of sorrow; her mind for the moment reeled under the racking agonies of disappointment and terror, but the despair in her heart at length sobered down those more tumultuous emotions, and awakened her

a stilled and melancholy sense of the utter desolation of her position. For three years, for three long years, she must continue under the control of this apparently natural protector, but most unnatural parent; and three years seemed at the juncture to comprise a lifetime to the youthful sufferer. A message sent by her father to inquire if she were ready roused her at last from her agonising pre-occupation. She bathed her swollen and grief-disfigured features, and hurriedly completed her toilet with that obedient alacrity that, from her infancy, had distinguished her. Mechanically she descended the stairs of the hotel to the sitting-room which Mrs. Trevor occupied; but no one was there except a waiter, who informed her that Signor San Isidora was below waiting for her with a carriage. Walking, as if in a dream, she followed him to the entrance-door, where she found her father stationed; she had no courage to look him in the face, but put her hand into the one he extended to assist her into the vehicle, and, when fairly in motion, fixed her eyes on the thronged streets, whose busy or idle occupants appeared to her sorrow-obscured vision like the shadowy figures of a dream of fever and pain. She preserved no distinct recollection of anything she either saw or heard, until the carriage stopped; on alighting, however, she revived in the air, and followed her father with composure into the convent, where she was presented by him to the superior, a mild and penetrating-looking old woman, who, on perceiving the air of languor and suffering imprinted on her pale face, immediately proposed her going with one of the sisters to the little chamber appropriated to her use.

On the nun leaving her, Christine looked round her humble apartment and experienced a feeling of relief; here she was at least alone; here she would be able to meditate undisturbedly on the past, would brace herself for the future, and her music, her voice—at once the blessing and curse of her destiny—she would cultivate it to the utmost. “It would not fail her,” she argued, “before three years were past, and then she would be free—yes, she would be free and innocent.” This was her firm resolve; no vanity should corrupt, no adulation should so far intoxicate her as to make her forget for a moment the sentiments of the far-off friends of former days, nor the advice of the wise and kind Signora Cypriani. “And if I should ever meet with them again,” she murmured to herself, “I shall be able to say, ‘Here I am, your own Christine, the same in purity and feeling as when I parted from you in youth and hope.’” Her principles sketched the outline of her firm determination, and her grateful heart set a stamp to the contract never to be effaced.

XXVII.

WE must now leave Christine to the solitude of her convent, and follow Guy on board his ship, where he appeared with his usual careless buoyancy of manner. Along with the singular compound of reckless daring and deep penetration for which his character was remarkable, he was likewise gifted with that innate irrepressible love of fun, which often led him to sport with the follies and the credulity of

others for the amusement of the passing hour. I say that, in this respect, he was *gifted*, as I am convinced that, but for a certain enjoyment in the ridiculous with which their minds are endowed, many people would sink under the trials which beset them in life. With a deep purpose in his heart, and with an observation keenly alive to everything passing around, the young sailor at first rather enjoyed his doubtful position, as it gave him scope for the moment to indulge his humorous propensities, at the same time that his principles justified the means he employed to attain the end he had in view. He steadily pursued his plan of performing the part of a sentimental swain, and did it to perfection. Playing off all sorts of lover-like eccentricities, he affirmed that he acted upon promises given to his "Mary"—as he chose to name his imaginary fair one—and which, in fact, were merely devised to preserve him from the conspiracy which he was convinced existed between his captain and the first-lieutenant to draw him into bad habits and consequent disgrace. One of those pretended promises, to which he pertinaciously adhered, was never to taste anything but water. "His Mary," he maintained, "had bound him down to be a member of the Temperance Society," and from this pledge nothing could move him. He knew his own infirmity of expanding into extreme good humour and thoughtless confidence under the influence of generous wine, and therefore felt the necessity of guarding himself against so great a peril. When in his cabin, he took to playing sentimentally—and extremely ill—upon the flute, and occasionally appeared occupied in writing verses, which he as regularly tore up in presence of his messmates with a look of mock despair, as if he felt himself unable to do justice to the charms of his beloved. In short, he acted the part of a devoted adorer, much better, probably, than he could have performed the real one, but the malicious pleasure he had in making the others stare was ample encouragement to him to follow up in a whimsical manner the desired aim. Nevertheless, there was a security in his demeanour, and, at moments, a certain sparkle in his eye, accompanied by a singular half-smile, that startled those who narrowly watched him. Captain Seymour felt convinced that something with regard to himself was suspected on Guy's part, and that this lover-fit was merely assumed as a shield with which to ward off the evil. That he had become attached to some girl he believed might be the case to a certain extent, but not so far as he feigned; so the first-lieutenant, Strickland, was charged to observe him well, while he himself sought to propitiate and attach him as much as possible, in order to hatch some means of entanglement in which to involve and render him subservient to his views. Of this plan, at last, he became weary, for Guy—almost certain that his grand-uncle Stanley's interest with the Admiralty would procure him an exchange by the time they touched at New York—steadily pursued his course, meeting cordiality with reserve, enduring raillery with unfailing good humour, and caprice or severity with imperturbable patience and submission. Captain Seymour was a decided *bon-vivant*, but wine with him had not the tendency to open his heart, as in Guy's case; on the contrary, it only aggravated his cruel tyrannical disposition and temper, and, although the young man's tact enabled him to avoid its consequences

in his own person, still he winced under its effects towards others. Seymour's harshness and brutality towards his junior officers was extreme—with the exception of Strickland—and with his men it arose sometimes to absolute barbarity. Here was the point on which the young sailor's philosophy was the most tried; often the flashing glance of anger and contempt, or a shudder of concentrated rage and disgust, gave evidence of his internal agitation, although his immense self-command enabled him to refrain from uttering any word that might betray his thoughts and feelings. This, however, was noted by the captain and his coadjutor. Seymour thought that he had found out the "soft spot in his character," as he termed it to Strickland; so punishment succeeded punishment, and cruelty to cruelty, in order to provoke him to some expression of indignation or act of insubordination; but the plan did not succeed in changing Guy's outward man in any respect, further than to make him more reserved and grave. His honourable brother-in-law's jealousy and dislike deepened to absolute hatred, he ceased to address him in any way but in an insolent or sarcastic manner, and the glances the youth received from those ominous white eyes made nearly as great an impression of mistrust and dislike on his masculine mind as in former days they had made of fear on the sensitive nerves of Christine.

"What a clear-seeing, clever creature Tiny is," he would say to himself, as he turned in his berth; "what an acute little girl she is, my Italian aunty! And Aunt M'Naughton too, she was indeed a penetrating woman! Could she have seen this brute, as I now see him sometimes, faith! the tough admiral of an old lady would have told him her mind if she had had to be tucked up to the yard-arm for it the next moment; she was steel to the backbone—a true, staunch Douglas, every bit of her."

And Guy mentally paid a tribute to the courage and unbending principle which—along with her penetration—he so evidently inherited from her.

An adverse and lengthened combat with the winds and waves rendered the tyrant, Seymour, more intolerable from day to day, while the cruise was prolonged much beyond the time at which they had anticipated reaching the American coast. To soothe his ruffled spirits, the martinet indulged in more liberal libations than ever, and the constant irritation on his nerves was only to be allayed by additional severities towards his officers and men. The crew murmured among themselves, and many a dark look and muttered curse followed his steps, and those of his factotum, as they paced the quarter-deck in company. Guy alone stood silent and unmoved: his iron strength of frame and purpose, and the importance of the stake for which he played, enabled him to rise superior to the outrages under which the spirits of the others sank. He distinctly read in the faces of the common sailors the hatred with which they were inspired towards their commander, and anticipated from it the worst consequences for him if ever they should have an opportunity of revenging themselves. He would have enjoyed the certainty of his own release had it not been for his sympathy with those poor men, but his generous heart bled when he thought of the length of time they were doomed to be subject

to the barbarous rule under which they groaned; an impression of something terrible in futurity awaiting this bad man took possession of his mind, and he shuddered at the prospect of disgrace in which some sinister event might probably involve his family.

"What a woman my mother is, to be sure!" he thought; "how her folly has gone near to ruin all her children, myself excepted, and here even am I, her former favourite—and it is no vanity to say the most sensible one of the family—standing within a hair's-breadth of destruction, from the villany of the fellow whom her absurd manœuvring has introduced into our fated house."

Day by day deepened his conviction that Captain Seymour would seek his ruin by some foul means, and with this conviction rose as strong a determination that all his energies should be exerted, his perceptions taxed to the utmost, to anticipate or counteract his malignant intentions; but our destinies are far beyond our own control in any way, even to those whose profound penetration and superior physical endowments seem to promise them power to guide the tissue of events towards a certain point.

"Strickland," said his captain one day after dinner, when they were alone over their wine—"Strickland, I feel certain that fellow Douglas is acting a part to run us aground in our friendly intentions towards him. I read it in his — black eyes, I see it in his cursed cynical smile; he will contrive to wear on till he comes of age, and then I am convinced that he will avail himself of the first opportunity occurring to leave everything he has to that infernal Italian jade. As for his love-stuff, I don't believe a word of it; it is merely assumed to blind me to his real intentions, and he will follow out his infatuation for that designing baggage if it were for no other motive than from mere spite to deprive me of an inheritance to which I am entitled. Confound the fellow! I wish he were at the bottom of the sea!"

So saying he sprang up, kicked down a chair that stood in his way, and hastened with his worthy confidant on deck. It was an awful sight that presented itself. The evening was dark and lowering, its threatening appearance being rendered not the less ominous by a momentary lull; a pale reddish light illumined the horizon and defined the edges of the masses of looming and portentous clouds with which the nearer sky was filled. A shrill and whistling wind began to pipe in the distance, sending the swelling waves of the Atlantic roaring towards them. A minute after the tempest burst with tremendous violence, thunder clattered overhead, peal following peal in instantaneous succession to the bright flashes of lightning; the vessel pitched and struggled, and her timbers creaked as if being wrenched asunder; it seemed as if an infernal spirit rode the blast, so thick came the "pelting of the pitiless storm." At the first outburst of the hurricane the noble captain stood aghast, and for a minute or two could scarcely give the necessary orders to the anxious crew; necessity, however, soon cleared in some measure his wine-mystified intellect, and all was hurry and activity. At length he pulled his handkerchief from his pocket to wipe off the drops of rain which, driven by the wind,

against his face, were dripping from his bushy eyebrows on his cheeks. His hand was benumbed and powerless, and his sight partially obscured by the nervousness occasioned by excess, so that the blast coming with a whirl caught the light cambric appendage as he raised it to his forehead, and carried it off to the side of the vessel, where its farther flight was stopped by its doubling upon the rope of a sail about to be reefed by some sailors who had gone aloft for the purpose. It happened that Guy was standing near at the time, giving directions to the men, and beholding the captain's handkerchief streaming like a pennon overhead, he lightly swung himself up to lay hold of it in order to restore it to its possessor. How it happened he could not tell, but in the act of descending, when his foot was on the edge of the ship as he prepared to leap again upon the deck, the rope he held by one hand, from some unaccountable cause, gave way, at the same moment that his brother-in-law came pitching against him, apparently by a lurch of the vessel, and he was precipitated into the raging ocean. The rising billow received him, bearing him for an instant high towards the ship; and as he cast a look upwards to the side of the vessel and called for aid, he distinctly saw, by a lurid flash of lightning, a fiendish face glaring down at him with a look of demoniac triumph. Then there was a shout of "A man overboard!—shorten sail!" instantaneously followed by the voice of the captain roaring out the counter-order, wound up by the furious words, "D— your eyes! mind your own business; let us take care of ourselves!" And the ship drove forward in the midst of the tempest-tossed main. For a few seconds Guy contended with the foaming waves, almost overwhelmed in the trough of the sea left in the wake of the vessel. Then he struck out manfully for life. He was a first-rate swimmer, but what science or physical force could avail him amid those mountain billows when at such a distance from land? His strength at last began to give way, and at the near prospect of death a rush of painful thoughts swept over his mind: but Providence had not abandoned the generous and the brave. First a plank came drifting within his reach, which enabled him to relax for a moment from his desperate exertions, then raising his eyes with renewed hope, he beheld by the dim light of the moon—struggling through the broken clouds of the dispersing storm—the dark hull of a ship close upon him. He shouted for help, while he contrived to wave one arm in the air, and as the vessel neared he was perceived. She managed to heave to, a life-buoy was thrown within his reach, and a minute afterwards he was safely hoisted on board the *Christina* merchantman, bound for New York, by the pitying men whose attention he had attracted. He stood for a moment on the deck dripping and benumbed, almost doubting the reality of his safety; then, as his eye fell on the *Terrible*, still visible in the distance by the moonlight, a singular reaction took place both in his frame and feelings. He continued gazing fixedly at her until she disappeared, his youthful and beautiful countenance assuming a sternness of expression that almost gave it the appearance of age.

"Not by me," he muttered to himself—"not by me shall vengeance be taken on the villain; but as surely as that there is a God above to

judge of human actions, so surely is there awaiting him a dreadful retribution even in this world."

No sooner had Captain Seymour superseded Strickland in the duty of giving the counter-order to the call to afford Guy succour than he stamped with frantic delight; then, pulling up his trousers more tightly, staggered on in his usual walk on the quarter-deck. He was met by his first-lieutenant, who had been for the moment engaged elsewhere, to whom he coolly said:

"Strickland, there's a man overboard, and I suspect it is our exemplary youngster."

"Then he will most certainly be drowned," answered the worthy confidant, with a scanning glance at his superior.

"It is more than probable," tranquilly observed the other. "The devil himself could scarcely save a fellow in a sea like this, though the tempest is abating." And he walked on whistling.

The lieutenant looked after him with a singular smile.

"Satisfactory," he muttered to himself, slightly shrugging his shoulders.

The honourable commander proceeded to give the necessary orders for manœuvring the ship, and soon after retreated quietly below to take his supper in better humour than he had been for a long time. Before turning into his berth for the night, he took an open case-knife from his pocket, and, as he closed it, thought to himself:

"It served me well to-night; it severed the rope as if it had been a straw, and thus, by a dexterous cut, I have secured a fortune of fifty or sixty thousand pounds. Hurrah for an easy life in Old England henceforth! for I'll be hanged if I ever go into commission again after this profitable voyage is ended, and then I shall have plenty of leisure to cajole my worthy mother and father-in-law, and institute myself heir to all the wealth which this jackanapes was otherwise destined to inherit."

IN SPAIN.*

ON almost any fine evening in Madrid you may see a fat, short-legged, narrow-chested old man, with most inexpressive features, driving along the Fuente Castellana in a royal carriage. This gentleman is Don Francisco de Paula, Infant of Spain, youngest brother of Ferdinand VII., father of the present titular King of Spain, father-in-law to Queen Isabella, and her uncle on two sides, as Ferdinand's brother and as the husband of Queen Christina's sister. Among the scandals of Madrid is a report that the queen is still more nearly related to him, which may account for the repugnance poor Isabella felt to her present marriage. Don Francisco's first wife was the Neapolitan Princess Louisa Charlotte; subsequently he married a dancer of Madrid, of irreproachable character, who made him, as they say, a good wife. After her death the queen raised a child by this marriage, a boy of eight or nine, to the rank of a grandee, which occasioned many remarks in the democratic papers, showing more wit than respectful feeling. But why discuss old Francisco? The fact is that, with all his weakness and unimportance, he is an historical personage, the cause of that eventful insurrection of the people, the origin of the overthrow of Napoleonic power. We can never look at the ungainly figure of the old Infant without remembering that the great national festival of the second of May could never have grown into an institution without him; therefore we feel for him a kind of reverential awe.

Preparations were going forward to carry little Francisco, the youngest child of imbecile Charles V., to Bayonne. Charles and his disobedient son Ferdinand were already in the treacherous net, and Napoleon's purpose was to rob the Spaniards of this puny scion of royalty, round whom they as loyal subjects might muster, and in whose tiny hands the national banner might rest. Then it was that the real design of this friendly intervention and neighbourly alliance first became clear to the people, and on the 2nd of May, 1808, they assembled before the palace. The lower orders were in commotion, several shots were fired, and barricades erected, while the menacing cry of "Muerte a los Gavachos!" resounded through the streets of Madrid, still the most compact and thickly populated city in Europe. The cry reached the ears of Don Pedro Velarde, a young captain of artillery, one of the few who had seen the danger of Napoleon's schemes. He had at first been an ardent admirer of Napoleon and his military genius; but when he discovered his plans against his country, his devotion to him was turned into vindictive hatred. As soon as he had ascertained the cause of the tumult, he went to solicit permission to lead a party of the national militia lodged in the Calle de San Bernardo. The request was complied with, although every

* Aus Spanien. Von Gustav Hörner, Gesandter der vereinigten Staaten zu Madrid in den Jahren 1862, 1863, und 1864. Frankfurt: A. M. Sauerhander. London: Williams and Norgate.

officer had been enjoined to keep within the barracks during Murat's sojourn in the capital. Velarde threw down his pen, hurried up to the quarters, and ordered fifty of the men to follow him down the Calle de San José to the Palace of Monteleone, containing the armoury. The French sentinels were surprised and quickly disarmed; but the band met a more serious obstacle in the Spanish commander, Don Louis Davoiz, who refused them admittance. When, however, Velarde began to upbraid him fiercely, he tore up his orders, and threw open the doors, crying, "Viva el rey Fernando!" The two officers dragged out between them five or six cannon, and armed the people with the few muskets to be found. The French soon saw that if they wished to quiet the people they must wrest Monteleone from their hands, and their troops accordingly marched up against it in four divisions. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery enclosed the valiant defenders. Velarde fell, shot through the breast; Davoiz was wounded in the fight, which lasted, without intermission, for four hours. Velarde's body was carried out of the city in the robe of a Franciscan monk, Davoiz expired in the house to which he was taken by the people, and both were buried in the Church San Martin. In the year 1814 the two bodies were taken up from the vault of this church and placed temporarily in the chapel of San Isidor, whence they were conveyed to the Prado, with the obsequies of a general, on the 2nd of May. The uniform and Franciscan robe are preserved in the interesting museum belonging to the artillery, in a glass case enclosed in a wooden frame, covered with velvet, upon which are inscribed their names in gold letters, the privilege of opening and inspecting these relics being reserved to the governor-general. In order to keep these names fresh in the memory of all, they are still retained in the roll and called over as absent at every review and parade.

Let us hear Herr Hörner's account of the great national festival. On the eve of the Dos de Mayo a section of artillery fired the cannon, and the church bells were rung—by-the-by, never were bells rung so abominably. Early next morning the guns gave another salute, and towards mid-day the governor of Madrid, the mayor, Alcalde Corregidor, the justice of the peace, and the chief military officers of the provinces followed the orphans and children, members of the many benevolent societies in Madrid, to the chapel of San Isidor; there they listened to mass, and, as the papers say, to an eloquent and vehement discourse from a young priest, and then marched to the Campo de la Lealtad, in the Prado. We were stationed at the meeting-point of the Salon del Prado and the Alcala. The eastern side of the splendid avenue was filled with two squadrons of cuirassiers and mounted chasseurs, almost blinding us with their bright breast-plates, helmets, and swords reflecting the mid-day sun. The extension of the Alcala was occupied by the light artillery and their cannon, while the mounted artillery held the Paseo de Ricolletto, which connects the modern fashionable Fuente Castellana with the Prado. The remaining large expanse of ground was covered by a mass of people of all classes and of both sexes in animated expectation. It was a scene highly picturesque, as are all public demonstra-

tions in Spain. It was considered a religious festivity, so the women all wore black silk dresses and the pretty mantilla to which the middle and lower classes still hold fast, the French hat being rare. The men were all well dressed, the peasants, who had come into the town to see the pageant in great numbers, having the costume described by Cervantes, which is as correct for the present day as it was for two centuries and a half ago. The babies, dressed all alike in thick white caps and long loose cloaks hanging down almost to the ground, were carried by nurses, whom it is the pride of the family they serve to attire in the rich dress of their respective provinces. The Spanish children are the most beautiful, the most graceful beings I have ever seen; and to those who love children it is one of the greatest pleasures Madrid affords to watch the hundred groups of little angels collected on the parterre in the Retiro on a cold winter's day.

We were most surprised by the behaviour of this dense mass of human beings, chiefly from the lower class, as the wealthy were either in carriages, on the balconies, or on the house-tops. If it had not been for the water and orange sellers, who announced their commodities in shrill tones, we could hardly have believed ourselves in the midst of a crowd of people—not that they were silent, for no person can excel a Spaniard in the movement of his tongue, nor the women in that of their shoulders, fingers, and fan; but all spoke gently, and there was none of the shouting, quarrelling, and disputing, not to speak of fighting, so often found among us of the northern hemisphere, who esteem ourselves so vastly superior to the poor benighted Spaniard.

When we had amused ourselves for an hour watching this interesting concourse, the procession reached our point of observation, and, by standing up in the carriage, we could see the whole. The moment the troops approached, the bands of the four regiments already there struck up simultaneously a funereal march. First came a detachment of the imposing corps of mounted gendarmes to clear the way, done with great rapidity and good nature. Then followed the children of the orphan schools, in a simple uniform, preceded by their own little band of musicians; after them came the officers of the other public institutions. Four staff-bearers now marched along in front of the Governor of Madrid and other officers, all in three-cornered plumed hats and magnificent costumes glittering with stars. Immediately behind came the Progressist party, who had resolved to attend in a body to give a proof of their strength. According to their own calculations they numbered about three thousand, and considerably less by those of their political opponents. They were headed by Olozaga, their general, in lieu of Espartero, who was absent. Olozaga has a massive and intelligent head, and is their best speaker. With him walked Prim, a man hardly of middle height, but powerful, well proportioned, and not inelegant. His face is round and broad, but his coal-black hair and beard contrasts well with his pale complexion. He is always well dressed, and his nicely adjusted gloves are the right thing, as it would be highly indecorous to speak in the council or any public meeting without them. He is a great Nimrod,

and spends the greater part of his time at his country-seat near Toledo. In his speeches—for all the Progressists attend the council—he never fails to introduce his love of the country and dislike to office. The queen is well disposed towards him, and not long ago she acted as godmother to his child, and had the christening in her own apartments. Prim was dressed in the rich appointments of a lieutenant-general, the other Progressists having black frock-coats, shining black hats, and black kid gloves. This black body found a relief in the captains and generals of the army districts and provinces, with their staffs and the numerous deputations from the houses of Cortes, in their turn preceded by heralds and staff-bearers in ancient costume. The general was no less a person than Manuel Concha, Marquis of Duero. Manuel was born in Buenos Ayres, where his father, a Spanish general, was shot down during an insurrection. He has passed through many perils, and has been involved in many conspiracies; but he is a brave soldier and clever tactician, and has eluded the fate of his father. He is now president of the senate, and enjoys great honour at court. He is of middle height, with dark complexion, and is of robust form. Towering head and shoulders above the rest, marched Leopold O'Donnel, Count of Tetuan. His red hair, healthy colour, broad face, and grey eyes betray his northern extraction. He is well built, with a broad chest; but age begins to tell upon him, and he stoops as he walks. He gives the impression of a self-conscious man; he is like an iceberg from which the impulsive Spaniards are constantly driven off at a tangent, and the advantage his cool northern nature gives him over the southern mind explains the position he has held for more than ten years.

Our carriage could not, of course, approach the monument, and the view we might have obtained was shut out by the promenades planted with thick cypresses and laurels. According to the programme, the troops were collected under a canopy erected at the foot of the monument, where a mass for the repose of the dead was repeated, and the trees and iron railing hung with flowers and garlands. Besides this there had been masses read at intervals at three different altars, as well as at all the churches. After the mass was finished, the long line of cavalry and artillery passed along, lowering their flags and standards as they came near. After the artillery came the infantry, who had halted at the entrance to the Prado. In marching past one division fired a salute over the grave of their sleeping companion, and from time to time the cannon thundered and the bells tolled.

The ceremony at which we assisted was not the only one that commemorated the day. Early in the morning four to five hundred students from the central university had assembled and marched in closed lines to Monteleone, where the two officers fell; then they proceeded to the Dos de Mayo, where they placed wreaths of laurels and immortelles. On their return they stopped before the Congress, where is a bronze statue of Cervantes. The statue was made at a Munich foundry, and is not without merit; but it is not large enough, and gives, on the whole, a melancholy impression, as it makes the poet resemble the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance. Whether the statue is or is not a success, the inscription denotes the prince of

Spaniards, and the students uncover their heads and give their great master three lusty cheers.

We had arranged our plans with much consideration to reach Granada in the most agreeable manner. We were acquainted with the country as far as Aranjuez, and La Mancha we had visited previously, so that all we could desire was to pass through that district in a railway carriage at night, in order to be able to observe the new and lovely country in the morning. But man proposes, and God disposes. We took our places in the railway coupé at eight o'clock (5th of May, 1863), but any idea of comfort was immediately put to flight by the presence of three companions, a Frenchman and two Spaniards, who were talking, laughing, and smoking incessantly. It is true that I heard one of the Spaniards remark, that as there were ladies they had better leave off; but the Frenchman answered that in Spain everybody smoked, and they need not disturb themselves. And so they continued for several hours, when, being completely tired out, I said curtly that it was by no means agreeable to be kept awake by a conversation carried on in such loud tones, and that no gentleman ever smoked without obtaining the ladies' permission. The cigars flew out of the window, and silence was allowed to reign, the trio disappearing at the next station.

After passing the Venta de Gresada, near the station of Manzanares, where Don Quixote de la Mancha was dubbed a knight, we were roused just as dawn began to tinge the sky by the guard shouting: "Santa Cruz de Mudela todos bajar." A hut of boards, with one or two wretched posadas adjoining, constituted the station which received us; the town, of a dingy grey or brown, scarcely to be distinguished from the earth, lay at a considerable distance. We felt weary, and having to wait an hour for the diligence, we went into the best looking of the inns and ordered coffee. A narrow passage led into a small dirty court-yard, and upon descending two or three steps we came to the dark cold cellar which served as a dining-room. After discussing the contents of our diminutive cups, we determined to take our seats, three in the coupé and one on the rotunda, and in a short time we were sent on our way with a noisy accompaniment of cheering. Behind Santa Cruz the country becomes mountainous—steep naked hills rising in terraces one upon another. From time to time we crossed the railway which was to extend ultimately to Cordova. Here, for the first time, I saw women employed in agricultural labour, shaking up the soil in baskets, instead of, as with us, making use of heavy harrows. We were approaching the far-famed, if not ill-famed, Sierra Morena. The morning was cool and fine, every object standing out so sharply in the transparent atmosphere that the idea of distance was almost lost. At the Venta de Cardenas the hill became quite perpendicular, but our five shaggy mules did not slacken their pace, which amounted to a smart trot, the road being good and winding spirally round the heights. The surrounding scenery increased in beauty with every second, and anything more wild, more grand in its awful character than the pass of Despeña Perros, where Andalusia begins, it is difficult to conceive. But do not fancy us alone. Both before and behind us came diligences, and

bands of pedestrians, with donkeys, mules, or oxen drawing carts; great waggons with freights tall as a house, alternating with heavy carts, built in a most ancient style; and with each rencontre there was shouting, greeting, and cracking of whips, every peasant giving our mules a neighbourly push onward. Sometimes, too, we met the Guardia Civil, whose presence enables us to cross the Sierra Morena without being either plundered or murdered. At Santa Elena, where we breakfasted, is the summit of the hill, and at a short distance is Bailen, the scene of so many battles. Here it was that Scipio defeated Asdrubal, and that the final battle between the Moors and the Christians took place. In modern times it is famous for the capitulation of General Dupont, in July, 1808, which dissolved the charm of Napoleon's invariable success. Our posada was situated in a little square, and had a fountain opposite to it, surrounded by shady trees. Fantastical groups of peasants, muleteers, washerwomen, and beggars were idling about this Alameda, the sun striking fiercely down wherever it was not shut off by the narrow streets.

At twelve o'clock we were again in the diligence travelling through an open undulating country; and soon we gained the Guadalquivir, which we crossed by means of a pretty suspension bridge. Vineyards and olive plantations, occasional fields of oats and turnips, occupied both sides of the way until we came within sight of Jaen. The old Moorish castle, the Alcazar, stands upon a rugged rock above the town, built on terraces on the side of a hill, and was at the time lit up in the most wonderful manner by the evening sun. Below rises the cathedral and the surrounding buildings built in the Roman-Byzantine style. It does not deprive the town of the Moorish character given by the Alcazar, and, indeed, notwithstanding this evidence, it is hardly possible to believe this the dwelling of Christians. In the market-place, where we changed horses, everything was in prosperous activity, the Andalusian costume, the little round velvet hat, the mantilla, and that simple but coquettish ornament, a dark rose or pomegranate blossom being prominent features. The sun was going down as we quitted Jaen. For a time we followed the course of the river, and then entered a lovely valley watered by the Val-Paraiso, which we crossed several times. Orange-trees, splendid hazels, and chesnut-trees of every size, aloes, laurels, hedges of pomegranates, enclosing corn-fields and vegetables, grew here in luxuriant abundance. The moon had risen, when the rocky walls seemed to meet together, and shut themselves and the valley in, by a huge rock through which we must penetrate by a tunnel. At eight o'clock we had reached the Campillo and Arenas, where our mayoral and his companion filled their wine-bottles or bags. This is of the form of a powder-flask, only that the mouthpiece is small and narrow: I say mouthpiece, but a Spaniard does not place his mouth to it, but when he wishes to drink throws his head back, and brings the point within two inches of his mouth so as to catch the red stream as it flows out. I induced the mayoral to let me try this method with a few drops of his wine, but I am afraid to say what happened, as it requires more dexterity than I was master of. We next proceeded through several narrow defiles resembling the Sierra Morena so much, that the weapons

of the patrol, which from time to time glittered in the moonlight, proved a great relief to us. It was midnight, and the moon was at the full height, when we saw before us the magnificent Vega de Granada. The town lay at the foot of the mountain separating the Genil from the Darro, which embrace first at its base, bathed in a magical light. The thought of being in bewitching Granada, and the idea of escaping from confinement in the diligence, imbued us with renewed elasticity, and in some degree prepared us for what we had yet to undergo.

Upon entering the hotel no one was to be seen, until our mayoral hunted out the waiter or mozo: the latter conducted us to two rooms, which seemed to be what we required, but on our engaging to take them he explained that we could not do so, as all the linen was away with the laundress. He, however, pointed out another hotel on the other side of the street, but here they had no room vacant, excepting an attic at the top of the house. We were beginning to despair of finding any lodging whatever, when the mozo volunteered the information that the best place for strangers was the Alhambra gardens, to which he would take us at once. The Alhambra gardens! That was enough, at two o'clock in the morning, and after the most fatiguing journey, to banish all fatigue. For a short time we went along the broad street through which the Darro flows, then turning to the left plunged into a labyrinth of small streets intersected by still smaller ones. Everything was perfectly silent, the only person we met being our delantero with his saddle on his back, who disappeared, after giving us buenos noches, into what we thought a door, but which was, we found, a street four feet wide. In this manner do the Arabs live. After walking on for about half an hour, we came to a dark tunnel-like entrance, the fortified gate of the castle; a fine avenue of elms led thence, and we could distinctly hear invisible rivulets murmuring among the bushes in the cool balmy air, while now and then fountains shot up their waters to reflect the moonlight. In another quarter of an hour we had gained the end of the avenue, and found ourselves at the foot of a tall rock topped by a minaret. Close to this tower was a little house, the Fonda de las siete Suelas. The host was roused, and we were made hospitably welcome, with a babble of chattering and barking of dogs. Everything was as comfortable as Spain can furnish; antiquated furniture, narrow, lofty rooms, bare stone floors, but the beds and linen spotlessly clean.

We were very fortunate in our weather while at Granada: the spring showers every morning cooled the air agreeably, while the glorious sun reigned for hours, the moon in the evening showing us the ruins of the Alhambra in another light. The interior of these rude towers and walls are wonderful courts and fine colonnades, saloons, baths, state-rooms, mosques, and all the beauties of form that delight the eye as much as impose with their magnificence. The courts and passages are paved with marble, and the slender graceful pillars are of the same white stone; every other ornament being formed in stucco and wood; the colours of blue, red, and gold predominating everywhere. Much has been done towards the restoration of these Moorish courts, and in places where the walls had been relieved of their coat of clay, the lovely arabesque figures were in pristine

splendour. Wherever, too, the carved wooden ceilings are injured, they are being repaired.

A fine view is obtained from the Belvedere over the Darro and the Albaricin, comprising the handsome trees below, that rise almost to the level of the castle of Comares. Another still broader prospect is from the Torre de la Vela; but the grandest of all is that from the terraces of the Generalife, or from the peak Silla del Moro, hanging over this fairy abode, which sparkles like a diamond amid sombre cypresses and laurels. The height upon which it is situated is separated by the valley from the Alhambra, but the intervening space is occupied by private gardens, through which is a good road with a hedge of roses, pomegranates, and fig-trees. In the wonderful vegetation around the palace, the courts, and the gardens, we find every delight that nature can produce brought together. No traveller delays to visit Albaricin, and we were soon on our way there. Although the streets of this old gipsy and Moorish town are so steep and narrow as to necessitate a mule or a walk, and the small pointed stones are particularly distasteful, you will be well rewarded when you have reached the top and have chosen the terrace of San Nicolas Church as a resting-place, for the Alhambra, the Generalife, and the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada are before you.

We visited several old Arab dwelling-houses, in order to scrutinise their Moorish stucco walls, their horse-shoe doors and windows, their colonnades, their inner courts and fountains, their gardens watered by running streams; and we often walked through the Zakatin, their business thoroughfare. The pride and beauty of Granada consists in the number of Christian temples—I say temples—for they answer in no particular to our notion of a church; the cathedral, built by Diego de Siloé in the latter part of the sixteenth century, appears to us a Greek or Roman altar of sacrifice to some pagan deity. They are now chiefly in ruins, those in sufficient preservation being used as barracks. On the Carrera del Darro there is an imposing church dedicated to las Augustias; within is a glass case containing a large doll dressed in a velvet cloak, embroidered with gold, and presented to the Virgin by the queen. But the richest church in all Spain is the Carthusian Chapel, outside the town. The doors and shrines are inlaid with every precious stone, tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, and exquisitely carved wood; the walls are of polished coloured marble and jasper arranged in arabesque, while the high altar and chancel dazzle the eye with gold and silver, jewels, marble, alabaster, and jasper.

It was a fine starlight night when we left Granada. The Spaniard drives rapidly along the streets, but he drives twice as quickly on the paved road, and there seems to be no official regulation for this atropellato. Accounts of accidents to women carrying children are given in the papers, often to the extent of three a day. After passing the lovely valley of Santa Fé, we come to the little town of Loja, the retreat of the great Captain Gonsalvo, and where Narvaez spends the summer months. At Colmenar, the only town between Loja and Malaga, we made a short halt. The sun burnt with full power against the ridge of this sterile hill, though it was but seven o'clock in the morn-

ing. But soon we were on the south declivity of the hill, and could watch the sails of the fishing-boats as they skimmed the water like seagulls. A fog concealed the ocean itself from us, but Malaga lay before us apparently close at hand; we had, however, an hour of sharp driving before we reached the town. The road wound in perpetual zigzag down the hill, called Cuesta de la Reina, and disliked by the Spanish postboys even. There was much traffic, and we were sometimes thrust by most extraordinary looking vehicles so close to the edge that we from the inside could see only air beneath us; and sometimes the road turned so abruptly, that the coachman was going one way and the carriage another. At length we were in the valley of the stream without a river, for there was little to be seen of the Guadalmedena. To the right was the cemetery, enclosed by white walls and the dark cypress, the road branching off to it having a hedge of gaudy geraniums; farther on was a small suburb, where hundreds of women were washing in the brook passing through, notwithstanding that it was Sunday and the hour of mass; lastly, we came to the Alameda, a good road with nice houses on each side, leading towards the harbour. The Fonda de la Alameda was a handsome hotel, possessed of everything that could be desired.

That evening, at five o'clock, a gondola took us on board the steamer *Marseille*, and we got out to sea under a slight shower of rain, accompanied by a peal of thunder. To the right we left the steep Gibralfaro, with its old Moorish castle and lighthouse; to the left the heights over which leads the road to Cordova; and between was the valley of Malaga, encircled by the Cuesta de la Reina, rising in terraces, and washed at the base by the purple sea. The brilliant white town, Moorish in aspect, with its flat roofs, pavilions, and small towers, looked so picturesque, so beautiful, from the sea, that we forgot the stifling heat, and monotony engendered by surrounding hills, which yet do not entirely keep off the sharp winds. As long as we were protected by the Gibralfaro we had comparatively fine weather; but when we had rounded this point, a young Spanish lady and I were the only persons who remained under the shelter of umbrellas upon deck. It was not till six o'clock the next morning that we came again in sight of land, and could see the walls and houses to all appearance emerging from the deep blue sea. Cadiz has no proper harbour; great pieces of rock jut out of the sea, and cause so great a swell that our steamer had to remain at the distance of a mile from the town, waiting for the boats to land us, so that we had ample time to reconnoitre. Cadiz has a high wall partially fortified, pieces of cannon peeping out at intervals; the wall itself is sixty feet wide, and is laid out as a handsome promenade. At length a boat came alongside with a noisy shouting crew, the railway passengers having been conveyed over some time before. The wind was contrary, and the waves high, so that in spite of the liveliness and romantic character of our position and companions, we were by no means displeased when we were landed on the quay, after an hour's tossing. We were at once marshalled to the Aduana, where our bags were searched, and then carried by a porter through several streets, not more than ten feet broad, to the Hôtel de Paris, a good hotel in one of the best

streets, twenty-five feet broad, in Cadiz. Soon after we visited the cathedral, one of the few fine specimens of modern art, and the evening we spent with some American naval officers and captains.

It was a soft May morning as we proceeded to the station on our way to Seville. The railway crosses from the island of Leon, on which Cadiz is built, to San Fernando, an important town a few miles off. To the right, we saw great hills of salt, formed by the simple action of the sun upon the water admitted from the sea into the creeks; while to the left was Cadiz, here like a complete island. Soon we passed wheat and oats already in the sheaf, in their turn superseded by vineyards and pine forests; every garden and field hedged in by aloes and cactus. The vine is cut short as in France, the soft broad leaves covering the ground. In about an hour we reached Xeres, a large flourishing town with 40,000 inhabitants, all occupied in the wine trade, some of the wealthy merchants living in a luxury worthy of Lucullus. I had an opportunity of ascertaining every particular from the young partner of an important firm, who shared the same compartment with us. The wines for English and American markets are sweetened, and mixed with strong spirits, concocted from the same noble fruit; but in the case of the genuine dry sherry the sugar is omitted, and it is left absolutely bitter. The manzanilla, which grows at San Lucar, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, has obtained its name from the camomile, of which flavour it strongly partakes. The wine is doctored to a great extent; that is to say, old and new wines, strong and light wines, are mixed together.

After a time the vine ceased, and we were again among fields of oats, their graceful bearded heads swaying to and fro with the wind. Shortly after we arrived at Lobregar, with its ruined Moorish castle and cathedral placed upon a height; then we passed San Juan beyond Utrera. We had been warned that, with such a clear sky and hot sun above us, we might see the Fata Morgana on the approaching plains; but we encountered nothing more than two or three large lakes or swamps, obviously natural, and the distant trees were upright, instead of having their heads reversed, as we were led to expect. Nearer Seville, at the Dos Hermanos, we came to large plantations of olives, for there is the nursery of the olives of Spain. Not until we beheld the towers of Seville did we first catch a glimpse of the broad yellow Guadalquivir, the object of my Andalusian tour, my day-dream for years. The hot mid-day we devoted to a refreshing rest in the Fonda de Londres, Alameda del Duque, postponing our researches until evening.

There is no Corso, and the theatre possesses nothing of interest, but there is no lack of fine carriages and handsome toilettes. The houses of Seville have inviting courts, fountains, orange-trees, and flowers; but the Arabs, Moors, and subsequently the Spaniards, did not build for external appearance, but reserved every charm to decorate the interior, and so we find many streets with no visible entrance nor front. We must not, therefore judge by the naked, desolate appearance of the city, for although Seville has lost its importance as a port and place of trade, it still contains much wealth. In some of the manufactories I found not less than 4000 Andalusian girls and

young women in one enormous room—truly a startling, wonderful spectacle. Fancy 4000 crinolines hanging in rows. Among these inhabitants of Seville I could not discover twelve even pleasing faces. I admit their costume was not becoming; their smart clothes and mantillas were laid aside, and their undress was of coarse texture, and somewhat in disorder, the fabrication of tobacco entailing much dirt; but I was thoroughly unprejudiced, and I judged of the type of the features and of the form of the figure with the greatest impartiality. Take the better class of Andalusian women, and look at the girls who peep out of the windows, or recline in the carriages, that bowl along the Paseo, and you will see many charms, but no perfect beauty. The Andalusian is pleasing from her vivacity, her conversational power, politeness, and above all her perfect simplicity, for the Spanish lady is of all women the most free from affectation. The mantilla reigns here, and men and boys seem to delight in the national costume. Upon their spirited, fiery animals, with their rich saddles and bridles covered with a bright cloth, and tied up with ribbons and tassels, they present a gay appearance. Seville is also crowded with toreros, who wear an official dress—a round felt hat shaped like a turban, a short jacket richly embroidered, and open in front to display a handsome waistcoat, in like manner showing a fine plaited shirt. The neck is generally uncovered, while round the top of the well-fitting white cashmere hose is bound a broad red sash. The short black hair is drawn tightly to the back of the head, and there twisted into a little knot, to which is attached a chignon.

The day after our arrival we hastened to the cathedral, a name given to no single church, but to a collection of buildings, a small portion only of the vast edifice being devoted to divine worship. On the first visit we passed by all the side chapels and all the monuments of art in order to avoid complete bewilderment. The sunshine came trembling in on to the marble floor, reflecting the most magical hues; a young eloquent priest stood on the altar, while beneath him were seated some hundreds of women in black silk dresses and veils, sometimes sparkling in the sun, sometimes sobered by a dark shadow; in the side chapels mass was being chanted, while from time to time a gigantic organ would thunder forth its notes. In such a space there could be no general prayer; every one must join after their own feeling and inclination: in one corner was sung the *Te Deum*, in another the prayers and mourning for the departed were performed, while still farther on a gentle daughter whispered her offences in the ear of her confessor. Several notices on the walls, forbidding unseemly conduct or any conversation between the two sexes, prove that this church has formerly been made a place of assembly for amusement. Near the cathedral, though not immediately connected with it, stands the Giralda, a church, half pagan, half Christian, containing the arcades of an old Moorish mosque. The Palace of San Felino, now the residence of the Duke de Montpensier, lies in the vicinity of the Guadalquivir, and has most delightful gardens.

Early in the morning of the 15th of May we left Seville. Following the river, we entered a broad fruitful plain, and for the distance of twelve to fifteen miles saw the graceful Giralda on the horizon.

Everywhere the harvest was in progress, to furnish us a lovely landscape. About mid-day we crossed the Guadalquivir by a fine bridge, and at Palma we met an old acquaintance in the Genil, which flows into it. Near Almadovar, an old Moorish castle shut in by two great rocks, the country became wild and picturesque. Then the valley widened out, and to the left we saw rounded hills studded with castles and villas, and crowned with wood. By one o'clock we had arrived at the station of Cordova, at the end of the Alameda, through whose avenues we entered the old Arab town. The streets leading to our hotel, although among the best, were so narrow that those persons walking had to squeeze themselves into doorways to avoid being crushed. Cordova, the most important town in Spain at the time of the Cæsars, is now the most desolate; it contains no more than 50,000 inhabitants, and has little influence, although at one time its schools and colleges were very considerable. The mosque is now the most attractive feature; but all symmetry is lost, in consequence of the Christian church raised in the middle by Charles V. The Arab sanctuary, the holy of holies, is a most complete specimen of Moorish architecture; a dome of dazzling marble overshadows it, supported by slender pillars. The walls are painted and gilt in arabesque, letters of gilt glass forming verses of the Koran. The vestibule of this holy of holies is composed of columns with double arches of pure white marble. We climbed up to the old castle, now in ruins, and occupied only as a prison, to enjoy the broad prospect there opened. Several old-fashioned mills stand upon the islands, to be set in motion by the Guadalquivir, while farther on an ancient bridge spans the stream. I made my way there in the twilight with some difficulty, and obtained a pleasant view of the town, and the cathedral and mosque commanding it. A massive stone gate shut me off from the other side of the bridge. During this nocturnal expedition I passed several open squares in which stood huge gilt or bronze statues of the Archangel Raphael, the patron of Cordova. The time devoted to our travels in Andalusia would run out in a few hours, and we had still to return to Madrid, so that anything remarkable that remained to be seen we had to leave unseen.

We left Cordova at eleven o'clock, and being fatigued by the brilliant day, we gave ourselves up to sleep; but whenever passing through a street we were rudely awakened by the bumps and joltings incidental to an ill-laid pavement, for there is no greater contrast than the excellent highways and infamous streets of every town in Spain. Towards morning we entered Andujar, situated on the Guadalquivir in a beautiful smiling country. Everybody was in the market-place, and our diligence was surrounded by troops of beggars as we changed horses. The sun burnt with fierceness, and the dust began for the first time to annoy us. Leaving Andujar, the road ascended a steep hill, and we bade adieu to the valley of the Guadalquivir. To the south was the chain of Jaen: above it towered the Sierra Nevada, while to the north rose the brown hills of the Sierra Morena. At about ten o'clock we stopped at the posada on the battle-field of Bailen. The sum of ten reals which we paid for the use of a room in which to wash and dust ourselves, did not succeed in winning the favour of the

host, who was much displeased at our refusal of breakfast; but the viands that were carried past us from the kitchen by two or three slatternly maids, were not calculated to please the keenest appetite with their smell of oil and garlic. We were now once more in the country through which we had previously travelled. At Carolina there was a mass, and we had to make a *détour* through the outskirts to avoid the throng of people. I should have liked to mix among the crowd, but we stopped only to change horses. We crossed the Sierra Morena without accident, chasing several diligences down the Questa de Santa Helena, where, a few days before, the King of Portugal had been overturned. I asked our mayoral why he did not remain a little behind, as the dust was twice as painful as it need be in consequence of our close proximity to the other carriages, and the chance of accident made greater during a descent. He answered, that it was the custom to keep in company; but I can find no reason for this, in our enlightened times of gendarmes. At four o'clock we reached Santa Cruz de la Mudela. We had refreshed ourselves during the day with pressed meat, chocolate, cakes, and bread, intending to procure a dinner at the excellent buffet at the station of Alcazar de San Juan. What was our surprise, therefore, when we drove up to a posada in the clay wall of this nest of houses, the mayoral coolly telling us that we had just time to dine there before the train started, this kind of conspiracy between the postboys and the hotels being in full force; not that they expect anything from Spaniards, but foreigners must pay full tribute. We got out and went at once to the rooms provided with brushes, water, and everything necessary for the cleansing process; but after what we had seen at Bailen, we could not make up our minds to dine. Our "*no vamos a comer*" was, however, incomprehensible to the pretty pert attendant, and she came a second time to announce dinner. I simply shook my head; and this, together with the apparition of my daughter eating oranges, forced the unpleasant truth upon her, and she retired frowning. In the hall we found the landlord evidently amazed at our obstinacy, as the mayoral would of course inform them that we had had no breakfast. The girl, who was carrying a couple of really well-roasted fowls, cried: "*Esta fonda es muy buena no es fonda como en Bailen*," while beneath the balcony were all the hopeful youths in the population discussing the great event, and we got into the diligence under a formidable array of eyes. While we were watching the sun go down behind the brown waves of La Mancha, the train came up, and we took our departure. Late at night we refreshed ourselves as well as we could at Alcazar de San Juan, then got into the carriages from Alicante, and at nine o'clock arrived in Madrid, after twelve days spent in the most delightful districts of beautiful Spain.

TO MARY.

"C'est sur toi que j'ai réuni toutes les affections que j'avais perdues; c'est toi que mon cœur a fait héritier de tous les sentimens qu'il connut jamais."—GOSALVE DE CORDOVA.

My Mary, when each summer flower
Is blooming in its pride again,
I'll fly to thee, and one sweet hour
Shall pay me for an age of pain;
One gentle word, one dear caress,
One look or smile, will then suffice
To welcome from the wilderness
A wanderer into paradise!
Though here, when friends around I see,
My heart its sorrow smothers;
'Twould rather weep its tears with thee,
Than share its smiles with others.

For when my heart's fresh prospects seemed
A waste of solitude and blight,
Thine eye upon their darkness beamed,
And sunn'd them into life and light;
And as a lone but lovely flower,
Which, when all other flowers depart,
Still bloometh in its ruined bower,
Thou bloomedst in my lonely heart;
And shall I then the Rose forget,
Which seem'd in Hope's wreath braided,
And like a spirit lingers yet,
Now all the rest have faded?

Oh no! the heart which is the seat
Of love like mine can never rove;
Its fragile pulse may cease to beat,
But, oh! it ne'er can cease to love;
For love is past the earth's control,
Far soaring as the ocean-wave—
It is eternal as the soul,
And lives and blooms beyond the grave—
It is a link of pleasure's chain,
A never-dying token,
Whose lustre and whose strength remain
When all save that are broken!

V. D.

THE FRANCO-AUSTRIAN ALLIANCE.

It is related that when the last of the kings of Lombardy—Didier—saw from the walls of Pavia the army of Charlemagne extending round as far as the eye could reach, and its appearance rendered still more formidable from the armour glistening in the sun, “*Ferrum ! ferrum ! eheu ferrum !*” he exclaimed in his agony. Such is the attitude of Europe in the present day. Wherever we turn our eyes nothing is to be seen but arms and armaments, and the most civilised portion of the earth’s surface has become one common field for hostilities. It is high time that an end should come to such an unnatural and un-Christianlike state of things ; but that happy conclusion seems to be as far off as it was in the days of Charlemagne, Charles V., or Napoleon I. Philosophers may write ; no one attends to them. Victor Cousin, commenting upon Adam Smith, said : “A nation is as one individual. Europe is one and the same people, of which the different nations are the provinces ; and all humanity is only one and the same nation, which ought to be ruled by the law of any well-ordered nation—that is to say, the law of justice, which is the law of liberty. Policy is distinct from morality, but it cannot be opposed to it. For what are all the inhuman and tyrannical maxims of a super-annuated policy in the presence of the great laws of an eternal morality ? At the risk of being taken for what I am—that is to say, for a philosopher—I declare that I cherish hopes of seeing a government gradually formed in Europe after the fashion of the government which the French Revolution gave to France. The Holy Alliance which sprung up years ago between the kings of Europe is a happy seed which the future will develop, not only in the profit of peace, so excellent in itself, but in the profit of justice and European liberty.” Another philosopher well known to Europe—Michel Chevalier—also avers that in our times French working men and peasants have laid aside aggressive dispositions against foreigners. The workman and the peasant, he says, no longer permit themselves to be looked upon as mere food for powder, or tolerate that an ambitious government should have the right to send them to the shambles merely to carry out their ideas. It is not they who would say “*Morituri te salutant*” unless the safety of the country or its dignity demanded that it should make great sacrifices. There is no doubt that all Europe, amid the clash of arms and the cementing of warlike alliances, is pervaded, to a certain extent, by the same spirit. The working classes and the peasantry of all countries alike have learnt to appreciate the benefits of peace, to bless it as the means of progress, as the palladium of the national liberties which constitute its guarantee, and as the beneficent genius under whose auspices they can, by energetic efforts, obtain their share in the moral and material benefits of civilisation. They are no longer ignorant of the great fact that they, more than any others, have to bear the great burden of war. Yet does the senator and philosopher—Michel Chevalier—himself admit that in France, were it necessary, it would only require to stamp upon the ground in order

that there should arise from it an innumerable and devoted body of workmen and peasants, who would hurry to the frontier as all France did in the days of Valmy, Jemmapes, and Fleurus. Strange inconsistency of human nature, which knows, admits, and argues upon the blessings of peace and the injustice and curse of war, and is still so much under the influence of the lower instincts as to be ever ready at a moment's notice to cast away the fruits of thought, wisdom, and toil, for the sake of indulgence in the wayward passions of the fight!

It would have been thought that Austria, above all other countries, humbled by defeat and shorn of its finest provinces in Germany and Italy, and forced to lean upon its Magyar and Slavonian populations, would have wished for peace to recruit its political well-being, to bring about cohesion among its people, to repair its finances, and to reorganise its means of defence or offence. Austria was just arriving at that long-sought-for epoch in her financial history when its paper money, having attained a value nearly at par with a regular currency, it was about to be done away with altogether. But the breaking out of war at once threw her back to her original bad financial condition, and paper money fell with a movement that has ever since gone on increasing, just as it did in America in the time of the civil war. States which adopt a paper currency always find it much more difficult to contract loans than others. Hence Prussia, whose finances are in a better condition, enjoys unbounded credit. But people decline to lend to Austria, because they do not know what they have to rely upon, while national finances will advance but little, and that only in exchange for privileges and advantages which are not only excessively onerous to government, but tend to increase existing evils by introducing further elements of difficulty and disorder in the whole financial system. Labour and taxation are alike affected; produce diminishes, for the working classes are uncertain of payment, and taxation diminishes with a general scarcity, the whole nation languishing in idleness and poverty.

Austria is unquestionably possessed of a constitution sufficiently robust to be able to resist such trials for a long period of time. It is not, indeed, the first time that the sovereign and the people have suffered together. The communion in a happy or miserable existence between the house of Austria and its subjects has stood the test of ages. Austria differs in this respect from Italy, where the community of feeling in times of happiness and distress dates but of yesterday, and the strength of these ties have not yet been satisfactorily tried. But even in Austria it is difficult to say how long this state of things can endure. When governments have exhausted all regular resources, they have infallibly recourse to requisitions and exactions, all legitimate means having previously failed. The form and character of these spoliation varies with the genius of the financier of the day, but the basis of such proceedings remains always the same—that is to say, they repose upon violence and tyranny. As people get more and more with the lapse of time to appreciate the blessings of peace, and to understand that they must pay in their persons, their means, their property, and their very toil, all the expenses and sacrifices of war, so will they also become more and more averse to submitting to those

tyrannous exactions both in regard to the levies of men and money to which they are subjected by so disastrous and unnatural a course of things.

A Franco-Austrian alliance, with or without hostile objects in view, is just one of those cases in which the fundamental laws of justice are set at nought, and the liberties, lives, and property of the people are placed in jeopardy, without sufficient reason. It would not be a defensive alliance, for the frontiers of neither country are menaced. It would infallibly lead to a war of ideas: on the part of France, the idea of reconquering its ephemeral frontiers won in time of European trouble and perplexity, and the idea of humiliating Prussia, whose influence in the councils of Europe is regarded as a menace to France; on the part of Austria, the idea of revenging Sadowa, and regaining her German territories and prestige, or, with the aid of France, of re-establishing a Southern Catholic German Confederation to counter-balance the power of the Protestant Confederation of the North—a result which it never could permanently attain, from that inevitable law of nature which imparts superior power to superior industry, intelligence, and prosperity.

Those who labour most to prove to Austria the interest which she has in entering into an offensive alliance with France are quite aware of the weakness of the grounds they have to go upon; they know that the German inhabitants of Austria, as also of the southern kingdoms and states, however loyal or bigoted they may be, they are still—the majority at least—more German than Austrian, Bavarian, or Württembergian. They know, also, that it is at the present moment the duty and interest of the house of Lorraine-Hapsburg to strengthen its position in the East, to recruit its finances, and put its army on a footing to compete with modern systems. They turn then to other and weaker points of still more imaginary significance. "Let us cast," they say, "our eyes to the four horizons of heaven, and we shall everywhere see formidable questions, complications of all kinds, ready to burst forth, which may engender wars in a greater or less space of time—wars in which the most skilful and the strongest will most assuredly be the conqueror, albeit he may be opposed to all right and justice. To advise Austria, then, at such a moment to isolate herself, to retire within herself, to busy herself with only her own affairs, to disarm, and to await events before taking a part or entering into alliances conformable to her own interests, is to recommend her death as a great European power, and to seek to reduce her to the condition of a second Turkey."*

Among the eventualities likely to arise which may involve Austria, and which are therefore put forward as spurs to an alliance with France, is, strangely enough, the revolution which may break out at the death of the French ruler. "Already," we are told, "our little Dantonistes of the year 1848 make no secret of declaring that they will, when that event takes place, proclaim a democratic and social republic, and at the same time declare war against all Catholic and

* *Les Alliances Austro-Française et Austro-Prusso-Russe, à propos des Questions Orientale, et Polonaise.* Paris: E. Dentu.

monarchical Europe. Such a project, which will appear so chimerical, not the less enters into the designs of a cosmopolite democracy." Such an idea, at all events, sets forth that ambition and vain-gloriousness of France which incessantly compels her, whether as an empire, a monarchy, or a republic, to attempt to dominate in Europe in its usual marked and strong light. Austria, we are further told, being considered as bigoted, will be the first attacked. The *Journal des Débats*, six days after the battle of Sadowa, declared that "Austria is clerical; she must either transform herself or perish; she can no longer exist as she is." Such a conclusion can only have been suggested by the victorious supremacy of a Protestant power; but Protestantism, which is progress, is not, as the infidels of France imagine, necessarily subversive, republican, or democratic.

The Roman question, we are next told, may bring about at any moment the most serious complications, and such may be anticipated at the expiration of the convention of September, at the decease of the Pope, or on the occasion of a revolutionary blow being struck against Rome itself. "A certain class of politicians pretend that Austria is no longer interested in this question since she has given up her Italian provinces. It is a matter, they say, which remains to be arranged between a united Italy and France, protectress of the Pope. Those who hold such language would be among the first to blame the Austrian government if it had the folly to allow so serious a question to be resolved without her intervention. Austria cannot forget, without compromising her honour, that she is, above all things, a great Catholic power."

A third danger lies, we are told, in the probability that M. de Bismark will not cease carrying out his annexations in the face of the protestations of his new subjects, who reject Prussian domination at any price. The conquering minister has not, we are told, undertaken by any treaty to forego carrying out his system of annexations by conquest or by diplomacy. On the other hand, Napoleon has formally declared, in his letter to M. Drouyn de Lhuys, that if the European equilibrium is disturbed, and the map of Europe is in any way modified to the exclusive profit of a great power, he will also think of extending his frontiers by force of arms, if the moral force of France should not suffice to bring about that result. We have here, then, the possibility of a war between France and Prussia—possibilities which are made to depend upon the Emperor not being able to obtain his ends by pacific means, whilst the concessions he seeks for are precisely such as cannot be conceded except by force.

This last eventuality is the only really important one in reference to the Franco-Austrian alliance. "M. de Bismark represents," we are told, "a large portion of Germany; but Napoleon at war with Prussia would represent France in its entirety marching behind him to avenge Rosbach and to punish the insolent enemy of Waterloo. Austria could not remain neutral; its interests would oblige it to take prompt and decisive action."

France in its entirety is certainly a most formidable power, which it does not require the use of vain and inflated language to duly herald; but it must not, at the same time, be forgotten that the existing con-

fiction of the two remaining powers of the North, Prussia and Russia, can bring a million and a half of soldiers into the field. This is the era of strange and almost unnatural alliances, and as Catholic Italy sought, in its hostility to Catholic Austria, an alliance with Protestant Prussia, so, in the event of war between France and Prussia, Protestant and spoliated Denmark would probably side with France; but there are other powers interested in the question of an undue extension of the frontiers of France besides Prussia, and among these are notoriously the states of Southern Germany, already bound in a military and political alliance to the Confederation of the North.

It is certain that Napoleon III. has long conceived that by a Congress or otherwise—in fact, it has become a favourite idea with him—that he is morally strong enough to bring about those extensions of frontiers which are deemed to be essential for the safety of France in the presence of the unification of Germany and Italy, by political influence and by pacific means only; and his language, held at Arras and Lille, shows that he still holds by the same hope. M. de Lavalette's celebrated diplomatic circular was written solely in this sense. "France," it was said in that memorable letter, "had no cause for umbrage in the aggrandisement of Prussia. The new principle which regulated Europe was the liberty of alliances. An irresistible power urged people to agglomerate by swamping secondary states. Napoleon I. had foreseen the changes which are taking place in the present day on the European continent. He paved the way for them by sowing the seeds of new nationalities, by creating the kingdom of Italy in the Peninsula, and by wiping out two hundred and fifty-three independent states from the map of Germany." "The Imperial government," we are further told in this same circular, "has for a long time past applied the same principles to the extension of its own territory. It has understood and appreciated such annexations as are required by absolute necessity, and sought to unite only such populations as have the same manners and the same national mind as ourselves, and it sought for the re-establishment of its natural frontiers from the free consent of Savoy and of Nice." There is no mention of race or language as distinguishing nationalities here. The solution of such ethnographical and historical difficulties is indeed now made to suit the views of mere diplomatic subterfuge. We find one writer assimilating natural frontiers with arbitrary military lines, another discarding all historical, geographical, and ethnographical distinctions; and even M. de Lavalette himself superseding race, language, and religion by "manners and national mind"! According to such a definition of nationality, St. Petersburg would be more French than Coblenz, and Athens, Bucharest, and many other cities aping the first developments of a modern civilisation, as much French as (take away their garrisons) many towns in Alsatia and Lorraine. The populations of Belgium and of Geneva have, it has been observed, the same manners and the same national mind as France; upon such grounds, then, Napoleon could ask of the free consent of the people the re-establishment of the natural frontiers of his empire in those several directions.

The fact is, that upon this point the policy of France has never

wavered. Napoleon III. obtained the annexation of Savoy and Nice peacefully—but only after a victorious campaign ; and, if he can, he will also obtain the left bank of the Rhine, as a peaceful concession made by a united Germany ; but he is also prepared, as he has himself declared, “ to extend his frontiers by arms, should the moral force of France not suffice to effect that result.”

In this latter case, it is argued, a war will ensue in which Austria must inevitably take a part if she does not wish to lose her last remaining German provinces. The military reorganisation of France, so vehemently combated by the more industrial and pacific classes, who do not desire a war of aggrandisement, was solely dictated by this policy, and by the results of the wars of 1866. The nation, it was declared, “ feels a just pride in the value of its arms ; its susceptibilities, aroused by the memory of its military triumphs and by the name and the acts of the sovereign who rules over it, are only the energetic expression of its determination to maintain its rank and influence in the world *hors de toute atteinte*—beyond the power of being questioned.” Now, rank and influence are such elastic and latitudinarian expressions—so purely a relative matter—that nothing can be more opposed to the maintenance of peace than the upholding of such vanities—vanities which assume the worst form of interference and domination in their uncalled-for and vexatiously incessant application.

Austria ought, then, it is urged, in the presence of such an eventuality, to gird up her loins and make for herself alliances which will enable her to enter with advantage and honour in the inevitable struggle that will follow, for the horizon is obscured by threatening clouds ; many formidable problems have not yet received their natural solution, and they will break out sooner or later—the longer, indeed, that their solution is deferred, the more danger there will be of their becoming mixed up with revolutionary passions.

Again, Italy, which is a source of embarrassment to the whole world, and even to its own government, may yet undergo a transformation, or fall into a state of anarchy, in which case Austria would have to assist in “ re-establishing the bases of a solid and durable peace in the Peninsula.” This is the unkindest cut of all. United Italy, the most glorious work of the Empire, to revert again to Austria !

Further, Russia is, we are gravely informed, an immense furnace of conspiracies. That vast empire is mined by political and religious sects. Let some bold and audacious man arise, and the Czar will soon have ceased to reign, notwithstanding the atrocious severity of his government. The first great war in the East or the West may bring about a revolutionary crisis. In the mean time, Russia is controlled by its necessities towards Poland on the one side, and its ambitions towards Turkey on the other. Should Austria contract an alliance with France, it will be safe in the former direction ; if not, it will, on the breaking out of hostilities, lose another of its rich provinces—its share of what was Polish territory. Austria, again, is, more than any other nation, most interested in the fate of that territory upon which the Osmanlis are still encamped. We use the word advisedly. It is at once one of the most natural and most legitimate inheritors

of certain provinces of what is called the Turkish empire. Yet it cannot remain isolated when the division consequent upon the break up of that empire, which is ever coming, but never arrives. There are in that, as in the Polish question, only two alliances open to it. One in a Prusso-Russian alliance against Napoleon—that is to say, against France and its allies (the latter always of secondary import)—and the other a Franco-Austrian alliance against Prussia and Russia. This is arguing that the policy of France and that of its allies must be necessarily anti-Prussian and Russian. The author of the pamphlet entitled “*Napoleon III. et La Prusse*” views matters in a very different light, and argues that there is no sane and safe political future for Europe but what will be founded upon a Franco-Prussian alliance. Austrian, Russian, or English alliances, he looks upon as at once “impossible and useless.”

But there are other more remote contingencies possible, so vague in their nature, that did not such strange combinations arise in present times, they would scarcely be worth noticing. One of these is an Austro-Prusso-Italian alliance against France, which would imply the restoration of the Bourbons of the younger branch; another, a Russo-American alliance, which would imply the dismemberment of Turkey in Asia as well as in Europe, and the handing over the valleys watered by the Euphrates and Tigris—the cradle of the human race—to nations hostile or in rivalry with the Anglo-Indian empire. France represents an idea, England, we are told, represents credit; it does not care either for the Gospel or the Koran, whether a Christian or a Mussulman ruler hold the sway at Constantinople, so long as its Indian possessions are not put into jeopardy. It would therefore be naturally, and by the force of circumstances, in alliance with France and Austria in this question of the East. France, we are assured, only represents an idea in the East, whilst Russia, Austria, and England represent material interests. That “idea” may, however, embrace the guarantee for the “great loan” which must be obtained at the sacrifice of Egypt or Syria, or of both. There is no perfect disinterestedness among any of the great powers, even with Prussia, one of whose princes rules on the Danube, in the question of the East.

England again, we are told, carries within itself the germs of a great political and social revolution. It is its interest, then, to join the Franco-Austrian alliance, in order to turn attention by some great continental enterprise from the gulf that yawns before her. England will also one day want the aid of the maritime forces of France in a war with America. We are not, however, yet arrived at such a crisis, notwithstanding “the leap in the dark,” as to have recourse to so heroic a remedy for the cure of our internal disorders; and as to an Anglo-Franco alliance against America, it is to be hoped it will never be needed, but, if needed, it would spring just as necessarily from the force of circumstances, and probably more so, than if anticipated by a Franco-Austrian and English alliance in a European war, of which no one could foresee the results.

But, it is argued, it is not only England that is interested in joining a Franco-Austrian alliance. Denmark would join such to regain her lost provinces; Sweden would join it to regain Finland

and Aland; Holland would join it to protect its frontiers: Belgium (a bit of iron between the hammer and the anvil) would join it to avert its occupation and conquest; Bavaria, Württemberg, Saxony, Hanover, Hesse, and Baden would all join it, even to Italy and Greece, and what could Prussia and Russia do in presence of such a coalition? Such a coalition, it suffices to say, is not on the cards, except such as are played with at "la petite Bourse" on the Boulevard. The real bearing of such an alliance only comes to light when we read that by its means Constantinople would become the capital of a Catholic empire, and would assist in the dividing out of the most formidable monarchy which has ever existed in the world: Muhammadanism would have ceased to exist, and the civilising mission of Catholicism would commence under the influence of France and Austria—their allies being already thrown overboard by anticipation, and before even their alliance is obtained.

It is a remarkable phenomenon that all ideal politics move in a circle round Constantinople, to which they invariably culminate as the aim upon which all policy revolves. It is so also in all discussions in regard to what is designated as the Yankee-Russian alliance. But the three hundred dunderbergs and monitors which are to occupy the Mediterranean would be as in a mouse-trap in presence of the coalition that we are promised will be there to encounter it! America, we are further told, is a factitious and material power. It has neither moral nor intellectual strength. It has no name, save that of the continent on which it exists; it is torn to pieces by factions and civil wars that spring from a vicious democracy, and which would run riot in time of war. The United States constitute a political union, and that is all, and an attempt to act as a great power in a foreign war would only hasten the breaking up of that badly aggregated union, in which the states of the South are disfranchised from political representation, and swayed by the bayonet. The Yankees, if ever they should act in alliance with Russia, would not, however, in all probability, engage the old European states from the West, which is their strong side, but from the East and the Pacific, where we have already pointed out the political and geographical movements of progress which are in operation.

It appears, however, that there exists a party in Austria—the party of ultramontane or bigoted Catholicism it may be called—which in the depth of its despair, as the last refuge of Catholicism in Central Europe, losing all influence in Germany, would gladly enter upon a suicidal alliance with France—Constantinople being held out as the reward for such an alliance. The *New Fremden Blatt*, which is said to be a semi-official organ of the chancellor of the empire, thinks that there is no need of a Russo-Prussian alliance to incite an understanding between France and Austria. "The cause of that understanding is of a date more recent; it dates from the treaty of Prague, which, it is true, is a mere convention concluded between Austria and Prussia, but the tenor of which is of an importance entirely European. (This is to say that Austria, having succumbed before Prussia, it is now prepared to seek the aid of France, or any other European power, to be reinstated.) The peace of Prague has

created in the very centre of Europe a power unknown there since the great emperors of Germany. It is true that, till now, it has been contended that a great and powerful state in the middle of Europe was necessary to maintain peace on the Continent; but in that case it would be desirable that such a state should be animated with pacific ideas. Such event would have occurred had Germany (*i.e.* Austria) succeeded in recovering her ancient grandeur, for Germany (*i.e.* Austria) is an empire of civilisation and progress—an empire of peace. Instead of a united Germany, there rose a great and powerful Prussia, which has thus become a new danger for the peace of Europe. It is a fact that the Hohenzollerns must be logically aggressive, because a pause from Prussia would amount to a backward step. After Frederick the Great, that pause brought on Jena; the pause of the Holy Alliance brought on Olmütz. Prussia must be active; in other words, she must aim at conquests, and never cease to disquiet Europe. Unfortunately, close to her are numerous morsels such as excite her appetite. Germany is at the present time under the yoke of Prussia; militarily speaking, Prussia is a great power. It is of paramount necessity to circumscribe that power, and the end must be reached by means of the treaty of Prague. What Prussia took from the Austrians at Königsgratz, and what France had granted to her previously, has been in Germany limited by the Maine. But what neither France nor Austria did ever acquiesce in is, that Prussia should plant her foot in Southern Germany. Already she has twice tried to do so. Firstly, by her treaties of offensive and defensive alliances; secondly, by the Zollverein Convention. Austria could, with reason, find in these a violation of the treaty of Prague, because in both circumstances Prussia used her preponderance, and compelled the southern states to accept her proposals.

But enough of concessions. As soon as Prussia puts forward for the third time (why the third more than the first?) exigencies that would destroy the independence of the southern states of Germany, Austria and France ought to oppose Prussia. To-day they openly ask in Prussia why France should interfere with the treaty of Prague? Such a question is sheer nonsense, and it is also an abnegation of the truth, both preconceived and bold.

Let us ignore that at Nikolaburg M. Benedetti was always between Count Bismark and Count Mensdorff. But would it not be a shameful thing to forget that France, by her attitude, greatly helped Prussia to go on with the war of 1866? Has not the Prussian prime minister been at Biarritz? Did he not offer Luxemburg to France as the price of her benevolent neutrality? Had not France shown herself disposed to such an arrangement—had she informed Italy that she was opposed to her conquering Venetia through Prussia—had France placed a corps of observation at Lille or at Besançon—would Prussia have been able, even with her needle-guns and her intellectual strength, which we gladly admit, to send a single man to the frontiers of Bohemia?

The *arrière pensée* of a Prusso-Russian alliance had not yet dawned at that time. Russia was not ready, and the pacification of Poland—we mean her crushing—was not in the advanced state that it is

now. And, also, the Prussian army did not possess then that assurance and that confidence in its own strength that it entertains now. Prussia would have deemed herself happy if she had been able to acquire the Elbe Duchies for a portion of the country of Glatz, and for a large sum of money. The sovereigns of Hanover, of Hesse, and of Nassau would still sit on their thrones. It is France which has accomplished the greatness of Prussia. Yet the Emperor Napoleon is not, we are told, entitled to interfere with what is going on in Germany! Is it, perhaps, because he did not paraph any pact with Count Bismark at Biarritz? No. We can reckon on the association of the principal Prussian organs, if we recognise the right of France to interfere in what is going on on her frontiers. We are edified enough about that continual *bavardage* of inimity from France to Germany. It was the same in old times; but we do not know yet to-day if we must prefer *Prussian Hegemony to the Emperor Napoleon's protection upon the Rhenish Confederation*. But one thing is certain, Austria and France, the most interested neighbours, are compelled to keep a certain watch, since not Germany, but Prussia, has acquired so much power in the centre of Europe. A wider development of Prussia would give them the right to oppose that country in common. This would not be an alliance against Germany, but one against Prussia.

It may suit the interests of Austria to represent an alliance with France as one not against Germany but against Prussia, but there are few politicians in the fatherland who will be taken in by so shallow a pretext. Misfortunes, it is said, make us acquainted with strange bedfellows, and Austria, there is every reason to suppose, has entered into an understanding with France to see the left bank of the Rhine pass under her yoke, so long as such a protection, as she pleases to call it, can be pacifically obtained by the triumphs of diplomacy, and she can at the same time, and by the same pacific triumphs be allowed to place herself at the head of a South German and Catholic Confederacy. Before this pleasant little arrangement could be brought about without a war, and the sanguine anticipations of the two emperors can be realised, they must, to use the homely but expressive metaphor Marshal Pelissier was so partial to, "have discovered the secret of making omelets without breaking eggs."

It is a curious circumstance, that whilst France is endeavouring to seduce Austria into an alliance, upon the understanding that the latter is to be placed at the head of a South German Confederation with Constantinople in the perspective, whilst France is to be gratified by the possession of the left bank of the Rhine, that Prussia is endeavouring to bring about the same results by the more reasonable offer of the Danubian Principalities, Bosnia, Servia, and Montenegro to be obtained by diplomatic cession, and if not, by force of arms. Prussia to be rewarded by imperial power over a united Germany and the German provinces of Austria to be ruled by viceroys, who will have seats in the grand council of German princes.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE FRONTIERS OF FRANCE.

“FRANCE,” says the author of a work crowned by the French Academy, “has recovered its ‘natural’ frontier in the south: will she recover her natural frontier in the north? Undoubtedly and unquestionably so. She requires the limits that the hand of God has traced out for her; those which she possessed in her Celtic and Roman past; those which she re-conquered in her regeneration of 1789. She must include in her territory the battle-field of Tolbiac and the tomb of Charlemagne; she must have, as Vauban said to Louis XIV., *son pré carré*—her territory squared off. The natural frontiers of France have taken their place in the public right of Europe for seventy-two years past; they are a fundamental necessity of the existing times; they are the basis of the peace of the world.”

“But to every day its troubles. We have seen with what perseverance, what moderation, what wisdom, all the kings of France have laboured for centuries in reconstructing our territory, and the powerful vitality, the robust greatness, which this long and patriotic labour has conferred upon France. The aim was, we know, unfortunately exceeded, and the work has in part to be recommenced; but what progress has it not made in less than fifty years? Our neighbourhood to the Scheldt and the Alps transformed, Savoy and Nice re-conquered, the coalition broken up, and France replaced in its rank! The rest is a work of time, patience, and conciliation. It will be carried out without disturbance, and pacifically if Europe is wise and confiding, if it will abdicate its prejudices and its old resentments, if it accepts necessities traced by nature, history, reason, and justice; but from that day, whatever it may wish, whatever it may do, the treaties of 1815 will have ceased to exist.”

These are not the words of a hasty contributor to a daily paper, or of an excited partisan pamphleteer; they are the well-digested and sober utterances of an historical writer—M. Théophile Lavallée—in a work on the frontiers of France, which has, as before remarked, been honoured by an expression of the highest approbation on the part of the French Academy, has gone through three editions, and may be admitted to represent the opinions of seven-eighths of the French people, and to judge by the Emperor Napoleon III.’s celebrated declaration of abhorrence of the treaties of 1815, made at Auxerre, of the present ruler of France. There is no other policy popular in France, and each successive ruler has, as a natural sequence of his being called to the head of affairs, to adopt it as a labour of time, or as an apology for aggression. So also there is no bulwark to the peace of Europe but a united Germany.

Such alone can resist this hereditary and historical policy of France keep the most ambitious and turbulent of European military within bounds.

This, however, is not the question which we propose to ourselves to discuss at the present moment. It is what are really, as seen and not from a French, but from an independent point of view, the natural, historical, reasonable, and just frontiers of France. To attend to such an inquiry it is absolutely necessary, although archaeological investigations are antagonistic to the fever of politics, to go back to the beginning.

The Romans, it is well known, colonised the banks of the Rhine, they did those of the Danube, simply with the view of holding in the countries watered by those noble rivers. They selected their posts or stations with this view, and with a well-considered regard to the peculiarities of the case, choosing more particularly the points of junction of rivers, as these opened a means of communication with the interior. Most of the cities and strong places which exist on the left bank of the Rhine had their origin in these Roman posts. Such are Strassburg (Argentoratum), Mayence (Moguntiacum), Coblenz (Confluentes), Neuss (Nova Castra), and others.

Eight legions, constituting a force of from twenty to twenty-five thousand men, garrisoned these military colonies, thus planted at the centre of a region of its own. The Rhine, M. Lavallée himself says, "is a river which rather unites than separates Gaul from Germany." It is a political limit, rather than a military frontier; the region it flows through, from Basle to the sea, is a geological whole—a basin—through which it makes its way; the countries on both banks resemble one another in climate, soil, productions, and inhabitants; they appear to be indivisible; and, lastly, Gaul and Germany have been confounded in this neutral territory, they are perpetually upon to influence and react one upon another." Yet the very writer admits these facts argues in favour of the Rhine being made to constitute a natural as well as an arbitrary and artificial military frontier of France!

The real view taken of the matter by the Romans became sufficiently manifest in the times of the Emperor Probus, who divided the region into *Germania prima* and *Germania secunda*. The Franks, however, would never let these German colonies rest. They devastated towns, and drove the population away into the interior. Julius drove them back across the Rhine, but they incessantly returned to the river. When the Franks became confounded with the Gauls, upon the running of the north of Europe by the Alamans, Frisians, and the same territory became by its population a mere extension of Gaul, many, and the Franks, no longer seeking to re-establish strong posts on the Rhine, were satisfied upon the victory of Clovis, at Tolbiac, asserting a kind of military supremacy over the mixed population of the valley. Charlemagne extended these claims of domination to the west and east, to the Elbe and the Danube; in Italy, on the side where he was threatened by the Lombards, to Volturna; and in Spain, where he was threatened by the Visigoths and Saracens, to the Ebro, with which he proved as fatal in the ninth, as the extension given to the

frontiers by the modern Charlemagne did in the nineteenth century. People, aggregated by the mere force of arms, were not long in establishing that independence which was secured by the battle of Fontenay and the treaty of Verdun (842), and Gaul, which had by that time become France, was restricted to within its olden limits for ages—that is to say, to within the Scheldt, the Meuse, the Saône, and the Rhône.

An epoch of incessant strife, of alternate successes and failures, commenced with this era, when France became only one of the dismembered kingdoms of Charlemagne, with Lorraine and Provence as its frontiers; and these struggles, which have lasted for more than ten centuries, have not yet been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The labour of reconstructing the Frankish territory was not, however, seriously entered upon until the epoch of the kings of the third race, and it gradually confounded itself with that national unification which was the work of the Capetians. The traditional policy of the kings of France became, from the days of Hugues Capet, the extension of their frontiers, so as to embrace what we have seen are rather supposed to have been the frontiers of ancient Gaul, than to have been so really. History proves the valley of the Rhine to have been essentially Germanic from the remotest times, but as incessantly assailed by Gauls and Franks, as it is in modern times by the French. It would have been the same with any other frontiers, that were not as clearly defined as those of the Alps and the Pyrenees. The acquisition of Savoy and Nice shows also in what light the French view even such natural boundaries as the Alps. "On the side of Nice," says Lavallée, "the Var, so easily crossed, is covered by the chain of the Alps; Toulon is guaranteed against any continental aggression; a military port—Villefranche—is added to our military frontier. On the side of Savoy, the high road of Mont Cenis belongs to us, as well as that of the little St. Bernard; Lyons and the Rhône are guaranteed against all aggression coming from the Alps; the gates of Geneva are blocked up, and rendered useless; Switzerland, enveloped to the south and west, guarded and protected by our neighbourhood, is in a position to defend its neutrality; all the defiles of the Jura are closed, as are also the gates of Basle." This is merely saying that the more you extend your frontier, the further you must extend the guarantees for its protection.

The successive dynasties of France, in handing down this hereditary policy, are not, we are told, "animated by a vulgar ambition, but by a family mission, which they fulfil patiently and unwaveringly. They have no prearranged plan, no theory to guide them; but they have a confused memory of the grandeur of Clovis and of Charlemagne, and they have simply, like the nation itself, the idea, the sentiment, the instinct of French unity." Well may the reminiscence be termed "a confused one," for it has no basis but that of conquest. As for the idea pervading the French mind, it is one of aggression, not of unity, for the population of the Rhine is not French; and if France held the left bank of the Rhine, what possible guarantees would Europe have that the "idea" or "sentiment" of unity might not be made to extend farther? The memory of the conquests of Clovis and Charlemagne, if they are to be the bases of those movements of aggression and annexation, which have not left Europe at peace since his time, would, for example, embrace the Elbe as well as the Rhine.

This hereditary reminiscence is, in fact, an hereditary rivalry of nations, not a rightful claim. Saint Louis, Philippe le Bel, and Philippe de Valois did not so much seek for the extension of France to the Rhine as "to give the imperial crown to a French prince, and thus restore to France its influence on Germanic countries." They had also to consolidate the regions of which Paris had been selected as the centre, and the people of the north—Picardians and Champenois—were ranged against those of the south, of Provence, Languedoc, and Guyenne. If aggressive movements were made, it was against Latin nations, Spain, Italy, and Sicily. The brother of Louis XI. became, in virtue of the many titles he bore, actual master of Italy. Philippe III. subdued Navarre and assailed Aragon. Thanks to the Crusades, France became for a time one of the first nations in Europe, and its princes reigned in Syria, Cyprus, Armenia, and at Constantinople; at Athens and Naples; in Bohemia and Hungary. "One could go," says Lavallée, "from Paris to Jerusalem on French soil." This lustre was, however, very ephemeral. The wars with England, at first so disastrous, culminated, however, under Charles VII., in the acquisition of Guyenne, Languedoc, and Dauphiny. Provence and Brittany alone remained without the pale. Charles made a vain attempt to overrun Alsatia and Lorraine; the inhabitants of Metz, satisfied with the municipal liberties which they enjoyed under the German empire, said, "We will not belong to that kingdom." What the kings of France failed to accomplish, a Burgundian prince, Charles le Téméraire, who also held the Low Countries, was enabled to carry out. He subjected Alsatia and Lorraine, and projected the establishment of a kingdom intermediary between France and Germany. The establishment of such a kingdom might possibly have ensured the peace of Europe; but, according to Philip of Commines, it would have reduced Charles to the position of a vassal of the empire, "*contemnant le nom de France, la gloire de son front et le plus clair de ses titres.*"

Louis XI. exhausted himself in attempts to humble the Burgundian princes; he subjected Burgundy Proper and Provence, but his successor had to abandon these provinces in order to obtain possession of Brittany, whilst the seventeen Burgundian provinces of the Low Countries passed under the domination of the empire. The progress of the Franks in subjugating the various nationalities into which ancient Gaul was subdivided, and in extending their influence over the Latins of the south, met with a first serious check upon the marriage of Ferdinand of Aragon with Isabella of Castile. Naples and Sicily were lost to their princes, and Spain became the dominant power in Italy. Charles V., son of the only daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Philip, son of Maximilian of Austria, ruled over Germany, Italy, Spain, and the Low Countries. France, except for a brief time under the great Napoleon, never attained to so extensive a dominion. But France, enveloped and threatened on all sides, did not the less exert itself to emancipate itself from the power that oppressed her. François I. and Henri II. carried the war into Italy, and endeavoured to subject Navarre, as also Flanders and Luxemburg. The Protestant princes of the empire having foolishly leagued with France against Charles V., Henri II. captured Metz, Toul, and Verdun, and then attempted to subject what is most erroneously designated as "the ancient inheritance of the kings of France," the

kingdom of Austrasia, which included all the states on the left bank of the Rhine; but he was, in the words of the old chronicler, only able to water his horses in the Rhine, for the resistance presented by the Alsatians obliged him to retrace his steps to what are also designated as "three nails stuck into the territory of Lorraine, and which must ever keep it in subjection"—Metz, Toul, and Verdun.

The alliance made by the Franks with the Catholic cantons of Switzerland was destined to be of a more durable character than that made with the Protestants of the north. During the whole epoch of the ancient monarchy, these cantons contributed their twenty thousand soldiers, who shed their blood in every victory won, or every defeat experienced, by the French. The religious wars, which for so long a period devastated the interior, suspended that fever of extension of frontiers which has ever been the guiding principle of French rulers; but Charles IX., tempted by an insurrection of the Protestants in the Low Countries against Philippe II., made a movement which only ended in discomfiture; and his successor, Henri II., paid with his life for "ses velléités d'agrandissement national"—his aged dreams of national aggrandisement! These are the words used by a writer who, upon all occasions, designates the French policy of annexation as "the work of reconstruction of our frontiers."

The Bourbons, however, adopted these *velléités* as the basis of their policy, and as the chief object of their rule. The Germanic population had, it is admitted, become fixed and dominant on the Rhine, and interests, manners, and language separated people who were only "geographically" united. (The question of nationalities is thus admittedly superseded on the Rhine by that of geography.) Hence what the French call the *rapatriement*; that is to say, the reconstruction as a country, demanded no end of exertions and sacrifices. Hence, also, notwithstanding their ability, their perseverance, and the great men whom they employed in the work, the Bourbons only succeeded in subjecting a portion of the Germanic soil, and this they did town by town, bit by bit, by dint of wars and negotiations, incessantly carried on, with that one sole object in view which absorbs all French policy, and may one day be the rock upon which the ship of state may be finally wrecked.

Henri IV. brought with him to the throne the petty provinces of Béarn and Foix, and, more than that, the principle "that all who naturally spoke the French language should be French subjects"—a principle which the French deny to the people of the Rhine, who, speaking German, should be German subjects. His projects on Lorraine, Luxemburg, Cleves, and Juliers were, however, cut short by death; but they were taken up by Richelieu, who took advantage of the "Thirty Years' War" to annex considerable fragments on the Scheldt, the Meuse, and towards the Rhine. Mazarin continued the same policy, and, thanks to the genius of Turenne and of Condé, he "for ever consolidated French conquests by the most glorious and useful treaties, the treaty of Münster or of Westphalia, concluded in 1648, and the treaty of the Pyrenees, concluded in 1659." We have no longer word here of re-conquest, or "rapatriement," but simply of consolidating "conquests." Lorraine and Alsatia were annexed to France by these treaties, with the exception of the imperial city of Strasburg, in part compensated for by the cession of

Brisach on the right bank, and "France at length touched this great river, from which she had been separated for eight centuries." France, as such, was not even in existence eight centuries previously, and she cannot, therefore, be said to have ever had possession of the territories ceded to her by these treaties.

"The conquest of Alsatia, a province entirely Germanic by race, language, and manners, but geographically entirely Gaulish, was," we are told, "the boldest and happiest conquest of the house of Bourbon." The treaty of the Pyrenees gave also to France the whole of Artois (with the exception of Aire and Saint-Omer), the Flemish towns of Gravelines, Bourbourg, and Saint-Venant, the keys of Dunkerque and Lille; Landrecies, le Quesnoy, and Avesnes, the keys to Hainault and the Valley of the Oise; and Philippeville, Marienburg, Thionville, Montmédy, Ivoy, and Marville, the four last in Luxemburg, and the possession of which was supposed to have for ever isolated Lorraine from Germany, till it remained for our own times to discover that the stronghold of Luxemburg threatened that frontier. The treaties of Westphalia and of the Pyrenees, it has been further said, "the most permanent that France ever concluded, placed the power and the territory on such a firm basis, that no amount of reverses or disasters, and no revolutions have been able to shake it." Mazarin strengthened these treaties by leagues with the electorates on the Rhine, and he wedded Louis XIV. to an Infanta of Spain in order to bring about the annexation of the Low Countries.

Turenne, who succeeded Mazarin, was a military man as well as a politician, and although favouring the conquest of the Low Countries, he wisely looked upon it as a danger to France to extend her frontiers to the Rhine. The regions to be conquered he prophetically declared had been so long separated, and had become so utterly foreign to France, that an aggrandisement in that direction, by giving only doubtful additional strength, might become a source of real weakness. The policy which he induced the king to adopt was to subsidise the German princes, electors, and bishops, by which means France acquired twelve German regiments of infantry and six of cavalry, which took part in all the wars, and in the time of Louis XV. these were raised to twenty-five.* The pompous projects for subjecting the Low Countries, which the "Grand Monarque" claimed in virtue of his marriage, did not meet with the success which was anticipated, and these territories, "which have so often escaped French unity," defended by England, Holland, and Sweden, were, to a certain extent, saved by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1668), by which Louis was only left in possession of a portion of Hainault and Flanders, and certain strong places, "strangely dispersed," as Vauban used to say, but which were looked upon with a favourable eye as so many stages towards the future subjugation of the whole. Among these acquisitions of Louis XIV. was, however, Lille, which has ever since remained the head-quarters of the army of the north. The fate of Belgium has indeed always been inextricably mixed up with that of the left bank of the Rhine, and therein lies the danger of necessary alliances springing

* Fieffé, in his "*Histoire des Troupes Etrangères au Service de France*," enumerates these regiments, amongst which were the Fürsternberg, Royal-Allemand, Salm-Salm, Lamark, Hesse-Darmstadt, Nassau, Royal Deux-Ponts, Royal Bavère, Royal Liégeois, &c.

up from any aggressive movement on the part of France in the latter direction. These first conquests received important accessions by the treaty of Nimègue (1678), which consolidated Artois by the cession of Aire and Saint-Omer, and added Franche-Comté and several strong places of Flanders and Hainault, which have played an important part in the subsequent history of France. Louvois's ideal policy was, as seen by a letter to Condé (Jan., 1671), to annihilate the Dutch, by which the true means of subjugating the Low Countries would be arrived at, but Louis XIV. looked more to the possession of Franche-Comté as opening a new highway to Germany. This was a leading idea with the "Grand Monarque," and it was with this view that he exchanged Philipsburg for Friburg, which he considered to be the key to the region of the Black Forest and of Swabia, and that he occupied Nancy, Longuy, and Marsal, in Lorraine.

The frontiers of France became, then, in 1678, pretty nearly what they were in 1792 and 1814—that is, supposing Lorraine to have been French, which it was then only nominally. Forty-three years had been spent in these acquisitions; and notwithstanding the genius of Richelieu, of Mazarin, of Turenne, Condé, and Vauban, notwithstanding fifty hard-fought battles and the sacrifice of five hundred thousand men, France only succeeded in detaching five or six small provinces from outlying countries, whilst by such a war of aggression it entailed the just enmities of England, Holland, Germany, and Spain, the liberty and independence of the minor states being all alike threatened. This was a lesson which was not lost upon Louis XIV., and which, albeit forgotten to his cost by Napoleon I., ought not to have been recorded in vain for his successors. The "Grand Monarque," reduced by the coalition which his ambition had provoked to more moderate views, spent his latter years in consolidating the existing frontiers, and, with the aid of Vauban, in creating that triple line of strong places which have ever since excited the admiration of some, the contempt of others, but the wonder of all. It is, however, very questionable if the time has not arrived in the modern system of warfare, by which war is carried on in the open field, when these miracles of the seventeenth century have ceased to have any military or political significance. Of what use is it to weaken any amount of available force by garrisoning a number of strong places; and of what avail is a garrison, however strong, left in the rear of a victorious army, if that army can afford to mask such strong places? Even Ehrenbreitstein is of no more import in the present day than Königstein, Metz, or Strasburg. France, however, continues to look upon these frontier strongholds as the great and glorious work of Louis XIV.—a work which sheds eternal lustre on his name and that of Vauban and Louvois, but that not as completing and securing an existing frontier, but as "a formidable basis for external aggression."* This is the secret of the admiration and esteem in which the triple line of fortresses on the frontiers of France are held, yet, after the battle of Waterloo, barely one or two detained the allies in their progress to Paris. Waterloo may indeed be said to have paved the way to that modern system of deter-

* *Les Frontières de la France*, Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française, p. 61. Par Théophile Lavallée. Paris: J. Hetzel.

mining military supremacy which attained its culminating point in the open field of Sadowa.

What was designated as *le règlement des places de la frontière* was not, however, the work of a moment. It lasted twenty years, and had to undergo modifications imposed upon it by the league of Augsburg. Louis XIV. had to make concessions, but the "War of Frontiers," as it was called, was brought to an end by the treaty of Ratisbon, by which Sarrelouis, Luxemburg, and Strasburg were acquired to France. This last war was signalised by atrocities which excited the indignation of all Europe. Villars tells us that the king had determined to leave a desert between his frontiers and his enemies, and Chamlay wrote to Louvois to order that all the towns and strong places without the triple line should be burnt, and the country devastated! France, however, utterly exhausted, was reduced ultimately, by the treaty of Ryswick, to give up Luxemburg, Charleroi, Mont Royal (one of Vauban's works), Ath, and Courtray, as also all the strong places held on the right bank of the Rhine, and even Lorraine, the right of passage through which province was alone preserved. The frontier thus established remained intact, with the exception of Lorraine, for nearly a century. "France," according to Lavallée, "'abandoned' by this treaty all hope for its 'natural' frontiers, abdicated all influence in Italy, continued to have Spain as an enemy, and, lastly, left the Latin race in its state of inferiority in the presence of the Germanic race." It does not say in its "usual," or its "permanent," or its "temporary" state of inferiority—simply "its state," which may be read in any sense.

The death of Charles II., King of Spain and of the Low Countries, re-opened the flood-gates of war, which was, as usual, begun under the pretence of securing the liberties of Europe! The system of defence adopted by Vauban saved France at this crisis, when armies used to lay down for months before strong places. Thus the possession of Sarrelouis sufficed to arrest the progress of the imperialists, who, by the victory of Hochstett, had been enabled to occupy Landau and part of Alsatia. The battles of Ramillies and Oudenarde, won by Marlborough and Eugène, and the reduction of Lille, were in a similar manner rendered fruitless by the allies not daring to advance on the Somme, whilst there were strong places in their rear, on the Lys, the Scarpe, and the Scheldt. Such a mistake would not be made in modern warfare. The allies played, in fact, into the hands of Villars, by receding, after the capture of a place of first-rate importance like Lille, to the reduction of Tournay and the siege of Mons. It is true that the allies were abetted by diversions made in their favour by the Duke of Savoy and by the Germans under Mercy, but the first was kept in check by Marshal de Berwick at Briançon, the second was beat at Rumersheim. The allies were more successful on the Oise; Villars was decisively beaten at Malplacquet, and Mons was obliged to surrender. But these successes were only followed up by the successive assaults of different strong places in the triple line of fortresses, and so many of these fell into the hands of Eugène and Marlborough, that it appeared as if France was at one time going to fall piecemeal into the pockets of the great captains of the age; but the false system which they pursued was destined to meet with its natural result: the attack upon the camp of Denain, a kind of open-field combat, inspired, it is said, by the

genius of Louis XIV. himself, and successfully carried out by Villars, in one moment rendered nearly all the conquests of the allies on or between the Lys, the Scheldt, the Sambre, and the Meuse, valueless. Eugène and Marlborough were also not effectively supported in this remarkable war by what constituted part of the plan—a system of “barriers,” or a network of strong places, garrisoned by the neighbouring powers, and opposed to Vauban’s constructions, such as were put in force in 1814. This war of succession to Spain was ultimately brought to an end by the treaties of Utrecht and of Rastadt, by which, according to the admission of Lavallée, “whilst the frontiers of Vauban remained pretty nearly intact” (Dunkerque, Menin, Ypres, Dixmude, Tournay, Oudenarde, Ath, Mons, Charleroi, Namur, and other strong places remaining, however, to the Low Countries), “France was obliged to descend from the lofty position it occupied in 1701, and the Latin race once more lost its preponderance.” Italy became dependent on Austria, and Savoy became a monarchy of the second order. Spain, however, passed into the hands of a Bourbon, and entered into an alliance with France, which gave to the latter the aid of its navy for more than a century—to very little purpose, it must be acknowledged.

The Duke of Lorraine having married Maria Theresa, only daughter and heiress of the Emperor Charles IV., the duchy of Tuscany was given to him as a sequence to the war of succession in Poland, in exchange for Lorraine, which was conceded to the dethroned King of Poland, Stanislas Leczinski, on condition that at his death that province should pass over to France. Stanislas died in 1766, when Lorraine became “completely French, and the high road from the Moselle to the interior of the kingdom was, after two ages of efforts, effectually closed.” This admits of another version, which would read, “the high road to the Moselle was left open to France.” This was in the reign of Louis XV., who was always more occupied with the affairs of Italy than those of Germany, and who succeeded in acquiring the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, as also Parma and Piacenza, to the Spanish Bourbons. Corsica was also annexed to France during the same reign, in order to counterbalance the position taken up by the English at Minorca. The English, who had deprived France of part of her colonies, humbled her at sea, and dismantled Dunkerque, were at that epoch well hated in France, and the minister Choiseul used to say, “If I were master, we should be to England what Spain was to the Moors; and, if such an attitude were adopted, England would be humbled and destroyed in the space of thirty years.” But the constitutional indolence and love of pleasure natural to the king was opposed to an undertaking which Napoleon the Great was unable to carry out.

The policy of Louis XVI. was solely guided by hostility to England. It was with this view that the Americans were abetted by France in the War of Independence, and that the French navy coalesced with that of Spain, Naples, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia. No attempts were made, however, to extend the frontiers of France. “France, constituted as she is,” said the truly patriotic minister De Vergennes, “ought to dread aggrandisements, rather than ambition such; she has within herself everything that constitutes real power.” Hence, also, when the Emperor Joseph II. offered the Low Countries to France on

condition of her assistance in dismembering the Ottoman empire, he met with a refusal, for it was observed, "such a line of conduct would excite the fears and jealousies of the kings of Prussia and of Holland, who are our natural allies." What changes take place in the policy of European powers! The attitude of France under this pacific monarch, who even meditated the destruction of the limitrophal fortresses as of secondary importance in the defence of a state, and torn to pieces within by revolutionary factions, is described by Lavallée as "England profoundly humiliated, Austria neutralised, our alliances everywhere renewed, liberty restored to the seas, and our pacific mediation influencing all the affairs of Europe; such was at that epoch the diplomatic position of France—an attitude of protection, influence, and moderation."

The Revolution brought with it a quite different order of things. The "idea" of natural frontiers had been for eight centuries a political dream of kings; it now became the "idea" of the people, and identified itself with a sense of independence and of safety to the country. This "idea" was followed out with a rude energy and brutality of conviction, which was uninfluenced by dynastic interests or traditions, or by any forms of diplomacy. "To remain upon the defensive wherever France has its natural limits, and to assume the offensive wherever it has them not," were the trite instructions communicated by the Convention to the generals of the republic. The secretary for foreign affairs was Dumouriez, a man of unquestionable talent, but as unscrupulous as he was treacherous. In 1792 he declared in the council of Louis XVI. that "France could have no durable security without the barrier of the Rhine." In 1797 he wrote to the coalition, "The famous barrier of the Rhine is of no value save on the map."

Upon the first declaration of that war, which was inevitable from the moment the question of "natural" frontiers was set up as the programme of the republic, the French, as usual, at once invaded the Low Countries, despatching divisions at the same time into the Electorates, as also against Savoy and Nice. These ideas were all the more acceptable to military men, as they were those which had been traditional with the old monarchy. In the mean time, the Prussians assumed the offensive. Making Luxemburg the basis of their operations, they avoided Thionville and Metz, and advanced by way of Longwi and Verdun, two strong places of secondary rank. We have on a previous occasion given the details of this brief campaign. Longwi and Verdun were captured; the army of the north, commanded by Dumouriez, was cut off from that of the east, under Kellerman; and Paris lay as open to the allies as it did to Marlborough and Eugène after the capture of Lille. But Dumouriez succeeded in converting at such a crisis the defiles of the Argonne into what have since been pompously designated as the "Thermopylæ of France," and the battle of Valmy decided the fate of an invading army, utterly inadequate in every respect to the great task which had been imposed upon it. France is not precisely the country to be subjected by a handful of troops.

This first successful resistance enabled the French republicans to advance in a somewhat irregular and desultory manner into other countries, proclaiming everywhere their fantastical ideas of liberty and union. In many parts the populace were led away by these empty

words, and the Swiss of Porentray first constituted themselves into a republic under the name of Rauracie, and were afterwards annexed as the department of Mont Terrible, but restored to Switzerland in 1814. Custine, on his side, penetrated into the Germanic territory by Landau, carried Spire, Frankenthal, and Worms, and boldly descended the Rhine, being favourably received by the populations. Mayence opened its gates, and Custine, led astray by his successes, advanced upon Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Savoy became the department of Mont Blanc, Nice that of the Alpes Maritimes, and the battle of Jemappes sufficed for the conquest of Belgium, which, however, was not deemed to be sufficiently consolidated to be divided into departments. The Convention was not so blind as not to perceive that these conquests and annexations were, in reality, effected by the aid not only of the minority, but also of only the revolutionary portion of the inhabitants. Under these revolutionary ideas, however, republican France did more in four months towards extending frontiers than monarchical France had been able to accomplish in eight centuries.

The coalition of Europe against this rapid and surprising development of revolutionary conquests and doctrines became unanimous; even the states that were in alliance with France were compelled by considerations of safety to become its enemies, whilst those who had adhered to the revolution in the first burst of enthusiasm as quickly found out their mistake, and that they were merely being made tools of, abused, and oppressed. The reaction was prompt, and reverses followed swiftly in the train of excesses. The republican generals further jeopardised the armies under their command. As Custine ensured exposure by advancing from Mayence to Frankfort, instead of subduing the Electorate, so Dumouriez, instead of proceeding, after the so-called conquest of Belgium, in the same direction, advanced to the subjugation of Holland. One division was beaten at Aix-la-Chapelle, and driven back on the Meuse, whilst Dumouriez himself was utterly defeated at Neerwinden, and obliged to evacuate Belgium. The army of Alsatia was in like manner driven back, obliged to evacuate Mayence and all the places on the Rhine, and to retire upon Landau and Weissenburg.

The campaign of 1794 was directed by the Prince of Coburg on the same line as that followed by Marlborough and Eugène by the opening presented between the Scheldt and the Meuse; but, notwithstanding that many strong places were taken, and that France was perplexed by the English at Toulon and Dunkerque, that La Vendée was in insurrection, that the Germans were in Alsatia, and the Spaniards in the Pyrenees, this campaign terminated in the disaster of Wattignies, which, however, did not turn out a second Denain, for hostilities were recommenced the ensuing spring. This time Coburg got as far as Landrecies, after capturing all the strong places in his rear, and once more the road to Paris lay open to the allies. But Moreau and Pichegru were busy recapturing the strong places in the Low Countries. Coburg, as Eugène had done previously, turned back to the succour of Tournay; the army of the Ardennes, led by Saint Just and Lebas, discarded the system of losing time in investing strong places, and acted boldly on the defensive. Although defeated on numerous occasions, this division persevered until reinforced by the army of the Moselle, and together they obtained the decisive victory of Fleurus (June 26, 1794), which saved the "frontier

of iron," as Carnot called it, and emancipated the republic. This was the second time that an invasion of France by the Low Countries had been defeated; it was undertaken against the counsel of the Prussians and of Dumouriez himself, who advised the triple line to be turned from the direction of Basle—the plan which was adopted with so much success in 1814. The results of the battle of Fleurus were perfectly intoxicating to the republic. The army of the north, after capturing Brussels and subjugating Belgium, advanced into Holland, and entered triumphantly into Amsterdam. Jourdan's army, called that of Sambre and Meuse, drove the Austrians across the Rhine, occupying the left bank from Cleves to Coblenz, and joined the army of the Rhine, which was clearing the Vosges, and besieging Luxemburg, Trèves, Mayence, and Rhinfels. "Thus," in the words of an enthusiastic historian, "the three armies of the north, of Sambre and Meuse, and of the Rhine, held out the hand to one another on the great river from Basle to the sea. The republic had attained its natural frontier—the Gaulish and Frankish frontier—our patriot soldiers bivouacked in the cantonments of Clovis and Charlemagne, and the tricolor flag floated for twenty years over the cities of the Rhine."

It is remarkable that Carnot—the spirit which inaugurated the great operations undertaken by the republic—preferred the "iron frontier" to that of the Rhine, which he declared to be too diverging, too excentric, and too distant from Paris. "Those who would be free," he enunciated in the energetic language of the Convention, "should not seek to be conquerors." Government, also, notwithstanding the bellicose utterances of the "Comité de Salut Public," really wished for peace; and the first overtures made by Prussia were received with an ill-disguised satisfaction. The treaties entered into with that country, as also with Holland, were of an indecisive character. The Prussian part of the left bank of the Rhine remained nominally in possession of the republic; but all definite arrangements were postponed until a general pacification with Germany, and the mouths of the great river were left with Holland, "France," according to Lavallée, "giving up its great principle of natural limits." According to this, the natural limits of France comprise the left bank of the Rhine and its embouchures, including Holland and Belgium. Some of the minor German states followed the example of Prussia, and made concessions on the left bank of the Rhine, to save their territories on the right. The Margrave of Baden ceded, however, Kehl on the right bank. As to Belgium, it was divided into nine departments, Luxemburg being the capital of that called "Forêts," or the region of forests—i.e. part of Ardennes.

Belgium, Luxemburg, the Electorates, the Duchy of Deux-Ponts, and other states occupied by the soldiery of the republic, were not, however, ceded by treaty, and new campaigns were entered into in 1796 to enforce the latter. Three French armies were put in motion upon Vienna—two by the basin of the Danube, one by that of the Po. The first two, after obtaining some successes at the onset, were ultimately driven back, and forced to repossess the Rhine; but the third, thanks to the genius of Bonaparte, was victorious, and forced first the King of Sardinia and then the emperor to enter upon a treaty of peace, which was signed at Paris on the 15th of May, 1796.

By this first treaty of what may be termed the Bonapartian era—and we do not propose entering upon this era of wars of aggression and ephemeral conquests, except in as far as they concern the frontier of the north-west—Savoy and Nice, for four years nominal departments of France, passed under the *bond fide* rule of the republic. It was not, however, till after the victories of Lodi, Castiglione, and Rivoli, that the Emperor of Austria came to satisfactory terms, and ceded by the treaty of Campo-Formio (October 17, 1797) the Low Countries, Lombardy, Mantua, and part of Venetia. The question of the Rhine was even then still left to be determined at a subsequent congress held at Rastadt, when it was decided that that river should be admitted, as constituting the frontier of France, from its issue out of Switzerland to its entrance into the territories of the Dutch.

The Directory was not so successful in its external policy as the Convention had been. All it thought of was the propagandism of democracy, and the establishment of a band of allied or vassal republics around France. A beginning in this system of dismemberment of states was made by the creation of the Cis-Alpine, the Ligurian, and the Batavian republics. The foundation of a Roman republic, however, revolted the whole Catholic world, and fanned the flames of a new war against France. Another error made was the violation of the neutrality of Switzerland. The new coalition included England, Russia, Austria, Germany, and Italy. Prussia alone kept aloof, but prepared to seize upon its ancient territories on the Rhine the moment a favourable opportunity presented itself. The coalition was, however, unsuccessful. Massena held the main body at bay on the Upper Rhine; the victory of Marengo set the Alps free; and this, followed by a defeat at Hohenlinden, obliged the Emperor of Austria to sign the peace of Luneville (March 16, 1801). By this treaty the left bank of the Rhine was formally ceded to France, and the number of departments was increased, by the addition of Roër, Sarre, Rhin et Moselle, and Mont Tonnerre, to a hundred and one. In the words of Lavallée, "the natural framework of ancient Gaul was once more filled up." The first consul declared, on his part, that "people, for a long time separated, have been united to their brethren, and have augmented their population, their territory, and their forces, by a sixth." The republic had completed the work elaborated by the monarchy for eight centuries in as many years, and the traditional policy of the kings of France, adopted by the republic, became for ever afterwards the basis of that of the Napoleon dynasty. "No Frenchman," says Lavallée, "can contemplate the position of France in 1801 without feelings of poignant grief, for who knows if our country will ever regain that position, that fortune, that unique hour in its history? These frontiers, acquired by so much labour, blood, sacrifice—this Rhine, so long coveted since Charlemagne, and which Louis XIV. had approached with so much difficulty—and, lastly, that national grandeur, so complete and so natural, which ought easily to have been rendered durable because it was limited, all was used up, expended, lost; on the one side, owing to the implacable jealousy of England; on the other, by the insensate ambition of the man who ruled France, and who was determined, as he said, to make it the first nation of the world." This melancholy apostrophe begs the whole question; it

says that the frontiers ought to have been easily preserved, because they were limited. But they were not limited. France has never been on the left bank of the Rhine but that it has coveted possession of the right. The very last treaty, enacted before 1801—that of Luneville—included the formal renunciation on the part of France of the places on the right bank; and what guarantee would Europe possess, suppose the left bank of the Rhine were ceded to France by the long sought-for congress, that she would be less ambitious under one Napoleon than under another, less aggressive than at all other epochs of her history, or more contented than with her “frontier of iron”? France has throughout her whole existence known no frontiers save those imposed upon her by force. As for France under Napoleon I., its position is well described by Lavallée himself. “Our natural limits were to be exceeded; a monstrous system of reunions and dismemberments of states was going to turn Europe upside down; France was about to extend itself, out of all proportions, from Rome to Hamburg, coupling together the most diverse populations under its domination, trampling on some, devastating others, accumulating hatreds which are not yet extinguished; and, lastly, as a final term to so many efforts, so many adventures, conquered in her turn, and cast back humiliated and exhausted on her own territory, only too happy to find independence and peace when sheltered behind the modest and salutary frontier of Louis XIV.”!

It has been ever so, and the position held by France for so many centuries remains still precisely the same, only with armies numerically stronger and much better equipped and disciplined—an advantage, however, which is shared by its rivals. The population of Europe may be generalised as divided into three principal races—the Celtic, or Latin race, which, after having constituted the more civilised communities of antiquity and the middle ages, occupies in the present day Gaul and the Iberian and Roman peninsulas, and which appears to have passed the apogee of its glory, both in what regards human and moral development. France could not in the present day recruit its navy without its Bretons, its Flamands, its Normans, and its Catalonians, nor could it recruit its guard or its cavalry, with the exception of a few Picardians, Champenois, and others from the mountainous regions, without the Germans of Lorraine and Alsatia. With regard to the morality of the country, it is, from various causes, among which the necessity of upholding a large armed force is one of the chief, at the lowest ebb, and hence, as a secondary result, the deterioration of its manhood. Next comes the Germanic race, which gave birth to the feudal world, and which occupies chiefly Germany proper, Scandinavia, and England. This race is in large part Protestant, and hence progressive. It has many elements of decadence, vices, immorality, and want of unity and cohesion in religious and political matters, but not to an extent to be for a moment compared with the Celtic races. The consequence is, that in all that concerns matters of enterprise, colonisation, commerce, and industry, the Germanic race, as individuals, are far in advance of the Celtic; the social well-being and resources of the individual are also much superior: wherever the Celtic races are intermixed with the Germanic, they are cast back into the more secluded regions of the country, as in Germany, Switzerland, and Great Britain, or they are the focus of dis-

turbance or insurrection, as in Ireland and America. As to the Sclavonian race, it is only in the act of passing from a semi-barbarian to a civilised condition, and its future does not concern us at the moment. But as for the struggle for supremacy between the Celtic and the Germanic races, it will ever be, as it has been of yore, on the Rhine, where their most vigorous representatives in modern times come closest in contact; and in Belgium, where the Celtic elements and retrogressive ideas are most diffused, rendering the country open to a delusive policy. But, in the mean time, as centuries succeed to one another, so do the Germanic races keep increasing in strength—physical, moral, and intellectual—over the Celtic, and it is impossible not to foresee that every new struggle entered into, under whatsoever pretext, between the two races, will, by the inevitable action of the natural laws, become more and more disastrous to the long-sustained claims of the vain and fiery Celt to dominion in Europe.

The events of the Hundred Days, and the extraordinary eclipse of the iron frontier, without a parallel in history, are placed in a curious light by Lavallée. According to this writer, Waterloo would, in ordinary times, have been only another Malplaquet, but in the position in which France was placed it became the ruin of the state. The defeat became a rout, and the anarchy which ruled the country communicated itself to the army which had lately fought so heroically, and it was only rallied at Laon. The two armies set off in pursuit. Wellington marched from Waterloo by Nivelles and Binch, passed the frontier at Malplaquet, and masked the strong places of Valenciennes and Quesnoy; Blucher marched by Gosselies, passed the frontier at Merbes, and obliged Avesnes to capitulate, which gave him a dépôt and a place upon which to retreat. Both then resolved upon marching together upon Paris by the right bank of the Oise—that is to say, by turning the relics of the French army, which were rallying at Laon and at Soissons. Such a march would, in ordinary warfare, have been an act of madness; in the times of Louis XIV., or of the Convention, it would have led the two inimical generals to a certain and complete disaster. In fact, neither had more than sixty thousand men under his command; their rear and flanks were unprotected; the Russian and Austrian armies were thirty leagues beyond the Rhine, and they were going to knock their heads against a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants fortified and covered by a whole army.

Wellington and Blucher were aware of all this, but did not the less continue their march; they, however, took precautions for their safety; they had left one hundred and twenty thousand men behind them with the express mission to open the passage of the Oise by taking by siege or by assault Valenciennes, Quesnoy, Landrecies, Maubeuge, Marienburg, and Philippeville; they also urged the Russians and Austrians to hasten their march on Paris, and finally they hurried on the negotiations which had been opened with the traitors who were to cede Paris without a struggle. Napoleon had abdicated, the Chamber of Representatives was in a state of anarchy, and the president of the provisional government—Fouché—betraying at the same time the emperor, the national representation, and the army, had come to an understanding with Wellington and Blucher to bring about the restoration of the Bourbons.

Under such circumstances, the rash advance of the allies met with a

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complete success. Discouragement had extended to the strong places as well as to the army; both were alike shaken in their fidelity by rumours of treason; Blücher obtained possession of Guise without striking a blow, but he failed before La Fère; Wellington obliged Cambray and Peronne to capitulate after a feeble resistance. The French army, seeing the movement taken by the allies on the right bank of the Oise, withdrew on Paris, and occupied the line of fortifications which had been raised on the heights to the north. It still numbered eighty thousand veterans, and was backed by thirty thousand federals and national guards. It fully reckoned upon avenging Waterloo by crushing the one hundred thousand foreigners who had ventured so audaciously to approach Paris, and who scattered themselves by false manœuvres around that city: victory was certain, and the enemy himself avowed it. Treachery decided otherwise. Fouché and Davoust saved the conquerors of Waterloo from certain ruin by signing the convention of the 5th of July, which delivered up Paris to the stranger, and obliged the French army to retire beyond the Loire. If it had been said that Fouché and Davoust, backed by the well known moderation of Wellington, saved Paris from devastation, and France from being dismembered, as advocated by the Prussians, the picture given of this successful invasion would have been nearer the truth.

France, it is almost needless to say, has never ceased to be discontented with the frontiers imposed upon her by the humiliations of 1814 and the treaties of 1815. The government of the Restoration, although it inaugurated negotiations with Russia to effect a change, and that it was supported in this policy of aggrandisement by its most ardent and enlightened advocates, as Chateaubriand and Bonald, the latter of whom declared that there was no stability for France, nor could the country be considered as complete without the Rhine, could do nothing towards recovering the lost and coveted frontiers, and it had to suffer for its impotence, for "when it fell beneath popular mistrust and hatred," we are told, "it was less for having violated the constitutional charter than for having signed the treaties of 1815, and the days of July were, in reality, an act of revenge which the people thought they were taking against the pretended allies of the dynasty." No wonder that Napoleon III. should have openly proclaimed his detestation of the treaties of 1815 at Auxerre; and if he tore them to pieces in the annexation of Nice and Savoy, the Prussians were not slow in following the example given to them, by the annexation of the duchies on the Elbe.

Europe conceived that the race of annexation would have recommenced in 1830, and that France would have once more marched upon the Rhine, but the policy of Louis Philippe was of a more moderate and astute character. He contented himself with what has been designated as "tumbling down a portion of the inimical wall raised round France," by separating Belgium from Holland. This appeared to be a master-stroke of policy, but it has not turned out as anticipated. Belgium has—as admitted by Lavallée himself, free and prosperous under a wise and enlightened prince, who was designated at first as a kind of English préfet—become, notwithstanding affinity of race, language, and religion, more and more detached from all political affinity with France; and the creation, in 1858, of the retrenched camp of Antwerp enables her to lean

on the one side on England, and on the other on Prussia, and shows that she may become, as in olden times, the future centre of that coalition which will inevitably arise from any aggressive movements on the part of France towards the Rhine or into the Low Countries. Such a position is, therefore, all the more propitious, as the neutrality of the country is declared to be "chimerical and impossible." "Belgium is," we are told, "by the nature of its soil" (what has this to do with it?), "and by its geographical configuration, the necessary theatre of French invasions; it is the arena which nature seems to have prepared for France and for her enemies whereon to decide their quarrels; it is a region the disposition of which is such that it seems to call war upon it, and to have been created expressly for a field of battle." The dissemination of such ideas is not very comforting to the Belgians; but the social and industrial advance of that country, more especially its network of railways, have placed it in a very different position to what it was when the battle-field of Flamands, Burgundians, Spaniards, Austrians, and Franks, and even to what it was so late as during the campaign of 1814; and it argues but a low political morality on the part of France to view so peaceful, so industrious, and so prosperous a region as a mere battle-field; but France has only one idea which absorbs all others, that of reconquering, not her natural frontiers, for they are her "frontier of iron," but her former conquests; and she is prepared at any moment, however adverse her rulers may be to endanger the peace of Europe, to sacrifice to this idea all sentiments of political justice and morality.

Louis Philippe, as wise a monarch as ever sat on the French throne, busied himself with strengthening the real frontier of France, and this he did by dismantling many useless strong places, and repairing and adding to the fortification of others of greater importance, as Lyons and Paris. Soissons, which defended the historical military approach to the capital by the Oise, was constituted a first-class strong place, and a second line of strong places was created between the Oise and the Aisne, and the canal of the Ardennes and the Meuse. The Meuse was defended by Mézières and Sedan; the Ardennes (exposed by the loss of Sarrelouis) by Marsal on the Seille, and Toul on the Moselle. Wissemburg and Bitche were strengthened to make up for the loss of Landau, Belfort and Langres, at the entrance of the basin of the Seine, were constituted first-class strong places. The complications in the East in 1840 were also made the excuse for surrounding Paris and Lyons with a series of forts which presented the advantage of keeping the populations under control, whilst they were supposed to present strategic places of refuge to an army in retreat, or bases for offensive operations. Paris is now defended by six forts on the right bank of the Seine, including the arsenal of Vincennes and the strong place of Saint-Denis, and by seven forts on the left bank, including the great garrisoned town of Versailles.

Once more, the revolution of 1848 came to appal the rest of a world less turbulent than France. The first manifesto of a new republic was to repudiate the treaties of 1815, but the mouthpiece of government—*Lamartine*—also declared, as might have been expected from a poet and philosopher, that the modification sought for in these treaties would, if possible, be obtained by pacific means. This short-lived republic entailed,

notwithstanding its assurances of moderation and good sense, insurrections, brought about by the fever of imitation throughout a large portion of Europe; and Savoy, from being, like Belgium, the advance guard of coalitions to the south, as the latter is erroneously stated to be on the north, being with Lombardy engaged in insurrection against Austrian dominion in Italy, entered into an alliance with France, which soon proved fatal to its existence. France gave its aid, under Napoleon III., to Piedmont, but it was at the price of the long-coveted conquests of olden time—Savoy and Nice.

The views taken by a writer, crowned by the Academy, of the campaign in the Crimea, conveys so pungent a lesson as to the value of an alliance with such a vain-glorious nation as the French, that we shall give it in his own words: "A great war broke out, a war entirely of policy, of European equilibrium, of national tradition, such as France had often undertaken under the old monarchy—a war which became necessarily for her a kind of emancipation, and which might be a first stage towards regaining her grandeur and her frontiers. France, allied to England, showed herself there as in the days of Rocroy and of Marengo, young and sure of herself, ardent and wise, full of force and moderation, and assuming naturally and without efforts the place which Providence and her own genius have assigned to her. The results are well known; Russia conquered, humbled in her ambition, yet tenderly treated; Austria, which abandoned Russia without becoming the ally of France, remaining, thanks to such equivocal conduct, isolated and suspected; Prussia relegated into the submissive and patient immobility of a state of the third order; England humiliated by the secondary part which she had to play in this great war, by the brilliant glory of its ally, by the revenge which the children of the conquered at Waterloo took at Inkerman in saving its army; lastly, the coalition of 1815 broken to pieces, obliged to give way in the presence of that enemy which it had previously treated without respect, intelligence, or pity."! What will the men who saw the little red breeches swarming up the hill-side facing the sea, and firing at bushes for want of an enemy at Alma; what will the light cavalry that charged at Balaclava, and the long red line that repulsed the Muscovite cavalry; what will the comrades of the Guardsmen who fell immovable at their posts at Inkerman, and of the gallant fellows who perished at the Redan to protect the assailants of the Malakoff, think of such a summary of the Crimean war? "France," it is added, "in all the *éclat* of its new glory, viewed its ill-closed wounds of 1815 with contemptuous indifference, for the coalition was no longer in existence."!

The Italian war is described as follows: "Our enemy of 1812 had come of himself to offer us our revenge; our enemy of 1813, that of the congress of Prague and of Chatillon, three years after the treaty of 1856, committed the same error. Austria attacked Piedmont, when all the people of Italy were in fermentation under its protection. Piedmont, which had become a *tête de pont* to France against Austria, could not be left at the mercy of the equivocal ally of 1854. A French army crossed the Alps, beat the Austrians at Montebello, at Magenta, and at Solferino, and drove them to accept the wise and glorious peace of Villafranca, by which the Emperor of Austria ceded Lombardy to the Emperor of the

French, and the latter gave it to the King of Piedmont. The Italian states thus formed a confederation, which came, naturally, under the protection of France." France, however, we further learn, had to claim guarantees and indemnification for the unification of Italy; and it was agreed that, in the presence of this agglomeration of nationalities, one or two should be ceded as a peace-offering to a domineering ally. "Savoy and Nice were ceded to France as a legitimate compensation for the aggrandisement of Piedmont. What amount of compensation will France deem necessary, upon this principle, as a guarantee and indemnification for the unification of Germany?" Now comes the summary previously quoted:

"France thus recovered its natural frontier in the south: will it recover its natural frontier in the north? Unquestionably and undoubtedly so. She requires all the limits that heaven has traced for her: those which she possessed in her Celtic and Roman past, those which she reconquered in her regeneration of 1789; she must include in her territory the field of battle of Tolbiac and the tomb of Charlemagne; she must have, as Vauban said to Louis XIV.—*son pré carré*—her territory squared off."

The *pré carré* of Vauban was, however, manifestly included within "the iron belt," the triple line of fortifications by which France was first protected in the time of the "Grand Monarque" on its north and north-east aspects. This line strengthened within, in proportion as it has been weakened by losses and cessions without, constitutes the actually armed and consequently natural frontier of France. The Rhine never was peopled by Celtic races, nor was it ever Gaulish, Roman, Frank or French, save by conquest. It cannot, therefore, be made to constitute a natural frontier. It suffices to peruse the foregoing history of the frontiers of France to be satisfied upon that point. It is impossible, indeed, to thoroughly understand the question of the Rhine without such a preliminary study. The valley of the Rhine is certainly not French, and the possession of its left bank would be a source of weakness and dissension, instead of strengthening an at present homogeneous and powerful nation.

THE OLD BAILEY PRISON BY NIGHT.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

PURE maiden moon, veil close your gentle light!
Stars, smile not down your sweet beams through the night!
Hidden be all things beautiful and bright.

Blackness and melancholy, grief and gloom,
Sit on this ancient building as a tomb,
Each stone a chronicle of death and doom.

Since thou wert raised, O pile of mournful fame!
The mass of crime, the world of sin and shame,
Those walls have held, e'en fiends might shrink to name.

What curses have defiled the burdened air,
From harden'd vice! how oft have mounted there
The cry of woe, the wailings of despair!

What gentle sighings, too, of contrite hearts,
Pierced at the last by conscience' searching darts,
When kind religion comes, and balm imparts.

What wrestlings of the soul those cells have seen,
What passion-storms no soothings made serene,
What tears, hot tears of anguish deep and keen!

What sad, long lingerings at the prison door,
What bitter scenes within, hope ever o'er,
Partings of breaking hearts to meet no more!

The mother wailing for her son; dismay
Crushing the sister's soul, that last, dark day;
And the wife's shriek, in faintings borne away.

How many a time yon deep sepulchral bell
Hath sounded through the courts its awful knell,
While crowds without heaved like the ocean's swell!

How many a wretch, with ghastly, straining eye,
And quivering limb, death's moment drawing nigh,
Hath looked his anguished last on earth and sky!

Pile of black guilt! of fierce remorse and woe!
Still must thou frown, while Justice reigns below,
And in man's breast crime's plants of poison grow.

As now I wander near thy sombre walls,
Quick life goes on; the gas-light round me falls,
And children play; his wares the vendor calls.

None view that human den with troubled breast,
They toil, laugh, feast, nor heed "the house unblest,"
Where crime may mock, but woe is still a guest.

Pure maiden moon, veil close your gentle light,
Stars, smile not down your sweet beams through the night!
Hidden be all things beautiful and bright.

THE DEEPPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

BY M. SULLIVAN.

PART THE TENTH.

I.

THE ESCAPE.

ne changes to a large, square, brick-built house, still in Yorkling in its own grounds, as the house agents say, as if houses had a propensity for standing in the grounds of their neighbours; the gardens were large, and were laid out with taste and care; all that surrounded them was very high indeed, quite too high to be built for ordinary purposes, and the windows of the house (numerous) had narrow iron bars crossing them at regular intervals, that gave a strange, prison-like appearance to the building. It was not a prison, however, but a private lunatic asylum, standing on the edge of the moors, and at no great distance from the village of Basnet. The proprietor, Dr. Litchfield, possessed another establishment of the same kind, situated in a large and thickly populated town, much farther from the moors, when any of the patients who resided there showed symptoms of insanity. During the hot months of the year, he very frequently sent them, at their own request, to this country-house, as he called it, on the breezy moors. He was wise, with the wisdom that comes of years of observation and watchfulness, and he had found that the unvarying monotony even of the most carefully contrived regimen had militated against cure; that the change of air and of food was so difficult to procure with safety for patients of this kind, that it was perhaps the one thing needful to start them fairly in the recovery. With success, and an increasing practice, there had been a necessity for a larger building, and the idea had occurred to him of founding a separate establishment a long way from the other, so as to make a day's easy journey between the two. All arrangements with the transit had been very carefully studied; opportunities were precluded by the care and vigilance of trustworthy attendants, and the misfortune of the patients was screened and guarded by comment and observation.

At the beginning of the warm weather of the year that had witnessed the events recorded in the last chapters, a patient was brought to the "house" who had been there before, and had been found to deteriorate, on preceding summers, from the change. She had been long under the care of Dr. Litchfield, for it was a chronic case, one that had first been consulted fifteen or sixteen years previously. The patient was a lady by birth and education. Long years of ill health, the depression, and, it was whispered, indulgence in the secret vice of intemperance, had resulted in an unsettled state of mind, which had long

ago developed into confirmed insanity. The consultant was told, as he was almost sure to be told by the patient's friends, that illness and the death of children had driven her to the evil habit. He never differed openly from the opinions expressed by friends on such points, but he knew how very frequently the effect in these cases is mistaken for the cause, and he believed, in his own mind, that the evil habit had produced both the ill health and the early mortality of the children.

"Have none of her children survived; not even the eldest?" he had asked the gentleman, an old friend of the family, who had first applied to him.

"Yes, two; they are twins, and the youngest instead of the eldest; her propensity had been found out when these were born, and so she was not allowed to nurse them."

"That was well; that gave them a chance; but still they must have come into the world under great disadvantages. Twin sons, did you say?"

"No, a boy and a girl. They are rather peculiar, and no wonder, poor little things."

"Peculiar in what way?"

"Oh, not to look at, except the boy, he is very plain. The little girl is quite unusually nervous and timid, and seems to give up to him in everything; he has that queer influence over her that one sometimes hears of the stronger twin possessing over the weaker one. He is very different from her, very unsusceptible, sharp in some things, cunning, I should say, but without much sense of the difference between right and wrong."

"Ah! an over-sensitive nervous organisation in one case, and blunted moral perceptions in the other. Well, the sins of the parents will be visited on the children; the stern old law holds good yet, do what we will. And now, let me see about my business engagements. I can be at home to receive the lady——" And so on.

Long years had passed since this conversation had been held, and the patient was still under the care of the same skilled and experienced practitioner; her husband had died in the mean time, but a suitable provision had been made for her, either in the event of her being restored to reason, or of her continuing an inmate of the asylum. At first she had been subject to fits of violence, and had been classed among the more doubtful and dangerous patients; but these, after a time, yielded to judicious treatment, and she became quiet and tractable. What would not yield to any amount of persevering care, was her one chronic delusion that she was entitled to great wealth, and to a position among the reigning sovereigns of the world, from which high estate a conspiracy had hurled her down, and had closed upon her the doors of a lunatic asylum. Political reasons, as she believed, made it necessary to her enemies to keep her there as long as she lived, unless, indeed, she should retract her claim, and declare that the crown of which she had been robbed was a mere delusion, conjured up by her own imagination, and that she had never been anything more than the wife of a man of moderate fortune, in the middle class of life. But this would be playing into their hands, wickedly giving up truth and justice for the sake of additional ease and freedom to herself, and this she would never consent to do—no, never!

She often pondered longingly on her chances of escaping from this place, of baffling the machinations of her enemies, and showing herself openly to the world; but, although she met with constant and unfailing kindness, the arrangements were such as to preclude all ordinary chances of this kind, and the greater part of her time was spent in brooding over the depths of a malice that had left her nothing to complain of in the way of ill usage, but that resolutely excluded her from the outer world, of a large portion of which she was the rightful ruler. Like many of the patients not hopelessly sunk in imbecile apathy, she had anxiously pleaded for a change in summer to the "country-house," and had been allowed to go there, with evident advantage to her health and spirits, although her one delusion proved too obstinate to yield to any ordinary means of cure.

There was very little stir of life in the neighbourhood of that country-house. A lonely lane ran along one side of it, and twice a day it was an amusement to the inmates to watch the men and boys going to and from some colliery works not far off. But they were glad to miss for a while the hum of business and the sound of wheels, to which they had listened for so many days and nights in the town, and to catch a glimpse, from the upper windows, of the long extent of moor, with its patches of heather and clumps of gorse. One afternoon, when the pale rays of autumn sunlight were slanting across the gardens, some of the inmates were strolling through the grounds, wishing, perhaps, that the nipping winter days and nights were not so near at hand, when a loud report, followed by a rumbling noise, startled every one in the house, from the most vigilant of the attendants to the most apathetic of the patients, and, after a moment's silence, a perfect Babel of questioning and conjecture ensued. Something was even said about an earthquake, though the report was evidently near at hand, and would not, probably, have been heard at any considerable distance, when suddenly it was rumoured that something was to be seen, no one knew exactly what, from the upper windows. The next moment there was a general rush up the stairs, and those who succeeded in getting first to the windows called to the others that they could see a dense column of smoke, rising very slowly, and as slowly dissipating itself in the air. The direction in which this was seen left no doubt as to what had occurred; a colliery explosion had happened, not a very severe one, perhaps, but until further particulars were known it occupied every one's attention and every one's tongue.

At the time when the report had been heard, the self-styled Queen of the East was sitting in her own room, looking over, as she was fond of doing, her collection of wearing apparel, all very good, and suitable for the cold weather that would soon be seasonable. She always kept a little money in her purse, for money is useful, even in a lunatic asylum, where materials for fancy-work are occasionally sent for, as well as other articles, intended to furnish employment for otherwise idle hours. In this particular asylum, it was the duty of one of the attendants to collect once in a certain number of days the memoranda of the inmates with respect to the purchases that they wished to be made for them; and when these had been looked over by the proprietor or his deputy, the reasonable wishes of the patients were usually complied with. She looked at her money—nearly two pounds—and thought what a very

little way it would go should it ever become a question of establishing her rights by law; she took out and looked over the contents of her wardrobe, feeling that the clothes, comfortable as they were in appearance, were dismally inadequate to her requirements as a queen. She was occupied in this way, when she was suddenly startled by hearing the report, and by the subsequent rumour that ran through the house of an explosion having happened at the coal-pits.

In a moment the thought flashed upon her mind that the accident might possibly bring with it a chance for her to escape, for her to proclaim her rights to the world, and find out for herself the strength or weakness of her enemies. With the cunning peculiar to persons in her mental condition she secreted her money, and the few ornaments that she possessed, with some articles of clothing, in a bundle, tied together as tightly as possible in a small black shawl. "One of each thing," she said to herself, for who knew how soon she might have to change her dress, to meet and consult the most faithful of her partisans? She put on her bonnet and cloak then, as if to take a walk in the garden, concealed her bundle with great care and good management under her cloak, and went down-stairs without meeting any one, for the whole establishment had crowded to the highest rooms, to catch a glimpse of anything that could be seen in the direction of the coal-pits. Down into the front garden, before the large gates that were never opened without great watchfulness and circumspection; no farther *at present*, for she had no means of opening them, so she ensconced herself snugly behind a great clump of laurel-bushes, close to the gates, and waited for the event that she thought would soon happen. Had any one seen her? No; every one was too busy, watching for what they could see, waiting for what they could hear, of the accident that had happened.

It was as she expected; a tramping of many feet, a confused sound of many voices, and then a violent ringing at the bell, for the asylum stood nearer to the coal-pits than the village of Basnet did, and the help that was immediately wanted for the sufferers might be procured there. The Queen knew that her hiding-place was tolerably secure, and she ventured to peep through a small opening in the laurel-leaves. She saw two of the attendants hastily leave the house and open the smaller entrance, generally called the side gate, to admit a number of persons, boys and men wearing their pit clothes, women carrying babies and crying over them, policemen and pit carpenters helping to carry stretchers, some with white cloths laid over them in painfully suggestive order, others bearing a scorched and blackened, but still living, human being. There was no doctor, as it happened, at that moment in the asylum, but one had already joined the crowd, and was asking for various requisites, old linen, surgical bandages, and stimulants, which the people of the asylum were anxious to supply. Much eager conversation was going on about the cause of the accident, how a blast of gunpowder had been fired, and had broken down a thin partition separating the pit from the old workings, and causing an influx of the gas that had long been accumulating. In the midst of the confusion, the talking, the hurried running to and fro, the Queen slipped nearer to the side gate, nearer still, watched her opportunity—and was gone! She walked very quietly down the lane, still hiding her bundle beneath her cloak, and she soon met five or six

persons running towards the asylum, this being also the way to the coal-pits. They stopped to question her about the accident, and she gave them intelligent answers, recommending them to inquire at the asylum, whither the sufferers, and some who were beyond all suffering, had been taken. There was nothing about her now that indicated her misfortune, for many years of careful treatment had resulted in the cure of all outward signs and symptoms of mania; one might have held a long conversation with her without perceiving anything unusual in her way of thinking, unless some subject connected with her delusion had happened to come uppermost.

She went on for a long way, until she could see a few cottages that made a kind of beginning to the village of Basnet; and here she paused, for pursuit and inquiry would follow the news of her disappearance, and for the present, at least, she must try to avoid the haunts of men. She pushed her way through an opening in a hedge, got into an adjoining field, and looked about for a suitable place of concealment. She fixed upon a group of hawthorn-bushes, partly growing in a deep dry ditch, on the other side of the hedge. There was already a hollow place in the centre of the clump, and she made it larger, and managed to get well within it; the bushes were in full leaf, and here she was very well screened from casual observation; here she must stay until it grew dark, and she might venture to walk about again. She was not at all uncomfortable; her new sense of freedom kept her from thinking about any minor discomfort; she had had her dinner for that day, and would care for nothing in the way of refreshment until the next morning; presently, when it was dark, she must find some place to sleep in, and early in the morning she would be making her way farther and farther from the asylum in which she had been so unjustly confined.

Presently she heard the sound of footsteps and of voices—voices that she knew well. She had been missed from the asylum; they were seeking her—they were going on to the village to inquire whether she had been seen or heard of. She laughed softly to herself as she listened to the last echo of the departing footsteps, and drew in her garments as closely as possible to the interior of her bushy retreat. It grew dark at last—a favourable night for her, for there was no moon, and she could only see her way a very few steps before her; she was tired and cramped with crouching so long in one position, and she was glad to get up and walk along the lane. But she looked with distrust at the gleaming lights of the village; she must not go near those houses, for there she had been inquired for, perhaps was being inquired for still. So she skirted the village at some little distance from it, and when she was tired with walking she sat down under a haystack to rest herself; she stayed there a long time, and watched the lights go out one by one; she knew that it must be getting late, and she knew, too, that she must find some place of shelter during the small hours of the night. A barn, or place of that kind, would do very well if she could find it; the open air did not suit her at all, for she had never been accustomed to the chilling winds and dews of night.

She got up and went into the lanes again, for the grass in the fields was very wet now, and she was afraid of stumbling in the dark upon the sleeping cattle. Presently she found herself under a wall, a brick wall,

for she touched it with her fingers; perhaps she should come to a gate that would open into a garden, where she might find shelter for the night in some arbour or summer-house. If she could only manage to lie down and be screened on one side from the wind, she would put up contentedly with other discomforts. She kept touching the wall as she went on, that she might not miss any gate or opening, and before long she came to a very large pair of wooden gates, that evidently formed a carriage entrance to the grounds; she pushed gently against them, but they were securely fastened on the inside; she went on a very few steps, and came to a small gate, also wooden, by the touch. It was fastened, too, but her fingers met with something peculiar as they passed over it. There was a tiny door, not half a foot square, opening inwards, originally designed to enable the servants to look out at beggars and vagrants, and to refuse admission to unsuitable persons. She pushed against the little door, and as it opened readily she put her hand and arm through it, and felt about for the latch or fastening of the gate. She found this after a minute's search, opened the gate, and stood inside it. She was not standing in a garden certainly, for the ground was paved with flag-stones; buildings of some kind stood on either side of her, and immediately before her there loomed the outline of a large house, very black, and yet indistinct, as if it might be a mere creation of the night mist, and she heard something like the sound of retreating footsteps. After pausing for a few moments, she tried to find her way to the door of one of the smaller buildings near her—they were probably stables, and if she could only find rest and shelter for the night in one of them she would be away in the morning, long before the inmates of the house had thought of stirring.

Suddenly she saw a light moving towards her, as if coming from the house. She shrank up closer to the wall, and scarcely breathed; perhaps these people were her enemies, looking for her to take her back to the asylum—who could tell? It was dark, and her dress was nearly black; if she kept quite still they would not be likely to find her, whoever they might be. Her ear quickly detected the footsteps of two persons, and they came nearer to her, but not very near; they carried a lantern, the light from which had first warned her of their presence, and they carried something else—it looked like a human being, all in white! What mystery had she stumbled upon here?

For one moment, only one, the light of the lantern fell upon the face of the person who was carrying it, and the fugitive shrank back in horror, and would have shrunk into the wall, if she could. What spectre from her past life had looked at her through that woman's face? Where had she seen it, and what painful associations were those that she connected with it? She could not tell; she only knew that she had once been familiar with a face like that, and had disliked it and its possessor. It was the face of an enemy, that was certain, and she must not betray her presence by the least sound or movement. The light of the lantern fell now on something black, that reflected it in a dull kind of way; could it be water? No sooner had she asked herself this question, than the white burden that looked so like a human being, living or dead, was lifted over it, and dropped in with a sound that showed at once that it was very heavy, or heavily weighted, and that it had fallen into the water. The "Queen" did not for one moment doubt that another victim had been

sacrificed to the malice of that enemy whose name she could not remember, but whose face she had distinctly seen. And as they had done to this poor creature, so they would do to her, if she were so unfortunate as to fall alive into their wicked hands!

They waited just a moment, and hurried back to the house; she heard the door close upon them, and then she flew to help her fellow-victim. She threw off her cloak, and plunged her arm up to her shoulder in the water; she caught something and pulled at it, but it was very heavy, and almost beyond her strength. Something ran into her fingers, and hurt them; it was the sharp steel teeth of a buckle, but she did not know that. She plunged in her other hand, and tried to tear away the obstacle. The next moment there was a sullen fall of something heavy against the bottom of the reservoir, and after a desperate effort, the victim was fairly out of the water, and lying on the cold stones of the court-yard.

Grace was not dead, for she gasped for breath, and tried to raise herself, but quite ineffectually; she was much too ill and giddy to stand up. Her deliverer was every moment in fear of a second appearance of the "enemies," and she urged her without ceasing to make the effort, telling her in repeated whispers that "they had tried to drown her, and would try again." In spite of Grace's illness and bewilderment, she quickly understood those words, and comprehended that she had been saved from death, and must try, if possible, to escape. She was naturally quick-witted; she strove to collect her thoughts, and to think of what it would be better to do, and of her best chance of getting away. She turned to her unknown friend.

"If we only could hide ourselves till morning, some chance, some chance——" She was stopped by a fit of shivering, and added, "I don't feel as if I should live till morning, I shall die of cold."

"Oh no you won't; I have dry clothes in this bundle, shoes, and everything complete; my enemies shut me up in prison—that wicked woman who tried to drown you was one of them—because I claimed what was mine by right. She shut me up in prison, she and the rest of them, but I have escaped in time to help you too. Is there any place about here that we can hide in, while you change that wet thing that you wear?"

The loft, Grace thought, would be the safest; she could not speak plainly for shivering, but she managed to lead the way there; fortunately, it was not many steps from where they stood. Grace will remember those few steps to the last day of her life, the deadly cold, the sense of sick bewilderment, of horror at the fate from which she but just escaped, of dread lest she should be discovered and dragged back to it.

"I've helped you," whispered the Queen of the East, "and you must help me when my turn comes, and they conspire against me; they've done it once, and they'll do it again, but I shall have one more friend in you, shan't I?"

Grace shivered, and promised, wondering a little where this strange woman could have come from, but without life enough in her to ask any questions—for the present at least.

II.

THE QUEEN OF THE EAST.

VERY slowly, and with many pauses, Grace managed to put on the dry clothing contained in the bundle of her unknown preserver. They were almost in total darkness, although Grace knew that the gardener was in the habit of keeping a lantern, with a candle and matches, in one corner of the loft. But she was afraid to procure a light, lest any gleam through chink or crevice might betray them, and she only ventured to open a door that looked out, in window fashion, on the lane beneath them, and so admitted a feeble glimmer of starlight. She wondered at the plunge into cold water and the shock to mind and body should have made her feel so very giddy and ill, for she knew nothing about the stupifying drug that she had inhaled, and could only conclude that she must have slept with extraordinary soundness after yesterday's fatigues.

As she grew warm she began to feel better, and the mists seemed to clear away from her mind.

"They must have intended to make it appear that I drowned myself," she whispered to her companion.

"Very likely. You have a great deal of property, no doubt, and they would be your heirs?"

"I? Oh no, I have very little of my own. But they were carrying out a wicked plot—making me personate a relation who is dead, and who had a very large fortune. They would have buried me under her name, and then have gained possession of her property."

"I guessed it must be something of that kind," the Queen observed, "only, of course, I did not know the particulars. It all comes to the same."

"I know what I should have come to without you," Grace answered gratefully, "and that is, to certain death. How can I ever thank you enough for saving me? I cannot imagine how you happened to be upon the spot. Did you say that there is a plot against *you* as well?"

"Yes. Oh, such a deep, dark plot! I dare not tell you about it."

"Do you live near here?"

"I was brought here by enemies who have had me in their power for years, only yesterday I escaped from them."

Grace thought that this sounded very extraordinary, still her own experience made her believe more readily in the existence of other conspiracies.

"Perhaps you would not like to tell me your name?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"I will not repeat the name by which my enemies call me; it is no mine, and I dare not, as yet, tell you my own name—it would startle you too much."

"Ah, then you think it would be familiar to me?" Grace concluded.

"It is very likely that I have not heard it, for I have seen little or nothing of the newspapers for a long time. However, I will not press you to talk about things that evidently pain you. I will trust and believe that your enemies will be defeated, and that you will be helped out of all your troubles, whatever they may be."

Grace was almost well again, when a faint gleam of daylight began to steal into the loft.

"I wish I knew how we are to manage now," her companion observed.

"You mean about getting away from here? I think it will be better to wait until we hear people moving about. There is a builder's yard not far off, and the men begin to work at five o'clock; when we hear them going to their work, when they are near, so that they would hear any one who cried out, we must go down to the ladder as quickly as possible, run across the court-yard, and let ourselves out at the side gate. I shall be dreadfully frightened, but we should run a greater chance of falling into their hands if we stayed here."

"Yes, of course we must get away from here; but I was thinking what we should do afterwards."

"Oh, afterwards our way is as plain as it can possibly be," Grace asserted. "There will be the one danger of coming down and getting out of that horrible court-yard, but, when we are out of it, we have only to go straight to the police-station; it is not far, and I know the way."

The Queen caught hold of her arm with an expression of terror, for the police were, no doubt, inquiring for her, that she might be taken back to the asylum.

"You won't do that?" she gasped. "It would betray me into the hands of my enemies."

Grace could not understand her.

"Don't you see," she explained, "that we should only put ourselves under the protection of the police—nothing more than that—and they will, at our desire, communicate with the nearest magistrate, who will see that justice is done to us?"

"It would be ruin, utter ruin to me," her companion insisted. "I can't make up my mind to tell you all my story, or you would see for yourself that it would be better for me to throw myself out of that door, and be killed by the fall, than to put myself into the power of any of these people!"

Grace turned this mystery over in her mind, and tried to find a clue to it, but she lighted on the wrong one. Was it possible that this woman, who had saved her from a dreadful death, could be herself hiding from justice?

"You have not—you are not so unfortunate as to be suspected of having done anything wrong?" she asked, gently.

"No, they have never dared to say anything against me, except that I am not myself—just as your enemies said that you were somebody else."

"But it is the business of the law to protect the weak and injured. Those who have done nothing wrong have nothing to fear from it."

"I tell you that for the present I must fear it—I must hide from it."

As soon as you know my story, you will understand why this is necessary, and not before."

"I cannot guess at it in the least," Grace declared. "But tell me where you wish to go. I will not leave you till I see you in safety."

The monomaniac answered, readily enough, "I must go to London," having some idea that the metropolis would be the place in which her rights should be claimed and asserted.

"To London! That is a long way indeed. And have you friends there?"

"Yes, many."

"How will you travel? By train?"

"Yes. Do you know the way to a station? There is not one at Basnet, I know."

"Nor near it," Grace answered. "But there is a place called Wallingford End, about three miles from here, and an omnibus goes regularly backward and forward between Wallingford End and the little station of Broughton, on a branch line. You could get to London very well from Broughton. Should you feel safe if you were once in the omnibus, and on your way?"

"Yes—oh yes!"

Her eyes sparkled at the prospect.

"Then, if we can succeed in getting safely out of this place, I will go with you so far—I shall not be afraid in open daylight—and, before we part, you must let me know where a letter will find you. We have met strangely, and we scarcely know each other, but I shall never, never forget what you have done for me. Your evidence, if you had been in a position to give it, would have confirmed my story; but, after all, I would sooner be without it. My identity will be easily proved, justice will be done, and last night's attempt need never be known; they will be sufficiently condemned without that. When I have left you at Wallingford End, I shall go on boldly to the nearest police-station, fearing nothing in the broad daylight."

And now an idea flashed upon Grace's mind, and she thought she could understand why this strange woman, innocent as she declared herself to be, and the victim of a wicked conspiracy, was anxious to avoid the protection of the law. She did not herself wish to accuse Mrs. Ashton and Robert of an attempt at murder; probably her companion, if brought before a magistrate, would be compelled to accuse some one whom she desired to shield and spare. Yes, that was the most reasonable conjecture, and Grace adopted it accordingly.

The light grew stronger, and enabled her to see the face of her preserver; she was a woman of fifty, or thereabouts, who must once have been handsome, and who still retained some remains of beauty. She was dressed like a lady, and her manner was also that of a gentlewoman. The articles of apparel with which she had furnished Grace were good, and in good taste; there was a peculiar expression in her face, Grace thought, but no wonder, she must have gone through some very peculiar experiences.

When they heard the stir of life and labour round them, they ventured very cautiously to leave their hiding-place, and after waiting for some

ments in the coach-house, they saw that their way to the side gate was clear, so they crossed the court-yard in a tremor of breathless anxiety, and let themselves out into the lane. Grace knew the way to Wallingford End; it was rather lonely and unfrequented, and so they went the more haste. She was able to walk rapidly now, and she even found that the exercise did her good. Their way laid partly through winding lanes, with very bad roads and no footpaths, and partly through fields, on which flocks of sheep were feeding—sheep-walks, as they were called in the dialect of the district.

After a long walk, they came in sight of a very small cottage, beside which a goat was feeding; it was so small that it looked like one room, but it was, in fact, divided into two, with no upper story. Grace paused for a moment.

"This is Wallingford End," she said, "but I don't know where the omnibus stops; let us ask here." And she went up to the cottage door and knocked at it. A woman opened it, and Grace made her inquiry.

"It doesn't stop here," the woman answered; "you'll have to walk a better of three hundred yards, or more, to the Rising Sun, that's where it stops."

"And when will it be there?" Grace asked.

"Oh, not yet awhile, happen in an hour and a half, or two hours."

The two consulted together; neither of them were anxious to test the hospitality of the Rising Sun, and yet they were both in need of refreshment, so Grace asked the woman whether she could supply them with anything in the way of breakfast, promising that they would pay for her trouble and supplies, and explaining that they were not accustomed to travel alone, or to go into public-houses. The woman, after a moment's hesitation, offered to set before them bread and porridge, the extent of her resources. They went into the cottage, and found, presently, that the woman's husband was a thatcher, and that he was absent, doing a day's work.

They ate some porridge, with appetites that their walk had sharpened, and they had even time to notice and be amused at the woman's habit of speaking of her porridge in the plural number; it was always "them porridges," and "they were thought to be a deal wholesomer than bread, especially when one had been mostly brought up on them." The Queen was provided with money to pay the woman for her hospitality, and now that they were so soon to part, Grace was anxious to know where she could address a letter to her companion, so that she might honestly repay her for the articles of clothing that she had taken; her debt of gratitude, she felt, could never be paid in this world.

"It is not yet time to walk down to the Rising Sun," she began, "so let me take advantage of the interval to ask you the exact address at which a letter will reach you. After all that you have done for me, you will trust me as far as that, I am sure."

It was not distrust, but the utter vagueness of her plans, that prevented the fugitive from giving the desired information.

"I must first find out my friends," she answered; "there must be many of them in London, and they will take me to some place of safety—I can't tell where."

"And I may never hear of you again," Grace exclaimed, "after owing my life to you! Oh, do trust me! give me some clue that will enable me to find you out, pray do!"

"I will trust you," the other answered, yielding to her earnestness. "I will tell you my strange history, strange and sad, but destined yet to end in a blaze of brightness that will astonish the world! Far away in the largest and most important quarter of the globe, that quarter in which Paradise once stood, and in which Christianity was cradled, there lies a vast empire, divided into many presidencies and governorships, but united, by legal right, under one head, one sovereign ruler, to whom its vast wealth and untold resources belong. There, wide plains of rice and cotton ripen under the fervid eastern sun; there, pearls and diamonds are scattered, like pebbles on the sea-shore for multitude; there, walks in native state the striped and graceful tiger, the spotted leopard, the huge rhinoceros. The trade of that empire is the most wealthy in the world; its rivers rank among the mightiest; its mountains among the grandest; its forests and jungles among the most dense and impenetrable——" She paused for a moment to take breath; she had spoken rapidly, and with a face that glowed with repressed excitement.

"You have estates in India, and you have been defrauded of them—is that it?" Grace asked, puzzled, and anxious to find the clue to her companion's history.

She had risen from her chair, and she was standing up, with her arm stretched out, and her finger pointed, as she imagined, eastward. The bearings of the little cottage deceived her, and unwittingly she pointed to the south.

"From the Snowy Mountains to Cape Comorin, from Western Sindh to Eastern Bengal, that empire is mine—mine by right, mine by inheritance, and they took it from me; they called me by a name—no, I will not repeat it; they tried to make me sign an abdication, to say that I was the wife of some London trader; they shut me in prison, and secluded me from the world, while a usurper reigns, and my subjects believe me to be dead. But I will arise yet, and confront them with the truth; even now I have escaped, and am on my way; let the impostor tremble, and let the conspirators beware, for I come to assert my rights, to claim my title, to show myself to my subjects, once for all, as mistress of that vast empire, as Queen of the East!"

She sat down, trembling and exhausted, and wiped her forehead with her handkerchief.

Grace recognised the fact of her insanity now: she wondered that she had been so stupid as not to think of this before, but her own trials had been so exceptional in their nature that she had been ready to believe in the existence of exceptional circumstances and trials in other people's histories.

"Was the house in which your enemies placed you a large building, with high walls round the gardens, standing on the Basnet side of the moors?" she asked now.

"Yes, it was an asylum for the insane; when they could neither disprove my claims, nor force me to abandon them, they dared to say that I was out of my mind, and to shut me up there. But now that I have

escaped, the world will soon hear of me, and the justice of my claim will soon become apparent, in London first, and then in the East."

"And were they unkind to you in the asylum?" Grace inquired.

"No. I had all material comforts—good food, and good lodging and attendance. But they deprived me of my liberty; they passed over my claim to greatness. In these things they were worse than unkind; they were in the pay of my enemies—they were enemies themselves." And her eyes flashed.

"And you escaped from them yesterday, and found your way at night, and by accident, to Tyne Hall?"

"Yes; and the woman who would have crushed you out of life—I saw her face by the lantern—she was one of my enemies—she would have killed me, too, if she could."

Grace did not understand this, and she passed it over.

"And you do not know where to find your friends in London?" she asked next.

"No. I must proclaim my rights, and my friends will flock to my standard."

"Ah! Have you enough money to live on in the mean time?"

The Queen of the East displayed her resources—three half-sovereigns and some silver.

"But that is not enough to take you to London," Grace remonstrated.

"Is it not?"

"Not by the first-class, and a queen would not think of travelling by any other. Now be advised by me, and give up this journey to London till I can go with you; till then, remain here with this honest Yorkshire-woman, who will take her directions from me. Can you trust me?"

"Yes," she answered, unhesitatingly. "I trust you with everything now, even with my personal liberty; but do not leave me here very long."

"Not more than a day or two, I trust," Grace answered; and she went into the other room to speak alone to their hostess. She explained that the lady, on one subject, was not perfectly in her right mind, but that she was sensible on all ordinary topics, and was quite harmless. She offered the woman fair remuneration if she would agree to do the best she could for her, for a time that might not exceed one day, but that might possibly extend to two or three. The lady was to be persuaded to remain in the cottage, and her presence there was to be denied to all inquirers. The shrewd Yorkshire-woman demurred at first, but brightened at the offered reward, and at Grace's assurance that it would be "honest gain." Grace's face and manner went for something, and the bargain was concluded. Grace took a tender farewell of the Queen of the East, advised her to keep very quiet in the inner room of the little cottage, lest her enemies should catch sight of her, and then she hastened on her way to the police-station at Basnet, from whence she intended to be taken before a magistrate to assert her identity, and to expose the plot that had deprived Mr. Josiah Meadows—Grace Meadows' legal heir—of his rightful possessions.

Now it will be obvious to the most casual observer that the kindest

and most sensible thing that Grace could possibly do, would be to return the unfortunate monomaniac to the asylum, where, as she acknowledged, she had only met with kind treatment, and where the skill of an experienced practitioner would be exerted to effect her cure. But Grace was very far from being a strong-minded young lady, and she could not do this thing, although she had plenty of common sense, and knew very well that philosophers and moralists of every degree would see the propriety of it, and would urge that, for the sake of the poor monomaniac herself, no faith should be kept with her. Grace owed to her both life and liberty; she could not resolve to use these gifts in depriving her preserver of *her* liberty, in returning her to the living tomb that she evidently hated so much, although she had nothing definite to urge against it. Grace owed to her kindness the very dress that she was wearing; she could not walk away in it and betray her, although that betrayal might be justified on high and philanthropic grounds. She felt her way, rather than reasoned it, and this is what she resolved to do: she would put herself at once under the protection of the law, asserting her identity, and seeing that justice was done; she would be silent concerning the event of the past night, and the escape of the monomaniac; she would seek Mr. Renshaw's advice, in finding a home for herself, where she might live quietly on the small property that belonged to her under her father's will, and to that home the Queen of the East should be removed as quickly as possible. Grace had been told that William Brooks, believing her to be dead, had contracted another engagement; her natural ties were broken; she had nothing now to live for; she would give all her time and all her attention to this unfortunate woman, striving to alleviate her great misfortune, and even hoping that in time her loving care might bring about a cure. She did not consider that in the mean time the relations of the monomaniac must be exceedingly unhappy about her; she had learnt rather to distrust and question the kindness of relations, and, considering her experiences, she was not, perhaps, so much to blame. She went on quickly, though she was very tired with her previous walk, for every minute seemed long to her until the conspiracy to which she had nearly fallen a victim was exposed, and Mr. Meadows was restored to his legal rights.

ABOUT SOPHISMS THAT PLAIN SENSE CAN NEITHER ANSWER
NOR ACCEPT.

A CUE FROM SHAKSPEARE.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

WOLSEY's dialectics before the court, to the prejudice of Queen Katharine's matrimonial status, and in vindication of his own impartiality and integrity in the cause, elicit from her the impatient protest,

My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning.*

When with another Cardinal, Campeius, Wolsey afterwards waits on Katharine at the palace at Bridewell, and the two together perplex her with their proffered services and counsel,—

To betray me,

is her sceptical response:

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make you suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour
(More near my life, I fear), with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not.†

And in dismissing their Eminences, once again she bids them remember, if they have thought her unmannerly, that she is a woman, lacking wit to make a seemly answer to such persons.

When the Grand Master of the Templars bids the chaplain of the order stand forth, and refute the tenets of the Jewish maiden, Rebecca, that "obstinate infidel" meekly breaks in upon Beaumanoir's flowing mandate, and simply says: "Forgive the interruption; I am a maiden, unskilled to dispute for my religion, but I can die for it, if it be God's will."‡

So true as to be a truism is Dr. Holmes's remark, that we all have to assume a standard of judgment in our own minds, either of things or persons; that a man who is willing to take another's opinion has to exercise his judgment in the choice of whom to follow, which is often as nice a matter as to judge of things for one's self. "It does not follow, of course, that I may not recognise another man's thoughts as broader and deeper than my own; but that does not necessarily change my opinion, otherwise this would be at the mercy of every superior mind that held a different one. How many of our most cherished beliefs are like those drinking-glasses of the ancient pattern, that serve us well so long as we keep them in our hand, but spill all if we attempt to set them down!"§

* King Henry VIII., Act II. Sc. 4.

† Act III. Sc. 1.

‡ Ivanhoe, ch. xxxix.

§ Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, 16.

To Balfour of Burley expatiating upon the inspiration claimed by fanatics of his sect, and its bearing on the deed of blood in which he has lately borne a leading part, Henry Morton can only reply, "These are subjects, Mr. Balfour, on which I am ill qualified to converse with you; but I own I should strongly doubt the origin of any inspiration which seemed to dictate a line of conduct contrary to those feelings of natural humanity, which Heaven has assigned to us as the general law of our conduct." Mr. Froude gives it as his opinion that there is no just ground on which to condemn conscientious Catholics on the score of persecution, on this: that as we are convinced of the injustice of the persecuting law so among those who believed them to be just, there were some who were led by an instinctive protest of human feeling to be lenient in the execution of those laws; while others of harder nature and narrower sympathies enforced them without reluctance, and even with exultation. "The heart, when it is rightly constituted, corrects the folly of the head, and wise good men, even though they entertain no conscious misgivings as to the soundness of their theories, may be delivered from the worst consequences of them, by trusting their more genial instincts."[†]

It is not always possible, as Hazlitt says, to assign a "reason for the faith that is in us," not even if we take time and summon up all our strength; but it does not therefore follow that our faith is hollow and unfounded. The *feeling* of the truth of anything, or the soundness of the judgment formed upon it from repeated, actual impressions, he shows to be one thing; the power of vindicating and enforcing it, by distinctly appealing to or explaining those impressions, quite another. "The most fluent talkers or most plausible reasoners are not always the justest thinkers." One of Hazlitt's illustrations is the peasant who is able to foretell rain from the appearance of the clouds, because (time out of mind) he has seen that appearance followed by that consequence; and shall a pedant, it is asked, catechise him out of a conviction which he has found true in innumerable instances, because he does not understand the composition of the elements, or cannot put his notions into a logical shape? The essayist maintains that in what "comes home to the business and bosoms of men" there is less of uncertainty and presumption than in the vexed questions of world-wide controversy; and that here, in the little world of our own knowledge and experience, we can hardly do better than attend to the "still, small voice" of our own hearts and feelings, instead of being browbeaten by the effrontery, or puzzled by the sneers and cavils of pedants and sophists, of whatever school or description.[‡]

A Saturday Reviewer objects to the "arbitrary principles" on which writers of Sir William Hamilton's school (of logic) endeavour to confine reasoning, on various subjects, within the circle of those abstract arguments which exhaust, not the matter itself, but their knowledge of it. At the present day, for instance, as he points out, it is perpetually dinned into one's ears that there is "no logical standing-ground" between some pinnacle of supposed wisdom or orthodoxy, and some abyss of absurdity or dissent. "Despotism or Universal Suffrage, Suppression of all doubts

* Old Mortality, ch. vi.

† Froude, *History of England*, i. 155.

‡ Hazlitt's *Essay on Prejudice*.

or Universal Scepticism, Romanism or Atheism, Anglicanism or Atheism, Verbal Inspiration or Atheism, are the alternatives of those who wilfully close their eyes to all but a few abstract ideas, and wish others to do the like. Usually, such arguments, however unimpeachable hypothetically, are the refuges and strongholds of ignorance, and are best answered by declining to follow suit in self-mutilation." The foxes in the fable, we are pertinently reminded, listened respectfully to their adviser's dissertation on the advantages of having no tail, but they laughed at his proposal that they should cut off theirs.*

Again, in a review of Professor Mansel's Bampton Lectures,† the inquiry occurs, how are we to distinguish between a regulative truth and a delusion? Not by the intellect, because it is met by contradictions in both, though in the falsehood at an earlier stage. Perhaps, then, it is suggested, by the moral nature—by the feeling in the soul of a deep and cogent need? "Let Philosophy say what she will, the fact remains unshaken," is Mr. Mansel's own assertion.

A practical application of the subject occurs in an exposition of the almost no effect at all produced by the Christian missionary by preaching to Hindoos that Hindooism is sanguinary, tyrannical, capricious, absurd, obscene, and inconsistent with any reasonably benevolent economy of the earth and man. "It may be so; but how is the Hindoo touched by it, if his creed is true, and his gods are really what he takes them to be? The cogency of the objection will be understood by every one who has any idea what an ancient superstition is when it is so firmly enthroned as not to feel itself accountable either to science or to the moral sense."‡

Hume enforces his celebrated argument that all our reasonings concerning causes and effects are derived from nothing but custom, and that belief is more properly an act of the sensitive than of the active part of our natures, by appealing to any reader's experience, which, says Hume, "will sufficiently convince him, that although he finds no error in my arguments, yet he still continues to believe and think and reason as usual,"—so that "he may safely conclude that his reasoning and belief is some sensation or peculiar manner of conception, which 'tis impossible for mere ideas and reflection to destroy."§

Locke alleges as one of the reasons which made him doubt whether syllogism be the only proper instrument of reason in the discovery of truth, the fact that scholastic forms of disputation are not less liable than the plainer sort to very egregious fallacies. They entangle, not instruct, the mind. Whence it results, on his showing, that men, even when they are "baffled and silenced in this scholastic way, are seldom or never convinced, and so brought over to the conquering side: they perhaps

* *Saturday Review*, No. 295. Art. "Hamilton's Logic."

† *Ibid.*, No. 197.

‡ Hence it would seem there is more plausibility than is usually supposed in the arguments of those who would make instruction in morals the first step in the evangelisation of India. "The scheme has been suspected as smacking of the spiritual coldness of the last century, but the deeper insight we get into the religions of the East, the more shall we be convinced that the first thing is to elevate the moral instincts of the people to their rightful ascendancy," &c.—Christianity in India and China (*Ibid.*, vi. 224).

§ *Treatise of Human Nature*, part iv. sect. 1.

acknowledge their adversary to be the more skilful disputant, but rest nevertheless persuaded of the truth on their side."* *Non persuadebis etiamsi persuaseris.*

Molière's Sganarelle (that is to say, one of his many Sganarelles—the Leporello one) owns himself fairly nonplus'd by the sophisms of the Don, his master, but entirely unconvinced by them. "Qu'as-tu à dire là-dessus?" asks Don Juan. And his man can only reply, "Ma foi, j'ai à dire. . . . Je ne sais que dire; car vous tournez les choses d'une manière, qu'il semble que vous avez raison; et cependant il est vrai que vous ne l'avez pas. J'avais les plus belles pensées du monde, et vos discours m'ont brouillé tout cela. Laissez faire; une autre fois, je mettrai mes raisonnements par écrit, pour disputer avec vous."† It is in discussing the art of an artful counsel, in his way of putting his case before a jury, that Dr. Boyd, considering it to be highly undesirable that a plausible fellow should be able to explain away some very doubtful conduct of his own, and by skilful putting of things should be able to make it seem even to the least discerning that he is the most innocent and injured of men, declares it to be "provoking, too, when you feel at once that his defence is a mere intellectual juggle, and yet, with all your logic, when you cannot, just on the instant, tear it to pieces, and put the thing in the light of truth."‡ Well, if not wisely, exclaims poor George Dandin, aside, "J'enrage de bon cœur d'avoir tort, lorsque j'ai raison."§ It is hard to be put in the wrong, when you are so consciously in the right.

A man may, as Hazlitt says, be dexterous and able in explaining the grounds of his opinions, and yet may be a mere sophist, because he sees only one half of a subject. Another, it is added, may feel the whole weight of a question, nothing relating to it may be lost upon him, and yet he may be able to give no account of the manner in which it affects him, or to drag his reasons from their silent lurking-places. The last "will be a wise man, though neither a logician nor rhetorician."|| A man with what is called a logical turn of mind, says Mr. Anthony Trollope, may prove anything or disprove anything; but he never convinces anybody. In any matter that is near the heart, one is convinced by the tenor of one's own thoughts as one goes on living, not by the arguments of a logician, or even by the eloquence of an orator. "Talkers are apt to think that if their listener cannot answer them they are bound to give way; but non-talkers generally take a very different view of the subject."¶

Elia says of his cousin Bridget—by which Charles Lamb may be understood to say of his sister Mary—that it had been her lot, oftener, perhaps, than he could have wished, to have for her associates and his, free-thinkers—leaders and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems. But she neither wrangled with, nor accepted, their opinions, he adds. "That which was good and venerable to her when a child, retains its

* Locke, *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, book iv. ch. xvii.

† *Le Festin de Pierre*, Acte I. Sc. 2.

‡ A. K. H. B., *Concerning the Art of Putting Things*.

§ Molière, *George Dandin*, Acte I. Sc. 7.

|| Hazlitt's *Essay on Genius and Common Sense*.

¶ *Orley Farm*, vol. ii. ch. xxix.

authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding."* Rousseau himself, with all his free-thinking, professes to have had his trials when living among a set of *philosophes modernes*, who, says he, "au lieu de lever mes doutes et de fixer mes irrésolutions, avaient ébranlé toutes les certitudes que je croyais avoir sur des points qu'il m'importait le plus de connaître." Often enough, by his own account, was Jean Jacques feeble and failing in his replies to them, from sheer hatred of argument, and from confessed lack of strength and skill to answer them aright. "Ils ne m'avaient pas persuadé, mais ils m'avaient inquiété. Leurs arguments m'avaient ébranlé sans m'avoir jamais convaincu ; je n'y trouvais point de bonne réponse, mais je sentais qu'il y en devait avoir. Je m'accusais moins d'erreur que d'ineptie, et mon cœur leur répondait mieux que ma raison."† In his old age he cherished a habit of repose, of restful affiance on the foundation of a few great principles, and refused to be disquieted by *des arguties et des subtilités métaphysiques*. Not that he would have gone along with a Dr. Beattie complimenting a Sir William Forbes on his resolute neglect of the modern philosophical sceptics, as doing equal honour to his understanding and to his heart. But Jean Jacques would have cordially agreed with the orthodox essayist on Truth, that it is an exceedingly false principle, subversive of all true science, and prejudicial to the happiness of mankind, to suppose that everything may be made matter of dispute. To confute without convincing, Beattie goes on to say, is a common case, and indeed a very easy matter : "in all conviction (at least in all moral and religious conviction) the heart is engaged, as well as the understanding ; and the understanding may be satisfied, or at least confounded, with a doctrine, from which the heart recoils with the strongest aversion. This is not the language of a logician ; but this is, I hope, the language of an honest man, who considers all science as frivolous which does not make men wiser and better ; and to puzzle with words, without producing conviction (which is all that our metaphysical sceptics have been able to do), can never promote either the wisdom or the happiness of mankind."‡ It was Beattie's own ambition as a metaphysical philosopher, or critic, to show, that all genuine reasoning ultimately terminates in certain principles, which it is impossible to disbelieve, and as impossible to prove ; that therefore the ultimate standard of truth to us is common sense, or that instinctive conviction into which all true reasoning resolves itself ; and that, therefore, what contradicts common sense is in itself absurd, however subtle the arguments which support it ; for such is the ambiguity and insufficiency of language, that it is easy to argue on either side of any question with acuteness sufficient to confound one who is not expert in the art of reasoning.

That is an instructive story which is told of George Stephenson arguing a scientific point once with a fluent talker who knew very little about the matter : how Stephenson, great as was his knowledge of the subject, and sound as was his opinion, was thoroughly reduced to silence—from his defective command of language or argument. He had a good case, as Dr. Boyd puts it, but he did not know how to conduct it. Sir

* Essays of Elia : Mackory End.

† Rousseau, *Les Rêveries*, iii.

‡ Dr. Beattie's Letters, To Sir W. Forbes, Sept. 8, 1766.

William Follett was staying at the country-house where this occurred, and saw that Stephenson was right, and, being impatient of the triumph of the fluent talker, he took Stephenson aside, and got him to coach him, Sir William, well up in the facts of the case. "Next day the great advocate led the conversation once more to the disputed question; and now Stephenson's knowledge and Follett's logic combined smashed the fluent talker of yesterday to atoms."*

Another great George—not Stephenson, but Guelph—great George our King, third of the name, is thus honourably characterised by Sir Archibald Alison. "He could not be said to have an acute mind; and yet the native strength of his intellect enabled him to detect at once any sophistry which interfered with the just sense he always entertained of his public or religious duties." "Come, come, Mr. Dundas, let us have none of your Scotch metaphysics,"† was the royal rebuff when the Minister essayed to convince his Master that the coronation oath was not absolutely and eternally incompatible with the Catholic claims. As a collateral or counterpart illustration from Sir Archibald, take his account of the reception in Spain of the new constitution (1812): how in vain the partisans of the new régime sought to persuade the rural population that the constitution was but a return to the old usages of the monarchy, cleared of the corruptions and abuses of ages: "The good sense of the country inhabitants revolted at the idea that the King of Spain of old had been merely a puppet in the hands of the populace."‡ But how could rustic instinct refute categorically the propositions of glib controversialists, with a mass of authorities to quote, and a power of syllogistic skill.

No one acquainted with human nature, or the vital processes of human thought, observes a reviewer of Mill on Liberty, will expect that people at large will surrender at once to a clever argument which they cannot answer, or to a commanding and compact system which is beyond their mental grasp, and defies their resources to overthrow. He even thinks it may well be doubted whether any revolutionary argument was ever put forth, on the complicated subjects of moral interest, of such strength, completeness, and cogency as that it ought at once to have commanded general assent. When new arguments, he goes on to say, challenge assent, the common sense of mankind, though perhaps with but a vague consciousness of the grounds on which it rests, remembers the history of opinion, and is not unwisely suspicious of quick assent. "The battle of opinion in the world is not like that in the schools: here, if an argument is not answered, it claims the victory in the debate; there, people wait for the long run; they know that it does not follow, because an argument is not at hand, that it does not exist: they know that the dispute may be wrong, though he has all the advantage of present ability, and though the aspect and balance of argument may be now entirely in his favour: they know that unless men are to be ever learners and never coming to the knowledge of the truth, unless they are to be the sport of every wind of doctrine, they must not change to every temporary variation in the intellectual power of different advocates: they know that it is

* A. K. H. B.'s Autumn Holidays, ch. v.

† History of Europe, ch. lxiv.

‡ Ibid., ch. lxxv.

absurd to give up their assent to the first thing which they cannot answer, though it is very reasonable, and incumbent on them, to bear in mind, that this is something which they have not an answer for.”*

Mr. Froude, once and again in his History, is prompt to ascribe to religious men, whatever their creed, and however limited their intellectual power, a prophetic faculty of insight into the true bearings of outward things—an insight which puts to shame the sagacity of statesmen, and claims for the sons of God, and only for them, the wisdom even of the world. A truer political prophet, he contends, than Wolsey, for instance, would have been found in the most ignorant of those poor men, for whom his police were searching in the purlieus of London, who were “risking death and torture in disseminating the pernicious volumes of the English Testament.”† And here one might take up Chaucer’s strain, and admiringly ask,

Now is not that of God a ful fair grace,
That such a lewde mannes wit schal pace
The wisdom of an heep of lernede men?‡

There is much that is suggestive in the instinctive decision with which Hilda, in Mr. Hawthorne’s “Transformation,” resists the reasonings and repels the influence of the more intellectually gifted Miriam. “Do not bewilder me thus, Miriam!” the purer, simpler-minded girl implores her friend; and she declares her resolve to avoid the other henceforth, because Miriam’s powerful magnetism is becoming too much for her; and the pure, white atmosphere in which Hilda tries to discern what things are good and true, is becoming discoloured.§ So at a later period, when Kenyon plays the casuist on the subject of the joint guilt of Miriam and Donatello, and proposes the rendering, in their case, of some such verdict as this, “Worthy of death, but not unworthy of love,”—“Never!” answers Hilda, looking at the matter through the clear crystal medium of her own integrity. There is, she believes, only one right and one wrong; and she does not understand—“and may God keep me from ever understanding,” she adds, “how two things so totally unlike can be taken for one another; nor how two mortal foes, as Right and Wrong surely are, can work together in the same deed. This is my faith, and I should be led astray, if you could persuade me to give it up.”|| Donatello himself, on one occasion, has to parry Miriam’s superior logic, with a deprecatory “we will not argue the point again. I have no head for argument, but only a sense, an impulse, an instinct, I believe, which sometimes leads me right.”¶ Take, again, Dr. Holmes’s Helen, when startled by the fearful Sadduceeisms of Mr. Bernard, which make her look troubled at first, and then thoughtful. “She did not feel able to answer all the difficulties he raised, but she met them with that faith which is the strength as well as the weakness of women—which makes them weak in the hands of man, but strong in the presence of the

* From an examination of Mill on Liberty, in a defunct quarterly review.

† Cf. Froude, vol. i. pp. 118, 291.

‡ Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

|| Ibid., ch. xlii.

§ Transformation, ch. xxiii.

¶ Ibid., ch. xlvii.

About Sophisms that Plain Sense

seen."* One remembers Cowper's companion pictures of simple cotter and brilliant Frenchman—

He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She, safe in the simplicity of hers.

or she belongs to those who are strangers to the controversial field, the dull unlettered small," whom nevertheless "ye great" may envy.

To them the sounding jargon of the schools
Seems what it is—a cap and bells for fools:
The light they walk by, kindled from above,
Shows them the shortest way to life and love.†

Nequeunt monstrare, et sentiunt tantum,—to apply a phrase from Juvenal.

The life of Frederick Perthes, as his biographer tells us, had been less pervaded by doctrinal speculation than by practical certainty—the certainty he had acquired from his own wants and experience, and study of holy writ. But in Gotha he came to be confronted by philosophers and philosophes, who pressed him hard with their historical knowledge and scientific methods. Emerson says the cure for false theology is mother-wit. Forget your books and traditions, and obey your moral perceptions at this hour.‡ Even if Perthes could have found it in him to elect so heterodox an adviser, he would have been perplexed to apply the canon in appealing to the Gotha rationalists. He could not, says his biographer, appeal to a sense of need or to the inward experience, for these men had never known them. "Perthes, sure of the truth of his cause, but not always able to refute the attacks made upon it, was often irritated and impatient."§ *J'enrage de bon cœur d'avoir tort, lorsque j'ai raison*. But how true is Sir James Stephen's remark that the Gospel has been the stay of countless millions who never framed a syllogism. And that incomparably few among the multitudes who, before and since Grotius, have lived in the peace, and died in the consolations, of our faith, are those whose convictions have been derived from the study of works like his.||

In some discussions, as Mr. Henry Taylor observes, a wise man will be silenced by argumentation, only because he knows that the question should be determined by considerations which lie beyond the reach of argumentative exhibition. And indeed, in all but purely scientific questions, arguments are not, he maintains, to be submitted to by the judgment as first in command; rather they are to be used as auxiliaries and pioneers; the judgment should profit by them to the extent of the services they can render, but after their work is done, it should come to its own conclusions upon its own free survey.¶ There are cases, according to Bolingbroke, where reason, freed from constraint, or roused

* Elsie Venner, ch. xxvi.

† Cowper: Truth.

‡ Conduct of Life, essay on Worship.

§ Life of Perthes, ch. xxix.

|| Ecclesiastical Essays: on Richard Baxter.

¶ "I have seldom known a man with great powers of argumentation abundantly indulged, who could attain to an habitually just judgment. In our courts of law, where advocacy and debate are most in use, ability, sagacity, and intellectual power flourish and abound, whilst wisdom is said to have been disbarred."—Notes from Life, Essay IV., Of Wisdom.

by necessity, acts in some sort the part of instinct. We are impelled by one, before we have time to form an opinion; we are often determined by the other against our opinion; that is, before we can be said properly to have changed it.*

The Saturday Reviewer of Mr. J. S. Mill's *Dissertations and Discussions* remarked, that after reading page after page of inexorable logic, it was mortifying to find that the book contained "much from which we dissent, and from which we feel that we are right in dissenting, though we feel at the same time that we can no more refute the arguments than agree with the conclusions. We constantly feel that there is a flaw somewhere, but that the discussion is managed with such skill that it is most difficult to detect it."†

Take note again of the Biographical Historian of Philosophy, observant of the mathematical rigour with which Spinoza develops his method; following him step by step, dragged on by his irresistible logic; and yet owning the final impression left on the mind to be, that the system has a *logical* but not a *vital* truth. We shrink back, he says, from the consequences whither it so irresistibly leads us; we gaze over the abyss to the edge of which we have been dragged, and seeing nought but chaos and despair, we refuse to build our temple there. We retrace our steps with hurried earnestness, to see if no false route has been taken. "Arrived at the starting-point, we are forced to confess that we see no error—that each conclusion is but the development of antecedent positions; and yet, in spite of this, the mind refuses to accept the conclusions.

"This, then, is the state of the inquirer: he sees a vast chain of reasoning carried on with the strictest rigour. He has not been dazzled by rhetoric nor confused by illustrations. There has been no artful appeal to his prejudices or passions; he has been treated as a reasoning being, and has no more been able to doubt the positions, after once assenting to the definitions and axioms, than he is able to doubt the positions of Euclid. And yet we again say that the conclusions are repugned, refused; they are not the truth the inquirer has been seeking; they are no expressions of the thousand-fold life, the enigma of which he has been endeavouring to solve."‡

* "Examples might be cited of men embracing truth in practice before they were convinced of it in theory," &c.—Bolingbroke's *Political Works*: A Dissertation on Parties, Letter IV.

† *Saturday Review*, viii. 48.

‡ G. H. Lewes, *History of Philosophy*: Spinoza.

THE ARLINGTONS:

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

PART THE FOURTH.

I.

LOVE-MAKING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE appointed day arrived; the weather was propitious; every one who was asked came. They did not all go down together, but they met at the Crystal Palace, and soon paired off as inclinations prompted, or Mrs. Arlington ordained. The Alhambra was to be the rendezvous; and it was agreed upon that lady's seemingly impromptu invitation that they would all dine together at the palace, and return by an evening train to tea in Eaton-square. The dinner had, of course, been part of Mrs. Arlington's plan; but with a laudable regard to economy, she preferred asking her friends on the spot, so that they might not expect a very handsome or expensive dinner. Mrs. Arlington always had her wits about her.

Richard Arlington offered his arm to Miss FitzHenry, and the old colonel, after a whispered intimation from his hostess, asked Mrs. Gray if she would do him the honour to accept of his escort. Mrs. Gray was a good-looking woman for her time of life; she had been in the East Indies in her youth, and could speak of many places, if not persons, known to the ancient colonel, so they very soon wandered away, and arranged themselves comfortably in one of the galleries. Captain Colville and Eleanor disappeared together; Miss FitzHenry begged Maria to keep by her, but Richard, determining to do the duty expected of him, speedily shook Maria off, and proceeded to the grounds. Major Chapman's friend, the rich Mr. Duff Watson, attached himself to Letitia, with whose lively conversation he seemed much pleased.

Mrs. Arlington, Aurelia, and one of the "nonentities," a young man in the Colonial-office, went to order the dinner; the gentleman did not interfere about the viands, but he put in his word about the wines, and proposed, among others, sparkling moselle and well-iced champagne. He knew he was not going to pay for anything, therefore he could afford to have his liberal ideas carried out.

Eleanor and Captain Colville seated themselves under a shady tree, in a retired part of the gardens. She was most becomingly dressed, and looked very pretty that day. There was a touching softness in her voice, and a subdued light in her eyes, which were very attractive, and Captain Colville looked at her with undisguised admiration. Nay, there was something in the expression of his countenance which told of more than mere admiration.

They sat in silence for a time; Eleanor, poor girl, forgetting everything and every one except the being by her side. At length he took

the hand that was lying carelessly on her lap, exclaiming at the same time, in the softest of tones :

"Eleanor! You do not know how dear you are to me! Tell me—could you care for me?"

"Could I? Oh! Captain Colville!" She almost whispered.

"Then I do not feel alone," he continued; and he launched out into a declaration of his sentiments towards her, and drew from her the confession of her feelings for him. It was a moment of unalloyed happiness to Eleanor; she felt as if the earth, and the air, and the blue heavens above, were all redolent of bliss. She had scarcely realised before the depth of her regard for him, who had now awoke all the half dormant, or rather half suppressed, sensibilities of her soul.

She was much agitated, *he* was calm; this calmness, however, was not the placid calmness of hope and happiness. A cloud stole over his brow, and his compressed lips seemed as if they wished to speak, but could not. Why this sudden silence? The dark shade increased until it spread over his whole countenance. He rose suddenly, strode backwards and forwards for a few moments, and then sat down again by Eleanor's side.

"I have done wrong, dear Eleanor," he said. "I had no right to tell you of my love, to ask you for yours—when—when—I know that I cannot follow up this confidence by a proposal of marriage."

Eleanor started; but she did not utter a syllable.

"I am too poor to marry," he continued. "I have nothing but my pay, and that would not give bread for two people; you have been accustomed to live surrounded with comforts and luxuries; you could not endure all the privations you would have to undergo—and I was wrong to have spoken to you. Forget what has passed——"

"Forget!" exclaimed Eleanor. "It is easy to say that, but not to do it. How can I forget? I do not care for luxuries. I do not care for money—I——"

"So you think *now*, but when all the misery of want came upon you, then would come the tug of war."

"But papa would surely help. He gives handsome allowances to my brothers; his daughters have as much claim upon him as they have."

"What do you suppose he would give you?"

"I don't at all know. But mamma says that papa will leave each of us about six thousand pounds."

Eleanor thought the mention of this sum would settle matters, and do away with all objections on the score of money. She was disappointed when he replied :

"Six thousand pounds! Why at five per cent. that would only give us three hundred a year. And you see, my dear girl, I—I have debts to pay. Ah! money is the great trouble of life—it interferes with all one's wishes, but there is no getting on without it!"

Poor Eleanor looked very crestfallen, and tears stood in her eyes.

Captain Colville was sorry for her since she cared so much for him, and he thought it would be only good natured to comfort her a little, so he said :

"Well, cheer up, dear Eleanor, there may be a good time coming—something may, perhaps, turn up; when my grandfather dies, and he is an old man now, he may leave me some money."

He kissed her hand, or rather her lilac glove, and, when she rose to go, he slipped his arm round her waist, and kept it there until they were close to the haunts of men, women, and children. Then he removed his arm from her waist, and, drawing her arm within his, they returned to the interior of the Crystal Palace.

Women, at least some of them, are strangely constituted; Eleanor, though Captain Colville had just told her he could not marry her, felt very happy; he had told her that he loved her, and that, she fancied, was a guarantee that he would marry no one else.

"Yes," she said to herself, "there is a good time coming."

Among the first persons they saw on re-entering the building were Richard and Miss FitzHenry. They had returned from their stroll in the grounds, and Richard was manfully doing what he conceived was his duty—the duty imposed on him by his mother—he was paying exaggerated compliments to the heiress, which she was swallowing somewhat greedily.

There is a theory about the duality of the soul, and, *certainly*, in Richard's mind there were running an upper and an under current. The upper current murmured:

"What a stupid, tiresome creature—with a low brow, eyes as dull as ill-cut beads, no conversation, no intelligence, as heavy in hand as lead!"

But the under-current broke out, as it were, with a rippling sound, into—

"She has money, and you want it; she is good natured, and will give up everything to you; you have but to pluck the golden fruit. Will you, or will you not?"

The under-current was becoming the strongest; prudence was almost outweighing inclination, when, lo! his evil genius appeared suddenly before him!

Mrs. Larpent issued forth from the French court, accompanied by her convenient friend, Miss Sarah Grantley!

Richard was utterly dismayed—he was petrified. What had brought them to the Crystal Palace *that* day? He had avoided telling Mrs. Larpent that he was going to Norwood; was her presence there accidental or design?

There, however, she was, and, with her usual quiet effrontery, she marched up to him, and accosted him in a familiar manner with—

"How do do? Are your mamma and sisters here to-day? I have not seen any of them; in fact, I have not seen a creature I know, therefore I am the more glad to meet you, Richard."

She stared at Miss FitzHenry, as if utterly ignoring who she was. The young lady coloured, and seemed much embarrassed; Mrs. Larpent and her convenient companion, Miss Grantley, had planted themselves just before Richard, and seemed determined to keep their ground. At that moment, so awkward for Miss FitzHenry, Captain Colville and Eleanor hove in sight in the distance, and Mrs. Gray, with the old Eardiacolonel, descended from the gallery stairs close by. Captain Colville's quick eye saw what was going on, and comprehended the scene. Miss FitzHenry, slightly bowing her head to Richard Arlington, darted across the walk towards her chaperone, and joined her. Richard made a

movement as if to follow her, but Mrs. Larpent laid her hand on his arm, and detained him. Presently Mrs. Gray, her young charge, and the colonel swept past them, and Richard was carried off in another direction by his Circe.

Very shortly after, Eleanor and Captain Colville came up to the discomforted Miss FitzHenry, whose face could not conceal her mortification and annoyance; and the gallant captain placed himself by her side, and began trying his best to amuse her. Eleanor felt quite pleased at his good nature, and thanked him in her heart for covering, as far as possible, her brother's delinquencies. Miss FitzHenry soon recovered her equanimity, and Richard would not have been much flattered had he known how little she seemed to miss him.

The hour fixed for the dinner was approaching, and Mrs. Larpent plainly told Richard that she would like to join their party. He hesitated, for he well knew his mother and sisters would not permit this addition to their number. But the lady insisted on his going to find Mrs. Arlington, and making the proposal to her. He went, therefore, but returned like a dog in disgrace, with its tail between its hind legs, and, with many apologies from himself, informed the lady that their table was full, and his mother had no room for more.

He was obliged to escort the angry lady and her friend to the railway train, and when he returned he found his place at the foot of the table occupied by the old colonel, Captain Colville sitting between Eleanor and Miss FitzHenry, and dividing his attention between them, and he was obliged to take a vacant seat by Maria, who turned her back upon him while she chatted vigorously with the young gentleman who belonged to the Colonial-office.

How had Mrs. Larpent found out that the Arlingtons were getting up a party for the Crystal Palace, and that her supposed rival, Miss FitzHenry, was to make one of it?

Simply because her page was acquainted with one of the men-servants at Mrs. Arlington's, and a few well-timed *douceurs* established through them a system of espionage on Richard's family, and on himself as far as he had to do with them. But she could not keep quite such a strict watch over him as she wished, because he was not a great deal in Eaton-square, and frequently dined either at the mess or at his club.

"I am quite sure Richard Arlington was on the point of proposing to that girl FitzHenry," she said to her companion, Miss Sarah Grantley. "His mercenary old wretch of a mother must have extorted a promise from him to do so. Poor fellow! I am glad we were in time to save him from committing himself so egregiously."

"But why should he not marry that Miss FitzHenry?" asked the opaque Miss Sarah.

"Because they are not at all suited to each other, my dear; and it is a dreadful thing to marry a person you don't care for, and can't get on with at all."

"But it must be a very nice thing, though, to be married, and have one's own house, and one's own carriage, and order one's own dinner. If I were married, I would have lobster patties, and *meringues* filled with ice, and cheese-straws very often—they are so good!"

"Well, Sarah, I hope you may get a husband with congenial tastes

some of these days. I advise you to look out for an alderman; you would be sure to have capital dinners then."

Did Mrs. Larpent wish to prevent Richard's marriage on account of its endangering *his* happiness? Though she said so, the truth was not in her; she only thought of retaining him as her slave. She wanted somebody to care for her; somebody to whom she could complain of her husband and her hard fate; somebody—half lover, half lacquey—who was to be *aux petits soins* with her, and help to dispel her ennui. To fulfil these noble ends, Richard's real good, his prospects in life, were to be ruthlessly sacrificed. The young man is to be pitied who has fallen under the influence of such an unprincipled woman! He might almost as well have made a compact with the Evil One!

II.

CORNELIA AND THE REV. SEPTIMUS SEVERIN.

ELEANOR had not been able to keep to herself the result of her tête-à-tête conversation with Captain Colville in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. She was much elated at the confession of his attachment to her, and dwelt more upon that than upon what he had said about being too poor to marry. The intelligence was conveyed to Mrs. Arlington by Fanny, who was her caterer of news; and finding how hopeful Eleanor was, she, too, looked hopefully on the prospect of a wedding in the family. She even went so far as to hint to Lady Danby that one of her daughters was engaged, and received that lady's congratulations with great complacency.

Cornelia also gave her mother to understand that there would probably be a change in *her* prospects shortly; for the Rev. Mr. Severin was expecting to get a curacy in the country with a larger stipend, and less to do than he had in town.

An elderly, or rather old lady, had frequently gone for a little time past to the church where the Rev. Septimus did duty. She was always there when he preached, and seemed very attentive to his sermons. It was evident she had no seat of her own in the church, for she wandered about from pew to pew. Cornelia had certainly observed her, for notwithstanding her sanctity, she had remarked what a variety of bonnets the lady had. The old lady seemed to take great pains with her dress, and her costume was more youthful in style than might have been expected from one who was certainly entering the shady side of life.

Cornelia, though she had observed this lady, had never thought of inquiring who she was until she had met her once or twice in Sloane-street, walking with Mr. Severin. On these occasions the Rev. Septimus had not stopped, as usual, to speak to Cornelia, but had merely bowed and passed on. Who could the lady be? His mother? No, she remembered that his mother was dead. Then perhaps an aunt. He had spoken to her of an aunt, who sent him every Christmas a hamper with a turkey and some sausages. The first time she met him at the charity school, from which he had been much of an absentee lately, she asked him if the old lady in question was his aunt.

"Old lady, Miss Cornelia! She is not so very old. I wonder what

she would say if she heard you! No, she is not my aunt, but a very good friend. There is a living in her gift, and she has kindly promised it to me when the old clergyman who now has it is removed to Abraham's bosom. He is going on for ninety, therefore, according to the laws of nature, he will be gathered soon. In the mean time, there is some idea of my being his curate. Nothing is fixed yet, though."

"What is the lady's name?" asked Cornelia.

"Spry—Mrs. Spry. She is a widow, and has a good fortune. She is very charitable. Last Sunday, when there was a collection at our church to add to the funds for the propagation of Protestantism in Abyssinia, as you know, she gave a sovereign; and only yesterday she handed me six sovereigns for the poor of our congregation. Lord Thomas Tarleton, who is considered so munificent to the poor, and such a patron of all charitable and Christian societies, never puts more than half a sovereign into the plate, and never goes beyond one pound in any of his subscriptions. By-the-by," continued the reverend gentleman, after a short pause, "Mrs. Spry has made me a present of a dozen fine pocket-handkerchiefs; will you be so kind as to hem them and mark them for me? I would give them to one of the school-girls to do, but I don't think they are very neat-handed, and I know that *you* are, dear Miss Cornelia."

Mr. Septimus Severin might have added, "I should have to pay for their being hemmed and marked at the school, and you will do that for nothing."

Cornelia of course accepted the commission with alacrity; it was always a great pleasure to her to make herself useful to her clerical friend.

But she was rather inquisitive about the "old lady," and her family, and her intentions. She asked:

"Has Mrs. Spry any daughters, or nieces, or . . . young ladies living with her?"

"None," replied the Rev. Septimus Severin, stroking his chin with a self-satisfied air.

"And if you get the living, you will have a house, won't you, and be able to live comfortably?"

"I should think so," he said.

"Ah, then you will be marrying one of those country girls with rosy cheeks, milk-white skin, flaxen hair, and light blue eyes."

"No, I prefer dark eyes and dark hair, and do not at all object to a brunette."

Now, Cornelia was decidedly a brunette, and she had dark eyes and dark hair.

She looked at him inquiringly.

He did not answer her mute inquiry, but he said:

"My dear Miss Cornelia, we do not know in this world what a day may bring forth. Let us not be among those who 'do but flatter with their lips, and dissemble in their double heart; for the Lord shall root out all deceitful lips.'"

What did these quotations mean? Cornelia was at a loss to understand them, yet she thought it best to pretend to do so; she had often pretended to understand Mr. Severin, when she really had scarcely the

slightest glimmering of his meaning ; so she accepted this day the speech of which she could, as the saying is, neither make head nor tail.

"Surely, surely, Mr. Severin," she replied, "you are always right."

The curate smiled blandly.

"And I am now going to beg of you to look strictly after our schools and our poor, dear Miss Cornelia, for I shall have to go into the country to see about this rectory or curacy, whichever it may be. We must not quite neglect mundane interests, although we are privileged to labour in the vineyard of the Lord."

"I will do my best, Mr. Severin ; and when do you think you will return to . . . to us?"

Cornelia had almost said to *me*.

"That I cannot say ; the length of my absence will depend upon circumstances. And now, adieu. 'The Lord preserve thy going out, and thy coming in—for evermore!'"

Mr. Septimus Severin pressed Miss Cornelia's hand most warmly, and kissed the tips of his fingers to her as he left her.

Cornelia walked home as if treading the air, her steps were so light and buoyant. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes sparkling, and she looked as if brimming over with felicity. She hastened to her bedroom to think alone ; but Aurelia shared that apartment with her, and as she was there, Cornelia gave vent to her feelings in words, and some little jealousy was excited in the mind of Aurelia, who had no "happy prospects" before her. When Aurelia left the room, Cornelia took a sheet of note-paper and began writing on it, "The Reverend Septimus Severin and Mrs. Severin—Cornelia Severin."

"This looks very nice!" she remarked to herself; and having scrawled over three pages, she folded up the sheet of paper and put it carefully away in a private drawer, wherein were deposited some hymns which had been copied for her by Mr. Septimus Severin, and some riddles, the latter manufactured by himself. He modestly did not expect any one to guess them, for he put the solution at the foot of each riddle.

The following is a specimen of "the Roman emperor's" lucubrations, which could not be accused of being either witty or amusing :

My first on my whole may prove an alloy,
Indeed my whole's comfort may tend to destroy.
My second from infancy grows, till the cold,
Sombre grave shall receive both the young and the old.
My whole is, for some folks, a pleasant condition,
But for others, a very unhappy position.

The first means *mar*, the second *age*, together forming *marriage*.

"Oh yes!" murmured Cornelia, "he has been long thinking of marriage. Now he may be able to achieve it."

The author of the above *jeu d'esprit* left his London flock for Berkshire, but did not write on his arrival at his destination to Cornelia, as she had hoped he would have done. She comforted herself, however, by the thought that he was waiting to make the necessary arrangements for a change of domicile and the reception of a wife, which could not be done at once.

Another change also took place about the same time. Captain Colville's regiment was removed from Aldershot to Portsmouth, and his frequent

visits to town had to be discontinued. This, however, was not so much to be regretted, as the season was drawing to a close; grouse-shooting was soon to begin, and every one was flying north, south, east, west, as if to avoid a pestilence. Belgravia and Tyburnia would soon look like a city of the dead, with almost all the window-shutters closed; and with no parties, evening or dinner, going on, families would not appear to much advantage.

A note from Captain Colville to Richard Arlington conveyed an apology for his not having called in Eaton-square, as he had hoped and intended to have done.

Eleanor would have gladly gone for a few weeks to Southsea or Ryde, but as her father's property was situated very near Weymouth, and excellent sea-bathing could be got there, there was no excuse for seeking it anywhere else.

Miss FitzHenry and Mrs. Gray came to take leave of Mrs. Arlington and her daughters. They did not mention Richard's name, but otherwise they were very polite and friendly in their manners, and Mrs. Arlington invited them to come and spend a week or two at Arlington Abbey, Mr. Arlington's place, near the coast, in Dorsetshire. The invitation was conditionally accepted, if they were not too long detained on a little tour they proposed making through the English and Scotch lakes. But first they were going to the Isle of Wight.

"Ah! how I envy you!" exclaimed Eleanor. "I long so to see the beautiful Isle of Wight particularly!"

"But the part we are going to is not beautiful," said Mrs. Gray. "However, Ryde is a very gay place, and the pier is a nice promenade. Military bands play there twice or three times a week, and there is a great deal of yachting going on, and there are balls both there and across the water. The great drawback to the place is, that the bathing is so public, but it is just as bad at Brighton, and not much better at St. Leonard's or Worthing. Your friend, Colonel Sidney, the East India officer, who you introduced to us at your Crystal Palace party, Mrs. Arlington, is going to Ryde, and he has kindly promised to look out for lodgings for us. I dare say we shall find it very pleasant."

"How I should like to go to Ryde!" cried Eleanor again, with an appealing look to Miss FitzHenry, but that young lady took no notice of either the exclamation or the look; and Mrs. Gray, fearing a positive request from "the forward girl" to be allowed to accompany them, rose hastily, exclaiming:

"Come, Ellen, come! we have a hundred visits to pay this morning, and only an hour and a half to pay them in, and your coachman drives as slowly as if he were going to a funeral."

III.

A VISIT TO BRIGHTON.

MRS. ARLINGTON was much chagrined that Richard had not secured the heiress.

"He will never get her now, I fear," she said to Fanny; "there will be plenty of hungry officers to snap her up at Ryde. It will be given out that she is worth sixty thousand pounds instead of thirty; and what

will not men do for that? She will have no end of offers; and that Mrs. Gray is not a fit guide for her. I can see that she is bent on matrimony herself, and should not be at all surprised if she should not just make up to Colonel Sidney. They must have become pretty well acquainted when he is to look out for lodgings for them."

"I think they might have asked me to join them for a week or two," remarked Eleanor.

"You gave strong enough hints, I am sure," said Fanny.

"Since they won't come first to Arlington Abbey, where Richard could have had the girl all to himself, he ought to run down to Ryde for a week or two, before Miss FitzHenry has time to make acquaintances. I will speak to him about it," said the mother, anxiously. "It will be his very last chance with *her*, at least."

And she did speak to Richard, who, to her great disappointment, informed her that he could not go to Ryde.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," he replied, with a sort of dogged determination in his manner, "I'm going to Brighton for a few days."

"Alone?"

"No."

"Are you going with a party of gentlemen?"

"No."

"Richard! You are not, surely, going with Mrs. Larpent?"

"Indeed I am. But I don't understand being catechised in this manner, mother."

"Oh, my dear, dear Richard!" groaned Mrs. Arlington, "do pause—do think; you are standing on the brink of a fearful abyss! One false step, my poor boy, and you are lost!"

Richard looked uncomfortable, and fidgeted about a little, but said nothing.

"Is Mr. Larpent going to Brighton with you and his wife?" asked his mother, almost timidly.

"Mr. Larpent troubles himself very little about his wife," replied Richard. "He is going to Ramsgate with his sister."

"The poor blind lady!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlington.

"The blind lady—yes! *She* is all-in-all to him."

"Why does not Mrs. Larpent go to Ramsgate too?"

"They don't want *her*; and it can't be very pleasant for her to play second fiddle."

"But, Richard, it is better to play second fiddle than to lose one's good name. It is of you—*you*, however, that I am thinking, my dear son! You will be dragged into ruin, and for what? to gratify the vanity of an unprincipled woman. Mrs. Larpent cannot care for you in reality, or she would have been glad to have seen you make a good marriage, instead of doing her utmost to prevent it."

"My good mother, if you ever knew what is called *love* in your life, you have quite outlived the very remembrance of the feeling. You cannot bind love within the narrow circle of proprieties."

"True love cannot exist amidst the mire of improprieties, Richard; that is a spurious kind of love, which leads to disgraceful liaisons."

"You had better go to Cambridge and preach to Silvester, mother. I

think you will find that he needs admonition even more than *I* do, sinner as I am."

"Silvester! what about him? Have you heard anything against him? I know he is inclined to be extravagant, and that is bad enough. I hope he has not committed himself in any way?"

"Well, I don't want to annoy you, mother, though you care so little about annoying me, but I fear Silvester is going to the bad. He does not write to me about his affairs, but a brother of one of our officers sees a good deal of him at Cambridge, and it was through him I heard that Silvester is very much taken up with a girl whose mother is a laundress, or some such person; that she wheedles him out of a great deal of money, and the mother encourages the intimacy on account of the money he gives them, and because she thinks he is very rich."

"He won't marry such a girl, surely?"

"I don't know. He will be a fool if he does."

"This must be inquired into, and put a stop to," said his mother, decidedly. "Silvester cannot be allowed to disgrace himself and his family. I will speak to your father about it this very day, when he returns from the bank."

Richard made his escape, and his mother exclaimed to herself, clasping her hands, "Oh! how I wish that there were such things as '*lettres de cachet*' in England! I would soon have that Mrs. Larpent and this Cambridge hussy put in '*durance vile*,' and let them cool their wicked inclinations in the solitude of a prison. It is shocking that young men are to be ruined, and families disgraced, at the pleasure of vicious women, whether high or low!"

Mrs. Larpent, though she disliked her husband, and hated his society, looked very sulky when she heard that he was going with his sister to Ramsgate. He asked her if she would not come too; but she refused.

"Then perhaps you will go down to Craig Court, Sophy, as it is so warm now in town, or pay a visit to your father until I can rejoin you."

"No, it would be too dull at Craig Court quite alone; and my step-mother and I detest each other too cordially for me to go to my father's. But I might run down to Brighton for two or three days just for a mouthful of sea-air. My cousin, Lady Clarissa, is there, and my uncle and his family, though I don't care much about them."

"They are very good, religious people," replied Mr. Larpent, "and I should be glad that you were near them."

Mrs. Larpent well knew that she was deceiving the worthy man. Lady Clarissa had been for about ten days at Brighton, but had left it to make a round of country visits. The uncle and his family had only stayed at Brighton a short time, waiting for a very calm day to cross to Dieppe, where they were going to spend a month before proceeding on a continental tour. Mrs. Larpent did not say a syllable of her intention to be escorted by Richard Arlington; but even had she done so, her husband would have made no objection; he was extremely blind—much blinder even than his sister, Mrs. Hamilton—whose corporeal sight was gone. *She* felt uneasy at the great intimacy between her sister-in-law and Richard; but as her brother did not seem at all dissatisfied about it, she did not like to disturb the happy security and serenity of his mind.

So to Ramsgate he went with his afflicted sister, a ministering spirit

of good to her, and took his eldest little boy and the under-nurse with him, whereupon Mrs. Larpent sent the upper-nurse and the three other children to Herne Bay, and made her arrangements to go to Brighton herself. She wished Richard to have escorted her down, but he pointed out to her the strange appearance their travelling alone together would have if they met any one they knew.

"Our officers are always running down to Brighton, and I shall be well roasted if any of them happened to come into the same carriage with us. No, we must think a little of the opinion of the world——"

"I don't care in the least about the opinion of the world," she said, interrupting him.

"Nor I much, for myself," he replied; "but for you, Sophy, I do. If you go down by the two o'clock train I will go at eleven o'clock, and be at the station to receive you."

Mrs. Larpent looked annoyed; but Richard was, for a wonder, so determined, that she perceived there was no use in contending the point.

Richard accordingly went down first, she followed him with her French maid, and they repaired to the same hotel.

Richard Arlington was by no means a roué; he was not even viciously disposed; it would have been no sport to have caused the death of the reputation of any woman, married or single; but he was a weak-minded young man, and was easily led away. Had he fallen into good hands, he might have been a decently respectable, tolerably well-conducted person; not remarkable for lofty qualities, but going through life in a creditable enough sort of way. He fell, however, into bad hands, and every one knows how much more potent is evil influence than good influence.

What have not women often to answer for! Guilt, misery, destruction, came into this world, if we are to believe the sacred writings, through our first mother, the first created woman, Eve. And since then, how many thousands of women have not lured men into sin and ruin! All tradition, all history give examples of this, and to the end of time, probably, such fair deceivers will exist. Yet, let not obloquy fall upon the whole female sex. Happily, among them there are the brightest examples of virtue, of all the best and noblest qualities which can adorn the human race!

IV.

LETITIA, AND AMELIA'S ADMIRERS. DOUBTS AND JEALOUSIES.

MR. DUFF WATSON was a peculiar-looking person, and certainly the term "eccentric" was properly applied to him. He had just missed being handsome, for his features were good in the main; his brow was rather too low, his nose rather too thick, and his chin rather too long; if these proportions of his face had been more in accordance with the lines of beauty, they would have been perfect. His eyes, which sometimes looked dark, and sometimes looked light, were always changing their expression; occasionally they were bright and brilliant, and full of almost startling animation, but frequently they were fraught with melancholy, and at times they seemed stony and rayless, like the eyes of the dead.

Evidently he was not a humdrum, common-place person. He had read a great deal, and was extremely well-informed both in classical and modern literature. He was not one of those men with whom society teems, who really seem to be little more than polished animals, well-educated monkeys, or poodles. He did not dance; he would stand in the doorway at parties—the very few to which he went—with folded arms, looking at the well-dressed crowds around him as if they belonged to another order of beings than himself. But Letitia's voice always awoke him from his fits of rumination, and he was almost always willing to listen to her, if not to talk to her.

He did not exactly make love to her, but he looked, as the Scotch say, "sair" at her, and he showed his preference by handsome presents. He certainly was not stingy, and Letitia, who had a conscience, was almost afraid to express any wish for or interest in anything for fear he would obtain it for her. Letitia was a bit of a blue, and if she spoke of any old work which was difficult to procure, and which certainly was not to be found in Mudie's Library, or any of the other fashionable collections of books, Mr. Duff Watson would search all the out-of-the-way book-shops and book-stalls until he alighted upon the required volume or volumes. If she mentioned an opera she would like to hear, he would forthwith take a box for her and part of her family at any cost. Money seemed no object to him, and Mrs. Arlington was most anxious to secure such a *parti* for one of her daughters.

In vain Mr. Arlington said :

"But, my dear, we don't know anything of the man; he may or may not be a good match, for all that we know. I think it would be wise to institute some inquiry about him."

"And how are you going to inquire about him?" asked the lady. "Advertise for information respecting him, or apply to some of these respectable private inquiry offices? If you are going to act like a fool, Arlington, I can never hope to get any of my daughters married; mind your own business, and leave the rest to me."

The well-disciplined Mr. Arlington, though a member of the Legislature, full well knew that he could not legislate for his own family; but he tried, *sub rosa*, to make some inquiries about Mr. Duff Watson. Nobody, however, to whom he applied could tell anything about him; he might have fallen from the skies, or arisen like a merman from ocean's depths, for all that anybody knew about him.

Poor Mr. Arlington thought that it was rather running a risk to encourage an intimacy, leading to matrimony, between his daughter and a gentleman about whom nothing could be traced; but he was set down by his wife, and his scruples were ridiculed by his eldest son and his eldest daughters, who all wished to get rid of Letitia; she was so sarcastic, and sometimes made such ill-natured remarks.

She would say :

"Cornelia, the Roman emperor will never marry *you*; you are wasting your time and your money upon him."

"Fanny, there is no use to worry yourself any longer; you are doomed to lead apes in hell."

And even to poor Eleanor she would hint that she believed Captain Colville would prove a gay deceiver.

Such speeches were not pleasant, and were rather wounding to the vanity of the persons addressed. Richard, too, was very irate at her unscrupulous blame of Mrs. Larpent. She was a sort of bird of ill-omen in the family, and if she could quit the parental nest, its other inmates felt that she would be no loss.

Some tidings which arrived rather suddenly from Brighton were not over-welcome to the bevy of sisters in Eaton-square. Their grandmother, who lived at Cliftonville, wrote up that Amelia, her youngest granddaughter, had an admirer. A gentleman of good family, and well connected, but whose pecuniary circumstances did not admit of his marrying immediately, had taken a great fancy to Amelia, and had proposed for her. The grandmother—she was Mr. Arlington's mother—a tolerably rich old lady, had adopted Amelia, her goddaughter and name-daughter, and considering that young lady as entirely under her care, did not allow her to be any expense to her parents, but herself paid her board and education, her dress, pocket-money, &c. Old Mrs. Arlington did not particularly like her daughter-in-law, or her somewhat overbearing manner, therefore she kept her at a distance, and had not much communication with her.

Julia and Amelia were so seldom with their family that they felt much as aliens, and confiding in each other and in their kind grandmother, cared little for the opinion of the Eaton-square people.

It was a great shock to all the Miss Arlingtons, who resided at home, to hear of Amelia's having actually had a matrimonial offer. "Amelia! that child! not more than seventeen years of age! Impossible!"

"Our worthy grandmother must be falling into her dotage," said Letitia. "It is perfect folly to suppose that Amelia, a mere school-girl, has had a *bonâ fide* offer. The old lady must have seen some young man romping with the child—for you know she was a great romp when she was a little girl—and fancied that he was making love to her."

"Neither papa nor mamma have had any application from the gentleman yet," said Fanny; "and until that is made, any nonsense he may have spoken cannot be construed into an offer."

"But," remarked Eleanor, "you see his circumstances don't admit of his marrying at present; these wretched circumstances are always in the way!" And Eleanor heaved a deep sigh.

"Perhaps Richard will tell us all about it," said Maria, "when he comes up."

"Richard!" sneered Letitia. "*He* won't go near Cliftonville or the Hove. He and his Dulcinea will keep out of the way of tale-bearers—at least, *he* will be anxious to do so."

"But if they wanted to keep their tête-à-tête expedition secret, what on earth made them go to Brighton?" asked Aurelia.

"I don't believe *she* wants to keep it secret; she is too pleased to parade her military slave before every one," said Fanny. "I wonder she did not take him to Ryde, still further to annoy Miss FitzHenry."

A letter from Julia to Letitia was just then brought in.

"Her letters are generally so stupid, that they are hardly worth reading before being thrown into the waste basket," said Letitia; "but this epistle seems quite a masterpiece of composition. She is eloquent in her praises of the Brighton hero, Mr. Egerton, and laments extremely that he must leave England soon. But he is coming to town first on some

business, and will call to pay his respects to papa and mamma, and to make our acquaintance."

Mrs. Arlington joined her daughters, and read Julia's letter; she then exclaimed:

"I would rather the offer had been to one of you, girls; Amelia is almost a child, and can afford to wait."

"Well, she will have to wait," said Aurelia, "as the man is not going to marry her at present."

"I think that is a pity," replied Mrs. Arlington. "I am no friend to long engagements. Men are very fickle, and it is ten to one that she never gets him. I think your grandmother has not acted kindly in the matter; she might easily have spared a little money to have helped them out, until he got a good appointment. And one of you might have gone out with them, and, of course, married in India."

There was a general groan, half suppressed by some, permitted by others more freely to escape.

Mr. Egerton made his appearance in Eaton-square, and made an agreeable impression to boot. The season was just over, so the Arlington family could not obtain much amusement for him; but they did what they could, and he was invited to dine every day in Eaton-square when not otherwise engaged. He came accordingly, and he seemed particularly pleased with Aurelia, and to attach himself mostly to her. He always handed her down to dinner, looked at her, and spoke to her more than to any of the others, and if they went anywhere, he always offered his arm to her.

Both Mrs. Arlington and herself observed this preference on Mr. Egerton's part for Aurelia, and Mrs. Arlington said to her husband:

"Arlington, I am convinced if Mr. Egerton were to remain a little longer in England, he would transfer his devoirs from that child Amelia to Aurelia."

"I don't know," was Mr. Arlington's not very meaning response.

But Aurelia and her mother were both quite mistaken in regard to Mr. Egerton. He was only pleased at the kind reception he had met with from Amelia's family, and interested by Aurelia's resemblance to his dear Amelia. There was a striking likeness between the sisters, in the face at least, though probably not in disposition.

Mr. Egerton, during his stay in town, had obtained Mr. Arlington's consent to his marriage with his daughter whenever he should be so well off as to be able to maintain a wife, and give her every comfort. He had not applied to Mrs. Arlington, thinking, probably, that the father's approval was the most essential, and that lady was not at all pleased at being put on one side.

The hour of parting approached, and, to make it more severe, old Mrs. Arlington objected to a positive engagement between Amelia and her lover; also to their keeping up a correspondence.

"No," she said; "leave yourselves free. You are both young; your feelings, your ideas, may change; and it would be terrible if only a sense of honour, or the existence of a tie, galling perhaps to both, were to make you force yourselves into a connexion which neither wished. If your mutual affection survive absence and distance, you will meet in joy—never, it is to be hoped, to be parted again!"

THE PHILOLOGY OF THE FUTURE.

Of all the complimentary speeches which this age of ours delights so much to make to itself, none does it so often repeat as a certain favourite allusion to the "giant strides of scientific research during the last fifty years." A new dye cannot be patented, a novel sewing-machine cannot be invented, nor a fresh bone of some extinct animal discovered, without the recurrence of the set phrase as invariably as the time-honoured sarcasm which calls people a happy pair after a wedding, and universally beloved and respected after a death.

Since the Juggernaut car of modern civilisation has been propelled by steam and pioneered by electricity, the noise and self-assertion of its onward course have been so great that all doubts of its rapid progress have been smothered like the hisses of a paying spectator on a first night. It must be satisfactory to find it agreed upon all sides, that in every field of science we are advancing at greater speed than any of our fathers; that we leave no mystery without research, and make few researches without elucidation.

In no direction, we believe, have the strides before-mentioned been so gigantic as towards a right comprehension of the study of language. The importance of this branch of knowledge has never been doubted; but it had been, until the nineteenth century, systematically neglected, or, if attempted, had resulted in miserable failure. Now, however, philology has its professors, and its professors have their pupils. Thought, deep and acute, has been expended upon the vehicle of thought, and the nature of its expression has proved an interesting subject for the consideration of the human mind.

It is true, indeed, that the origin of language has not yet been fully cleared up; but then the origin of very few things has been, even by the presidents of learned societies. Philosophers have not quite decided concerning our species the moot point of tails, and most of them are content to echo in different tones the metaphysical catechism: "What is mind?—No matter." "What is matter?—Never mind."

As to the origin of language, two distinct opinions command disciples of their own: one, that it came to man ready made; the other, that, with the power only of speech given to him, he fashioned his vocabulary for himself from such materials as were afforded by the subjects of his early conversation. According to one theory, Adam named the animals by words innate with his faculty of utterance; according to the other, he would probably at first only distinguish them by imitating the different sounds which they gave forth. Thus he would have called the attention of Eve to their sheep and cows by the words "baa" and "moo," if such be the sounds produced by Asiatic flocks and herds; his verbs would picture to the ear of his attentive partner the action, his adjectives the quality, his prepositions the motion, which he wished to describe.

Concerning the decision between these schemes, word-doctors have agreed to differ, but not so upon the less vital points of their science. They have succeeded in drawing up a plan of the dialects of the world,

their diversities, and the probable cause of their diversities, their connexion, and the reason of their connexion. With infinite labour, philologists have collected and compared every mode of speech under the sun : the many names for one object have been placed side by side, their similarities pointed out, their differences explained away, until the chain is perfected without the absence of a link, although the anchor has not yet been found to which it is finally attached.

But there is another branch of the science, which, though not so exclusively belonging to the present day, is, nevertheless, considered to have advanced very successfully under the direction of contemporary philologists. This consists of the derivation of the words of one language from those of others, instead of setting forth their common origin ; and its students seek rather to trace the connexion of one particular link with its immediate predecessors, than to establish the identity of the whole chain. For the popular writer, as well as for the general reader, this phase of the inquiry has many advantages over the wider and deeper subject ; it affords scope for various minor questions of social interest which would be introduced into this latter with comparative difficulty. Speculative historical deductions, for instance, can be drawn from similarity between certain words in the tongues of different countries. A skilful pleader can trace the influence of a religion in the name given to a pickpocket ; or, if he wish, can even prove *en revanche* the effect upon morality produced by the designation of a particular vice. Considerations of this kind are naturally very favourable towards popularising the subject with which they are thus artfully blended, tending, as they do—in all reverence be it spoken—to the amusement of the student as well as his instruction. The value that has often been assigned to these moral deductions from philology is very great, and we must regret for our ancestors that they were only able to leave them for the benefit of their children without making use of them for themselves. Very different might have been the mental and moral condition of many generations and peoples, had they only possessed the power of reading by prevision some of the popular handbooks on words with which we have the privilege of being acquainted. But they had to grope on in darkness, for the Dean had not yet arisen who was to point out how errors of the tongue could lead to errors of the mind, or warn them that a degenerating language is a sure sign of a degenerating nation. It is always comparatively easy and pleasant to perceive and describe the obstacles which caused our predecessors to fall ; but it is a far less profitable operation than that of attempting to discover those which beset our own path. A glimpse, then, into the philological researches which a future age will make into our present language can hardly fail to be instructive, and must certainly be amusing. By the aid of a little imagination, it will not be difficult to obtain one ; and since, judging from the avidity with which they are purchased and perused, books would seem to attain an extrinsic value from the distance of the period at which they are written—a value of which neither stupidity nor dulness can rob them—it is reasonable to suppose that extracts from a work written at a time some hundreds of years from our own may be of interest, even though it is comprehensible, and not written in black-letter type.

The first chapter, then, entitled “*Historiology*,” commences as follows :

"The Study of Language has been justly called the handmaid of the Study of History. There are many phases in the moral development of a people which only philology delineates with accuracy; and whilst with regard to facts party-writers err wilfully, and honest men make mistakes through ignorance, the philologist alone draws his conclusions from premises which are entirely trustworthy. The witnesses whom he calls know no prevarication, and need never be misunderstood.

"Imbedded in the origin of a single word is often the pith of pages of history, and an examination into its derivation will often do more towards elucidating a difficult period than any more direct method would accomplish.

"Observe, for example, the vivid idea of the internecine war which devastated America in the nineteenth century, that is obtained by a close inspection of the word 'skedaddle.' This was coined in order to express one of the movements of the Federal army, and appears for the first time in the newspaper reports of the battle of Bull's Run. It means, as we use it now, merely to beat a hasty retreat; but far more than this was then signified by its etymology. 'Skedaddle' is a hybrid word, composed of the Greek *σχεδόν*, *nearly*, and the Saxon 'addle'; the latter employed at the present day chiefly in connexion with eggs. It thus implied the idea of 'nearly addling' or destroying the cause of the Union by inopportune flight, and may, by its tacit reproach, have prevented many a Yankee from performing the action thus stigmatised as disastrous. Great indeed may be the influence of a single word, little though those who originate and those who employ it may be aware of the power of their weapon."

Passing over some further illustrations—one of which sketches the Reform campaign of 1866-7 with great vivacity, from the obvious connexion of the words *demon* and *demonstration*—we find the unborn author instructing his contemporaries as follows: "No study affords us so practical a proof of the short-lived nature of our personal fame, or notoriety, as does philology. From it we find that if our characteristic qualities have been so marked as even to give a name to them in after years, we, as human beings, shall yet fail to be recognised in connexion with the words to which our names have given rise. How few of us, for instance, are aware when we call a foolish person a *musty*, or, more frequently, a *muff*, that we are using the initials of a writer some five hundred years old—one Martin Farquhar Tupper. The history of this word *muff* is interesting, too, upon other grounds, for we can trace its gradual formation. At first, the three consonants, M F T, were a laughing synonym for any solemn prattler of platitudes; then vowels crept in, and we find *MuFTy*; finally, the abbreviating genius of the language gave us the concise word *muff*."

Curious, again, it is to trace the origin of the word *coming*, in the expression "coming it strong," vulgarly applied to any one foretelling some utterly improbable event. Once more we must travel back to the nineteenth century for explanation, and shall discover that, strange though it may seem, the apparent present-participle has in reality no connexion with the verb "to come," being, in fact, only a satirical reference to a Presbyterian prophet of 1850-70, who used chronically to predict the end of the world, in the next year but one. This is a striking instance of

the power of a mistaken etymology to cause erroneous orthography, for the correct version is evidently "Cumming it strong."

Another vulgarism has an origin which is of no small value to the philological student, and it is in the vulgarisms of its every-day jargon that the life of a language dwells, so that to these we must refer; for true science must never be shackled by the fetters of false delicacy. Most of us must have heard schoolboys speak of a failure as a *mull*—most of us, probably, would be puzzled to point out the derivation of the word. A reference to the ancient criminal records of our land affords an immediate solution to the difficulty. Here we learn that many years ago a murderer named Müller was hanged, after a long and most intricate trial, which obtained great popular interest. Significant, indeed, is the phase of the horrid deed, which the lower orders associated with the name of the guilty man, when they called a *fiasco* by its first syllable. It was not, we may observe, the brutality of assassinating a defenceless man in a railway carriage; it was not the bold publicity of the deed; it was not its unprecedented nature, nor its exaggerated wickedness, that impressed itself most deeply upon the minds of our ancestors. It was merely the fact that, after all his attempts to escape the toils of the law which he had broken, the guilty man was tracked by the aid of electricity, then used, not for locomotion, but solely for communication; was caught, and made to suffer the penalty attached by these dark ages to the crime of murder. As a failure, in fact, and not as a hideous enormity, the deed is kept from oblivion, in the vulgar phrase, which said that its author "*made a mull of it*."

The last extract from this interesting work which we shall present to our readers is part of a chapter called "The Immorality discovered by Logography," and in it is displayed still more fully the peculiar fancy for blending extraneous considerations with their subject, which seems common to all members of the word-craft:

"It may doubtless appear to most of our readers a new and perverted idea to point out any part of the vocabulary of a people as the cause, instead of the result, of the loose morality of their age. Such a course, however, may frequently be adopted with justice and with profit by the philologist. Who, for instance, can fail to perceive the influence upon the morality of marriage, which must have been produced by the word *court* in such an expression as 'paying court to a mistress'? It is difficult to over-estimate the deterioration in our idea of a sacred union which must ensue when a man, in any station of life, is said to be *courting*, when he is seeking, possibly, his humble partner—is said to imitate the cold and hollow formalities of the palace, when he should be fulfilling one of the highest and purest promptings of his nature.

"It must be saddening to the philosopher that so strangely mistaken a conception of life's most important relation could ever have been the popular one: all the more saddening because the proof of its popularity rests with a witness which cannot err. For how many, again, must not the broad path have been made still more easy to tread by such an unfortunate resemblance as that between *beauty* and *booty*, unconnected by actual origin though the two words may possibly be?

"To the superficial observer, perhaps, such considerations may seem far-fetched and unworthy a scientific system; but the moralist will be the

first to allow how slight a cause may be that which finally biases our weak human will for good or for evil. Whether, however, we acknowledge the reflex effect which the names given to actions eventually have upon these actions themselves, or doubt the existence of such a power, we cannot but admit that the words of our daily conversation are no small indicators of the moral tone of our age and country.

"What, for instance, can we predicate of the appreciation for contemporary talent which a people possesses, when it can take in vain the names of its greatest authors and politicians, employing them in senses either degrading or comic? Yet this we find, centuries ago, to have been the persistent habit of our own nation, and we only fail to perceive this early prognostication of our decline and fall because of our ignorance of logography. This science tells us that when in the nineteenth century a man who had ascended too high, either on a mountain or in a career, was said to turn *dizzy*, or when a plausible rogue was said to *palm* off upon any one a sham for a reality, the English people was having its laugh at two of Victoria's most celebrated ministers.

"We discover, too, that one of the true poets of the period was sneered at by the vulgar, who seem to have called after him their copper coinage, implying a jeer at true poetry every time they called a halfpenny a *brown*.

"Not even its greatest novelists could the ungrateful spirit of the age spare ridicule and contemptuous notice. What must we think of the reverent admiration of our ancestors for their intellectual giants, when we find them telling each other to *hook* it, instead of depart, and using 'what the Dickens' as a synonym for 'what the deuce'? Their most distinguished philosopher they treated no better; and, on account, we presume, of his pugnacious attack upon Sir William Hamilton in the arena of metaphysics, John Stuart Mill is allowed to dignify a prize-fight with the undying lustre of his name. No evidence of the deteriorated moral tone of an age could, we think, be stronger than these few facts; even the nations who have allowed their illustrious authors to starve in obscurity have at least avoided heaping contumely upon neglect."

After a skilful recommendation of the science of what he terms logography, based upon these last discoveries, the lecture concludes, and with it our extracts must cease. Much though its conjectures and deductions may have entertained their clairvoyant readers, we may rest assured that they have not been of more amusement to us than our speculations upon their language are to our ancestors, if, by means of a spiritual Mudie, they keep themselves *au courant* with our literature.

THE ABYSSINIAN MISSIONS.

THE Egyptians have made frequent attempts to invade Abyssinia, under the pretext that the Christians of that country persecuted the Muhammadans. Sayyid Pasha inaugurated a campaign in the Sūdān, or Soudan, in 1856. But the European powers could not countenance the devastation of a Christian country by a black soldiery, who, in case of success, would have made slaves of the whole population, and they put their veto on the expedition through the consuls-general of Alexandria. Sayyid Pasha, annoyed at this interference with a favourite project, declared that the Sūdān was of no importance to him, except as the key to Abyssinia, and that he should leave it as it was, a mere market for slaves.

After the lapse of some time, when the pasha had recovered his temper, he sent an ambassador to Theodorus, in the person of the spiritual head of the Christians of Egypt, Abūna Daūd—David, patriarch of the Copts—in order to obtain guarantees of peace on the frontiers and security to the Mussulmans of the interior. David arrived at Debra (or Mount) Tabor in December, 1856. The first interview was anything but amicable. The king, with that distrust which is one of the striking features of his character, could not understand that a Christian prelate should be sent to him as an envoy by a Mussulman prince, and fancying that he must be a Mussulman disguised as a patriarch, he asked him if it was devotion of the cause of Christianity, or obedience to Sayyid Pasha, which had prompted him to come to Abyssinia.

The patriarch was, naturally, very indignant at such a reception. The Abyssinian church, founded in the fourth century, had always kept up hierarchical relations with the church of Alexandria. In order to strengthen these bonds, Tekla Haimanot, the patron saint of the Abyssinians, who lived in the twelfth century, when Oriental Christianity was threatened with extirpation by the Mussulmans, obtained a royal decree to the effect that the abūna, or patriarch of Abyssinia, should in future not be a native, but a learned Copt of Egypt, selected and consecrated by the patriarch of Alexandria. Hence it is that in these days of rapid writing some people designate the Abyssinian church as Coptic. The Abyssinian clergy adopted the liturgies and dogmas introduced by Frumentius, but never abided by the doctrines of the Coptic church; and hence the submission of the church to the patriarch continued in its hierarchical form, but without any theological sympathies. The slight bonds which held the two churches together were subjected to further trials by dissents that sprang up with the lapse of time in the country itself, as in the most celebrated of all, the question of the three births of Christ, which nearly involved the country in a civil war; but still more so by the labours of modern missionaries. The Protestants were first in the field, represented by Bishop Gobat, who arrived in 1830, and was followed by Moravian brethren, who made the introduction of the arts of civilisation precede all attempts at religious reformation. Monseigneur de Jacobis, who was designated by his church as Roman Catholic Bishop of Abyssinia, arrived in 1840. The Abyssinian patriarch dying shortly

after his arrival, Bishop Jacobis undertook to go himself to Alexandria to find a successor, and he returned with a young Copt, Salama by name, who had been, strange to say, a pupil in the Protestant school of Mr. Leider, at Cairo, and being thus suspected by the Roman Catholics of a tendency to religious reformation, he is denounced in unmeasured terms by writers in their interest. Monsieur Lejean, for example, not only declares that the Abyssinian patriarch is ignorant, proud, and usurious, but he accuses him with dealing in slaves, and of indulging in the grossest profligacy. But it might be asked why did Monseigneur Jacobis bring such a man, who, it is said, was further recommended by the British consul at Cairo, to place him at the head of the Abyssinian church? The answer is, that the Roman Catholic bishop expected to reign in his stead, and that he hoped that the incompetency of his nominee would secure to him the patriarchate of Abyssinia.

The pupil of Leider has, however, never exhibited a want of proper spirit. Having sided with Ubiyah, King of Tigray, in the war against Theodorus, the latter summoned Bishop Jacobis to his councils, and promised him the patriarchate if he would crown him sovereign of the country. Salama, on his side, excommunicated Theodorus and all who held by him; but as the Roman Catholic bishop replied by excommunicating the Abyssinian, the latter deemed it prudent to enter into negotiations, and to undertake to crown the pretender, provided he dismissed Bishop Jacobis. Theodorus was only too happy to make a concession, by which he ensured to himself the support of his own church, and he was crowned Negus Nagast za' Aithiopiya, "King of the Kings of Ethiopia," by Bishop Salama, whilst the Roman Catholic bishop was sent under an escort to the frontiers.

Bishop Gobat was in the mean time prosecuting his missionary labours, not by political intrigues, but by introducing the more humble arts of civilisation. A number of young Swabians and Swiss, educated for the purpose at the college of Chrischona, at Basle, were brought over to work in the good cause. Mr. Martin Flad, now one of the captives, and attached to this mission, arrived in 1856, and he was followed by others, who took up their abodes at Jenda and Darna, not far from the great lake Tzana, and in the province of Dembea; others established themselves at Gafat, about three miles from Debra Tabor. They were well received by Theodorus, who, however, employed them chiefly in the manufacture of arms, precisely the direction in which their education was most deficient.

Matters were in this condition, the German missionaries toiling as artificers, and the Lazarists expelled the country, when the Coptic patriarch David arrived. Irritated at the reception given to him, he had recourse to the terrible weapon, so much abused by prelates—he fulminated his excommunications against the Negus. But the latter had had some previous experience in these matters, when excommunications were interchanged between Jacobis and Salama, so he appealed to the latter against his episcopal rival. The emperor had assigned to each of the bishops a kind of zeriba, or enclosure of thorny plants, not far from his tent, where they were little better than prisoners, although treated with respect. David, advancing to the threshold of his portal, extended his arms in a threatening attitude towards the emperor's tent, and pronounced the canonical excommunication; whilst Salama, posted in the centre of

his *zeriba*, replied to it by a not less legal veto. The patriarch thereupon, turning to his suffragan, haughtily informed him that he was his superior, and that none could unbind those whom he had bound.

"You are my superior at Alexandria," replied Salama, who was tainted with Protestant heresies, "but in Abyssinia you are as nobody, and I am the head of the church."

"Rebellious priest!" exclaimed David, "I excommunicate you likewise, and my excommunication is the only one of any power here."

For two days, it is said, the dreaded formulas were exchanged between the two *zeribas*, to the great scandal of the soldiery, who no longer knew which to believe in of these two formidable opponents. The Negus himself was by no means grieved at the scepticism thus begat among his followers, for he is of the opinion of Louis XIV., that there ought to be no religion in a country but that which is professed by its ruler; he was also more or less afraid of the influence of the Coptic patriarch, whilst, as to his own church, he has, as is well known, done nothing but confiscate its property, persecute its priests, destroy its churches, and raze its *ghedems*, or temples and monasteries, which were the traditional asylums of the country.

The Coptic patriarch, David, is said, on his return to Cairo, to have adopted a peculiarly Oriental system of revenge. The Abyssinians possessed from remote times a convent or monastery at Jerusalem, founded by the ancient kings of Ethiopia for those who went in pilgrimage to the Holy Land. This convent, and the land connected with it, was sold, we are told, to the Russian bishop of Jerusalem for sixty thousand dollars, which went into the patriarch's strong-box.* The resident monks naturally rebelled; but the pasha, won over, it is said, by a *bakshish* of suitable amount, had them cast into prison, and he consecrated a spoliation which Theodorus has never forgiven to the Copts nor to their Mussulman patrons.

It is difficult to understand how, in the face of this unjust act of spoliation, the Armenian patriarch of Jerusalem can expect either a kindly reception for his envoy, or to influence the conduct of Theodorus in regard to his prisoners so unjustly detained. There is no doubt that Archbishop Isaiah had no hand in the sale or purchase of the Abyssinian monastery at Jerusalem; but writing, as he does, ostentatiously from the Holy Places, his letter is only calculated to awaken the bitterest reminiscences of a sovereign who claims descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

The following are copies of the letters transmitted by Bishop Sahak (Isaac) and Father Dimotheos (Timothy) to Theodorus, and which were handsomely illustrated with sacred subjects. The first letter was headed with a picture of our Saviour in chains. The presents consist of articles in olive-wood from the Mount of Olives, and mother-of-pearl from Bethlehem, chaplets, a sceptre made of wood from Abraham's oak, and a valuable gold cross, mounted with diamonds, and containing relics held in high veneration by Orientals. Besides these, the patriarch has thought proper to send with the bishop a complete and splendid suit of vestments, crosier, prayer-book, and communion plate, so as to enable

* Théodore II. : Le Nouvel Empire d'Abyssinie, p. 85. Par Guillaume Lejean.

him to perform high mass before the king in full canonicals, with accessories coming from the Holy City:

"We, Isaiah, Archbishop, and, by the grace of God, patriarch of the Armenians of Jerusalem, occupying the See of the Apostle St. James, present to you our apostolic salutations, and we pray God that he may load you with the blessings and merciful favours of the Holy City of Jerusalem, of Nazareth, of Bethlehem, of Jordan, of the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord Jesus Christ, of Golgotha, of the Mount of Ascension, of the Cenacle of Sion, and of all the holy and glorious places where the mysteries of the Incarnation of the Son of God, and of the Apostolic Church of St. James, brother of our Lord Jesus Christ, have been accomplished. May Heaven grant the prayers which we address to Him for the prosperity of your kingdom; may He largely bestow all celestial good upon the person of your majesty, upon your august family, and upon the whole state ruled over by your powerful sovereignty. So be it!

"Whilst thus offering to you the celestial blessings of these Holy Places, we wish also to inform your very gracious majesty of the desires entertained by our predecessors, of happy memory, to establish intimate relations, based upon a purely Christian charity, between them and your majesty; but the difficulties of intercommunication prevented their carrying these desires into execution. The same desires animated ourselves, since, two years ago, we were raised to the See of the Apostle St. James, to send our nuncio to appear at the foot of your throne, but the difficulties of the road lay in the way. Divine goodness has at length condescended to afford us a favourable opportunity of conveying to the knowledge of your very Christian majesty, by means of the present bull, the truly profound sympathy and the most respectful and sincere regard which we entertain for the person of your majesty. In order to give a still more marked proof of our deep veneration, we have deemed it fitting that it should be presented to your very Christian majesty by my vicar, the very Reverend Archbishop Sahak, and the very Honourable Father Dimotheos, member of the administrative council of the Apostolic See, both beloved and respected by us. They are also bearers for your majesty of a gold cross set with diamonds, which encloses a piece of the true cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, which we beg you to accept with favour, and to wear round your neck as a decoration worthy of a Christian king.

"Sire, our last predecessor, John V., of happy memory, had the extreme pleasure of entertaining his highness the minister of your majesty, who, in the year 1858 of our Saviour, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Places. He could not have failed to have observed the sympathy which we cherish in respect to your majesty, and the charitable attentions which we materially extend to the pious Ethiopians who come to Jerusalem, and who have been from time immemorial under the safeguard of our Apostolic See. We also, on our side, admired the benevolence and the pious sentiments of his highness, which were, most undoubtedly, inspired by your very Christian majesty, the person of your minister being only the worthy representative of the precious qualities of your majesty.

"Condescend, sire, to receive graciously the two humble servants, the very Reverend Archbishop Sahak and the very Honourable Father Dimotheos, and deign to grant them your private audience, and, at the same time, your high protection, until it shall please your majesty to give them leave to return. May the peace and the grace of God always be with you! So be it!

"Given at the Apostolic See of St. James, the 30th of March, in the year 1867 of our Saviour."

This is a letter of introduction for the very reverend and very honourable envoys, and it is not for us to criticise the terms in which Theodorus is spoken of as a "very Christian majesty." A second epistle concerns us more nearly:

"We, Isaiah, servant of Jesus Christ, and, by the grace of God, archbishop and patriarch of the Armenians of Jerusalem, and guardian of the Holy Places, present, with the divine blessings and the graces of the Holy City, our apostolic salutations to your very Christian majesty, sovereign of Ethiopia. May the celestial protection and the watchful eye of Divine Providence be always upon the person of your majesty, upon the royal family, and upon the whole state governed by your powerful sovereignty!

"We know, sire, the lofty prudence and the love of justice which characterise your majesty. We are still more enchanted at observing in your august person the true type of the queen of whom the Holy Scriptures speak in praise, and who entertained so strong a passion for the wisdom of King Solomon. It is, without doubt, the same blood that circulates in the veins of your majesty, the same equity as that of Solomon which inspires you. It is these precious qualities, which add so much lustre to your august person, that have encouraged us to place our humble prayers at the feet of your sublime throne.

"We feel assured that they will be conceded by your merciful majesty for the love of Jesus Christ, who gave us the example of humility and meekness in His person, and who has also enjoined us to visit all those who are oppressed and deprived of their liberty—a thing that is preferable to all worldly goods.

"We are animated by the same evangelical sentiments when we pray your very merciful majesty to set the English consul and his companions at liberty, and to pardon all the faults which they may have committed (or perhaps the passage might be read, to pardon the English consul and his companions, and to excuse them all the faults which they may possibly have committed). If our humble prayers shall be heard by your clemency, as we take pleasure in believing, we shall be infinitely obliged, and everybody will be delighted, as well as ourselves, at the indulgence which you shall have shown to the unfortunates. By such an act of philanthropy your majesty will only increase the number of those who pray for the prosperity of your state, and for the preservation of the precious life of your august person. May the peace and the grace of God be always with you! So be it!

"Given at the Apostolic See of St. James, the 30th of March, in the year 1867 of Our Saviour."

If there were any hopes that such Oriental and fulsome flattery could

find favour with the swarthy tyrant who calls himself "Emperor of Ethiopia," the style might be overlooked in the sympathy felt for our liberated countrymen. But, considering the bitter feelings entertained by his "most merciful majesty" in respect to his ejection from the Holy Places, there are no reasons for believing that Archbishop Isaac and Father Timothy will meet with any other fate than what befel Monseigneur Jacobis and the Coptic patriarch of Alexandria. Under such circumstances, to extol the sense of justice and equity of the sable monarch, to admit that the blood of Solomon flows through his veins, to sue for pardon for faults as yet unknown, and to plead for the envoys of her Britannic Majesty as "unfortunates" kneeling for mercy at the feet of a gracious reprobate, is an alternative so humiliating that the less we have to do with it the better. No high-principled English officer could be induced to accept even of liberty upon such terms.

What said the Emperor Theodorus himself of his reasons for imprisoning Consul Cameron?

"I asked him (Consul Cameron), 'Where is the answer to the friendly letter I entrusted you with? What have you come for?' He said to me, 'I do not know.' So I said to him, 'You are not the servant of my friend the Queen, as you had represented yourself to be,' and, by the power of my Creator, I imprisoned him."

Consul Cameron had no letter. The ever-suspicious monarch also charged the consul with abusing him in the presence of the Egyptians at Kassala. This the consul denies. Theodorus also, according to his own statement, imprisoned Monsieur Bardel because "he ungirt himself and covered his head with the cloth." "The other prisoners," he adds, as an excuse for imprisonment, "have abused me, I am well aware." Are these faults, supposing them to be true, punishable by perpetual detention, and for which the assumed guilty parties must sue for mercy? If there is any one who ought to sue for mercy, it is the tyrant who abuses his power by imprisoning consul, envoy, and missionaries. Theodorus is not a scion of the family of Menilek, which claimed descent from Solomon. The dynasty of Amlak claimed descent from the sole survivor of that family, massacred by a female Israelitish usurper. But that dynasty only reigned in virtue of an arrangement made by the famous Saint Abūna Tekla Haimanot; and the actual ruler of Tigray-Waagshun Gobazye is the true descendant and representative of the self-deposed dynasty, and enjoys, therefore, hereditary claims which Kassa Kuaranya, now Theodorus II., never put forth, except by the maternal side—a side which, according to some, was far from being of an aristocratic character, or in any way worthy of a descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. It may yet be in the power of Waagshun Gobazye to avenge the insult offered to his race in the person of this "very merciful" usurper.

If it is true that the Coptic patriarch sold the Abyssinian convent at Jerusalem to the Russians, or even an Abyssinian share in a Coptic convent, it might have been a question whether the agitation of the legality of such a sale, without regard to the claims of the Abyssinians, could not have been disputed; or whether its repurchase by the British, and restoration to the Abyssinians, who in return would most gladly have

set the captives at liberty, would not have been a cheaper proceeding than an armed interference. But there are those who put a different construction on the matter, and who assert that the present Abyssinian difficulties arose partly, at least, from the fact of British intervention in favour of the Abyssinians' admission to the Holy Sepulchre having been denied them, and from the representations made to King Theodorus in reference to this fact.

Now we all know how the question as to which party had a right to hold the keys of the Holy Sepulchre begat the Crimean war, and that in a centre of such antagonistic elements as Greeks, Russians, Armenians, Jews, and Jesuits, it is impossible to avoid being drawn into the conflicting vortex after the slightest connexion with any party in the Holy City has been once formed. For this reason it is highly desirable, however much the Abyssinian Christians may be oppressed in the Holy Land, and they are represented as among the few needy pilgrims who annually take refuge in the caves and grottoes of the Quarantine Mount, living upon what scanty fare they can procure from Jericho, or upon the fruits and roots of the plains of the Jordan, that all interest the Abyssinians claim in the favoured city be entirely disregarded, and especially in any phase of the question in which the Holy Sepulchre, the very crater of that great religious volcano, be brought to figure. The various sects which lay claim to, and are in possession of, the Holy Sepulchre, are, it is well known, in such a state of constant embroilment, that it is impossible to have anything whatever to do with them without becoming entangled in their quarrels and difficulties. We have already quite enough to do with the Jews enjoying British protection in Jerusalem, without engaging in anything of the kind as regards any of the various Christian sects, whether they be Greek, Armenian, Latin, or Abyssinian. As to the hardship of being excluded from the right of celebrating service in the Sepulchre, no one who has witnessed the confusion, the noise, the clash of brazen cymbals, and the ear-rending cries, or seen the contortions of bodies, and the scuffle and occasional riots, accompanied even by bloodshed, which are attendant upon these august ceremonies, and more particularly upon the disgraceful exhibitions which ensue upon the coming down of the holy fire from heaven, would wish to see these augmented by the admission of the Abyssinians into the sanctum.

More than one attempt—not the least barefaced of which was the transmission of a false telegram—has been made, however, to enlist public favour and attention for Bishop Isaac, whom we have seen above has been sent out with a letter, the fulsome flattery of which was supposed to be so irresistible that the recreant King Theodorus would be melted to tears by it, and liberate the captives in a fit of penitence, or else be induced to do so by the presents forwarded by the Armenian patriarch, consisting chiefly of various relics and souvenirs of Jerusalem, in which the inhabitants drive a roaring trade. Unfortunately, the predilections of the meek King of Abyssinia are all for rifles and great guns, and it is much to be feared that he will not fully appreciate the advantages of wearing a piece of the true cross upon his bronzed chest.

What the motives were which induced the patriarch to risk the life of his beloved Bishop Isaac and Councillor Timothy on so dangerous an

errand, whether they merely sprang from a nice sense of Christian duty and sympathy with the fate of the captives, is a question which, however immaterial it may appear to some, is not without interest from its connexion with this Abyssinian affair. It is well known that for some years the Armenian church have been endeavouring to enter into intercommunion with the Church of England, and by those means, it has been supposed, engage our interest in their affairs, especially in their relations to the Holy Sepulchre, which are entirely unsupported by any government, whilst the Catholics enjoy the countenance of the French, Spanish, and Italian governments, and the Greeks and Syro-Greeks that of the Russians. It will be observed that the Armenian patriarch speaks in one of his missives of the pious Ethiopians having been from time immemorial under the safeguard of the Apostolic See of St. James; but this is in the same general sense that his lordship speaks of himself in his second letter as "guardian of the Holy Places"—a proud title, the assumption of which is enough to bring down fire and flames upon the devoted city. There is, however, more than the mere religious question revealed in this desire to cultivate the friendship of England. The Armenians are, it is true, divided into two sects—the old Armenians and the Roman Catholic Armenians—but they still constitute, next to the Greeks, the most numerous, the most intelligent, the most industrious, and the most wealthy Christian population of the Turkish Empire; and in view of the possible breaking up of Mussulman rule in the East, and the claims of the aboriginal Christians being brought forward, they would like to have the sympathies of England on their side. The feeling is not in any way a frivolous one, or one that ought to be treated as such in the case of certain eventualities.

Be this, however, as it may—whether solely in the interest of the Holy Places, or in the more general interests of the great Armenian population (and the action taken by Archbishop Isaiah was, it is to be remarked, preceded by the interference of Boghos, "chief of the bishops and patriarch of the Armenians" at Constantinople)—there can be little doubt that, by endeavouring to gain our good will, both patriarchs hoped to obtain our special favour, and lay a claim to our gratitude, for it is admitted that the Armenian clergy at Constantinople and at Jerusalem are never tired of saying that nothing lies nearer their hearts than an alliance with their Protestant brethren, and that there is nothing short of heresy they would not comply with to attain so desirable an object. The Armenians of Jerusalem may be open to the sneer that this is done with a view to English support of their claims at the Holy Places, but this would scarcely apply to their brethren of Constantinople, who must have higher and more praiseworthy motives in view.

It has been argued, that if there is any man in Jerusalem who, by his knowledge of the country, his acquaintance with the king, and the success which always attended his endeavours to convert the Abyssinians, could have any influence in obtaining the release of the captives, it is Bishop Gobat. As his lordship says, bearing witness to himself in his own book, he was invariably treated with the greatest esteem and respect during his stay in Abyssinia by the king, by his right-hand counsellor, Bell, who had been previously attached to the Euphrates expedition, and

the Abyssinian clergy. But the Roman Catholics naturally do not credence to what is contained in the bishop's own book. "It costs much," says M. Lejean, "to speak severely of a man whose good intentions and personal morality are above all suspicion, but never did I ever see Abyssinia through a more opaque blindness than Bishop Gobat. He was intelligent and devoted, but vain, credulous, and simple; he is to say, the man the least adapted to have influence upon the minds of the most deceitful and the most 'Byzantine' people that are to be met with in the East. He traversed the country for three years, talking, discussing with the *debteras* and the Amhara priests, who for a few glasses of *tedj* would make any possible concessions, and who paid him with hyperbolical praises, which he enregistered in his journal as an incredible amount of naïveté."

Be this as it may, it is certain that the Moravian brethren and missionaries from Chrischona, who followed in Bishop Gobat's footsteps, rattled the whole mission by proselytising and declaring war against ignorant traditions of the Abyssinians, and that it was through them directly, as concerns the captive missionaries, and indirectly, as concerns Consul Cameron and his companions, the present difficulties have arisen. It would certainly not appear, then, that Bishop Gobat, even if supported by the united influence of England and Prussia, is the proper man to send out to Abyssinia. He would, in all probability, only become one more among the sufferers in captivity. As to the Armenians, a similar sad fate may await it; but that is not so certain, as it is not clear that Theodorus can trace any connexion between the treatment he and his clergy have received at Jerusalem and the church which professes to have befriended the Abyssinians from time immemorial. Enough, then, it is impossible to approve of the fulsome adulatory language and the mean supplicating tone which the Oriental church has thought proper to adopt, still the issue of the mission cannot but be treated with interest, and if the Armenians should so far entitle themselves to our gratitude, we hope it will not be viewed in that exclusive manner which seems to be inseparable from all religious and missionary efforts, and by which it is sought to associate the mission with a mere desire to establish supremacy, under the British protection, at the Holy See.

VOLTAIRE AS A SCHOLAR.

MUCH has been written in reference to "the man calling himself Voltaire," and we have even at the present moment a biography going through the press by Francis Espinasse, in which the times in which the brilliant Frenchman lived are depicted along with his life; but, strange to say, little has been placed on record concerning his boyhood, a subject which, in relation to a person of such a strangely sceptical turn of mind, has, however, important bearings. It is not even generally known that Voltaire was educated by the Jesuits. The reason why Monsieur Arouet, a magistrate and person of a certain social position in the good city of Paris, placed his younger son at the College of Louis le Grand was because that establishment was in the eighteenth century favoured by the aristocracy. Gresset, the author of "*La Chartreuse*," took the extravagant license—extravagant for either poetry or Gallicism—of saying that it was there that the youth of the descendants of heroes and of gods was formed. We can only suppose that the poet had in his mental eyes the mythological personages of the Hôtel Rambouillet. The College of Louis le Grand preserved this aristocratic reputation until it was transformed into the head-quarters of the University of Paris. To place a child with the Jesuits was to assure him useful friends for the future—connexions which might some day assist him in the great struggle of life. What a chance for a boy to have played at football or to have run races with a Mare-René d'Argenson, inevitably destined one day to be a minister!

The protection of the R.R.P.P. was not also a thing at that time to be despised. As to the character of the studies, they were precisely the same as at the university, after the same fashion, and carried out with the same success. Each institution boasted of its celebrated men; Tour-nemine, Le Jay, Porée, and others among the Jesuits rivalled the best reputations in the university—not even omitting Rollin himself. François-Marie Arouet, for that was the name of the boy who was to be Voltaire—the friend of Frederick the Great—was transmitted to the charge of Père le Ricart, rector of the college, at ten years of age, and he was placed under the especial care of Père Thoulier, known in the world of letters as Abbé Olivet. This was in 1704.

There were at that epoch five hundred resident pupils at the College of Louis le Grand, but they were not all upon the same footing. The mass carried out their studies in spacious halls. But arrangements could be made, by certain payments in excess of the 400 francs (little more than 16*l.* a year) contributed by each, by which certain privileges could be obtained, even to the extent of a private room, a private tutor, and a servant for attendance. But as there were not always rooms enough for all the young lords and opulent commoners who sought these advantages, they were generally secured a long time in advance. There were from thirty to forty of these first-class boarders. An equal number of rooms were allotted to small groups, generally of five, who studied together for a less consideration. Each of these groups had what was called its prefect, who was tutor and guardian, and often acted as a kind of parent to his pupils. Young Arouet belonged to the latter class, under Père Thoulier.

On the 2nd of September, 1786, he wrote to D'Alembert: "Is it true that our dean, D'Olivet, has had a stroke of apoplexy? I am anxious on the matter. The Abbé d'Olivet is a good man, and I have always loved him. Besides, he was my prefect in the time when there were Jesuits. Do you know that I have seen Père le Tellier and Père Bourdaloue pass by, I who speak to you?" A letter has also been recently published from Père Thoulhier to Voltaire, dated January 3, 1767. The old preceptor was then eighty-five years of age, and his pupil was verging on seventy-three. "Good day and a happy new year to you, illustrious brother! Is it not so that our ancient Gauls wrote to one another on a similar occasion? And why should we change our style? We have a degree of cold here that reminds me of the winter of 1709. It also recalls to my mind another reminiscence. It is that we were shivering by the side of a bad fire. You were at that time my disciple, and now I am yours. At that time I loved you, and you did not hate me."

Young Arouet penned verses before he was twelve years of age. A soldier who had been invalided from the Dauphin's regiment wished to recommend himself to the prince on the occasion of the new year. To this effect he applied to one of the regents of the college, who referred him to Arouet, and the latter wrote some verses, which not only procured a few louis for the veteran, but which also attracted notice at Versailles. Monsieur Arouet may not have been altogether pleased with such precocious success, but if so, he did not show it, except by recommending studies of a more sedate character. The Abbé Châteauneuf, the school-boy's godfather, was, on the other hand, delighted. He not only spoke in praise of him in the presence of his family, but also to Ninon de l'Enclos, who expressed her wish to see so promising a boy. Voltaire has placed his visit to Ninon on record in his "*Mélanges Littéraires*." "The Abbé Châteauneuf took me to her house in my earliest youth. I was about thirteen years of age. I had written some verses which were worthless, but which appeared to be good for my age." After Ninon had complimented him upon his poetic ability, "She exhorted me," he adds, "to continue to make verses, when she ought rather to have exhorted me not to write any more." Voltaire also depicts Ninon as she appeared to him, a wrinkled mummy, having nothing but a yellow skin on her bones. She was at that time eighty-five years of age. "She was pleased," he further adds, "to notice me in her will, having left me two thousand francs to buy books. Her decease followed shortly upon my visit and the making of her will."

Collegiate academies are said to be an invention of the Jesuits. The "*Ratio Studiorum*" of Saint Ignatius prescribes their adoption in all the colleges of the society. The College of Louis le Grand had hence its academy, in which pieces in prose or verse were read in French, Latin, or Greek, and then discussed. Young Arouet became one of the most brilliant academicians in his college during the later years of his studies. Led astray, however, according to one of the biographers of his youth—M. Alexis Pierron*—by the Abbé de Châteauneuf, who was, it appears, not only a friend of Ninon de l'Enclos, but also a free thinker, young

* Voltaire et ses Maîtres: episode de l'Histoire des Humanités en France. Par Alexis Pierron.

Arouet appears, on some occasion when Père le Jay, one of the two presidents of rhetoric, presided, to have emitted some ideas or opinions of a most heterodox character. The president is said to have been so shocked, as to have exclaimed, "Unfortunate child! you will be the Coryphæus of Deism!" and seizing him by the collar, to have given him a good shaking. The future Voltaire may thus be said to have manifested the sceptical turn of his mind in his earliest years whilst even under the care of the Jesuits.

The latter part of the scholastic year 1709-1710 was marked by triumphant successes on the part of young Arouet. Rousseau was at that epoch at the apogee of his glory, and was considered to be the first of living poets. He was intimate with the Jesuits, old Père Tarteron especially, and honoured the distribution of prizes with his presence. The name of Arouet having struck him on one of these occasions, he inquired if the youth, who was bending under the weight of prizes and crowns, was not the son of the treasurer of the *Chambre des Comptes*. Père Tarteron replied in the affirmative, and added that young Arouet had shown a marvellous aptitude for poetry. It is said that Rousseau embraced the youth on both cheeks, congratulating him, and prognosticating to him a brilliant future. According to some the scholar, on being presented to the poet, was so carried away by enthusiasm, as to have spontaneously cast himself round his neck.

Rousseau and Voltaire both, however, give a very different account of their first interview. Rousseau says, that some ladies having conducted him to the College of Louis le Grand, he manifested some curiosity to see the son of Monsieur Arouet, whose precocious talent had been mentioned to him. He adds, however, that the physiognomy of the young man did not please him. Voltaire does not deny that Rousseau came to see him at college, but he complains that he did not say all. He ought to have added, "that he paid me this visit because his father had provided my parent with shoes for twenty years, and because my father obtained a situation for him, which it would have been desirable for him to keep; but he was driven from it for having disavowed his origin. He might also have added that my father, all my relatives, and those whom I studied under, forbade me to see him; for such was his reputation that, when a scholar made an error, it used to be said, 'You will be a real Rousseau.' I do not know why my physiognomy displeased him; it was apparently because I had brown hair and my mouth was not awry." These are the kind of amenities in which Voltaire indulged in a letter written in 1736 to the editors of the "*Bibliothèque Française*." "Voltaire," M. Pierron says, "was possessed at that time with the deepest hatred of Rousseau. He had just reduced an exiled and unfortunate old man to beggary, by inducing Prince Eugène to withdraw his support, and his pen completed the work by calumny and scandal."

As a result of the prizes won in August, 1710, young Arouet, then sixteen and a half years of age, passed into the class of Père le Jay for Latin, and of Père Porée for French. It is remarkable that Voltaire, who has written over and over again in praise of Père Porée, has never alluded a single time to Père le Jay. It is supposed that he bore him a grudge for the academical scene. Not that he was in open hostility against his teacher; on the contrary, he is said to have done all in his

power to conciliate his kindly feelings. He paraphrased, in French, a Latin ode, which Le Jay had composed in honour of Sainte Geneviève, and it was printed in 1759 as by "François Arouet, étudiant en rhétorique et pensionnaire au Collège de Louis le Grande." Voltaire, however, denied the authorship in after-times. In reference to a change in the opening of "*La Pucelle*," from "Vous m'ordonnez de célébrer les saints" to "Je ne suis né pour célébrer les saints," Voltaire intimates that this line gives the lie to those editors of his works who have attributed to him an ode to Sainte Geneviève, of which he assuredly was not the author. Voltaire not only disliked being supposed to advocate the cause of saints, but in this instance he had not even got a saint to deal with.

Père le Jay was a conscientious and estimable man, but he is not said to have put himself out of his way to win over his scholars; Père Porée was, on the contrary, a most amiable person. "Nothing will efface from my heart," Voltaire wrote, over thirty years afterwards, "the memory of Père Porée, who is equally dear to all who have studied under him. Never did man render study and virtue more attractive. The hours of his lessons were to us delicious hours; and I should have liked him to have been established in Paris, as at Athens, so that one could have attended such lessons at all ages. I should often have been to hear them." This is in a letter to Père de la Tour, rector of the College of Louis le Grand; and when Voltaire is found praising a dead Jesuit to one living and in power, a reason may be found for it. In this case it was simply that Voltaire wanted a good word from the Jesuits to assure his admission into the Academy.

Few pupils remained in the college after the classes of rhetoric; almost all returned to their families without entering upon a course of philosophy. The latter was looked upon as a preparation for theological studies, and not as an indispensable complement to a general education; that is to say, philosophy as expounded by the Jesuits. Monsieur Arouet, like others, therefore withdrew his son from college after he had passed the classes of Le Jay and Porée. It was his intention to set him to study the law, as he had already done with his elder brother, and that not in its speculative branches only, but in the practical, and to bind him to a solicitor or a notary.

It was one of the customs at the College of Louis le Grand to perform plays, and this pretty frequently, too. There was "*La Petite Comédie*" and "*La Grande Comédie*." Little comedy consisted in the enacting of comical pieces; great comedy, in the performance of tragical plays. The comical pieces were brief, and generally in Latin prose, with French verses interpolated. They were chiefly played at the *Ludi minores*, which preceded the distribution of prizes, whilst the great comedies were reserved for the *Ludi solemnnes*, performed at the time of the distribution of prizes. They were Latin tragedies, almost always in five acts. It is to be supposed that Voltaire, who carried away so many prizes, did not neglect the opportunities of distinction afforded by the college boards no more than in the other literary exercises which accompanied the *Ludi solemnnes*, but he makes no allusion to them in his writings. The Ode to Sainte Geneviève and the Soldier's Petition do not, however, constitute all his youthful productions. An ode, or rather a translation, entitled

"Le Vrai Dieu," is attributed to him, and so disgusted was he with it in after life, that he speaks of it as an ode "which seems to be penned by a coachman of Vertamon turned Capucin," and attributes it to Père Lefèvre, who, in reality, indited the original in Latin.

Voltaire, although M. Pierron denies to him the attribute of ever having been a Greek scholar, further amused himself with putting little Anacreontic verses and some of the smaller pieces of the anthology into French verse. These were formerly much sought for by collectors, and he himself had recourse to some of them occasionally, as in the verses on Galatea, addressed to Madame de Pompadour :

Si Pygmalion la forma,
Si le ciel anima son être,
L'amour fit plus : il l'enflamma ;
Sans lui, que servirait de naître ?

As also another quatrain :

Léandre, conduit par l'amour,
En nageant disait aux orages :
'Laissez-moi gagner les rivages ;
Ne me noyez qu'à mon retour.'

These were both borrowed from antiquity. But the most startling thing of all that was accomplished by young Arouet when at college was admittedly an impromptu. One day Père Porée said to his scholars, "Speak as Nero might do at the moment that he is about to kill himself." Arouet at once declaimed :

De la mort d'une mère exécrable complice,
Si je meurs de ma main, je l'ai bien mérité ;
Et, n'ayant jamais fait qu'actes de cruauté,
J'ai voulu, me tuant, en faire un de justice.

It has been said that Arouet was recorded in the college register as "Puer ingeniosus, sed insignis nebulo." But this is supposed to be the invention of his enemies. At the time it was first put in circulation, the college registries and the Jesuits themselves were no longer in existence. Voltaire was a good pupil at college, a little wild and thoughtless perhaps, but his masters could not help liking him. He certainly was not an angel, no more than La Pucelle was a saint; nor yet was he that demon created by the retrospective hatred of Joseph de Maistre, the probable inventor of the "insignis nebulo," or, at all events, the hander down of a tradition without foundation.

This is about all that is known of the school days of Voltaire ; as to how much or how little he was indebted to the Jesuit fathers for his future success and distinction is quite another thing. Some would attribute everything that was good in him to the learned fathers, and everything that was bad to his own unreclaimable evil nature. Others, like M. Pierron, will have it that he never learned anything out of school. In a matter like this it is perhaps as well to have the opinion of Voltaire himself. In a dialogue on education, in the "*Dictionnaire Philosophique*," the writer places a counsellor and his former Jesuit tutor in presence. The father complains of the treatment which he has received at the hands of parliament, and of his former pupil—he who had never done any but good works. "I taught you once," he says, "to read Desparrière and Cicero, the verses of Commirus and of Virgil, the Christian pedagogue

and Seneca, the Psalms of David in scullery Latin, and the odes of Horace to the brown Lalage and the fair Ligurius, *flavam religanti comam*, binding up his yellow locks. In one word, I did what I could to educate you well, and here is my reward!"

"Truly," replies the counsellor, "you gave me an edifying education! It is true that I took an interest in the fair Ligurius. But when I came into the world I wanted to speak, and every one laughed at me. It was in vain that I quoted the odes to Ligurius and the Christian pedagogue: I did not know if Francis I. had been made prisoner at Pavia, nor where Pavia is; the very country in which I was born was unknown to me; I was neither acquainted with the principal laws nor with the interests of my country; not a word of mathematics, not a word of sound philosophy: I knew Latin and 'des sottises.'" At last the counsellor concludes: "Well, I will give you four hundred francs from my private purse. It is what Jean Despautère did not teach me in his contributions to my education."

It is quite clear from the work of Père Jouvency, "*De Ratione Discedi et Docendi*," published at the very time when Voltaire was at college, that what the latter denounced was but too true. Jouvency advocates the study of the classics, but does not say one word concerning mathematics, history, geography, or natural history. As to modern languages, no one at that time thought of them. Even Greek was little taught, if at all; and as to French, the boys learnt it as English boys used to learn English at many grammar schools, through the medium of the Latin grammar, or as they best could. Rollin was the first to break through the trammels of these olden prejudices. He not only wrote a "*Traité des Etudes*," which advocated a more expansive education than the sole study of Latin authors, but he also wrote it in French, which scandalised the professors of the university as much as the Jesuits. The great French writers were, indeed, banished by the latter altogether. Pascal and Port Royal were utterly proscribed. Bossuet was barely tolerated. Boileau and Racine were suspected of heresy, and carefully excluded: Molière had penned "*Tartufe*:" that was quite enough. Their own writers were, on the other hand, extolled to the skies; and yet the fame of only one—Bourdoulou—has survived. Bouhours was far more celebrated—looked upon at the time as the great man of the Jesuits; his works are now utterly unknown, except in a few obscure schools. Latin was all and everything; it was, in fact, synonymous with "humanity," and the classics were spoken of as the "humanities," and scholars as "humanists"—a practice which still obtains in many places. Was Voltaire a humanist or a mere amateur? and if the latter, what rank did he take? is one of the questions which M. Pierron proposes to himself to decide. Voltaire was most certainly not one of those who laid by his classics when he left college. He read and re-read his Horace, and his Virgil, and his other old school friends, up to an extreme old age. Latin ever divided his time with English, mathematics, physics, poetry, and history. "Madame la Marquise du Châtelet," he wrote to Thiriot, "read at my bedside the '*Tusculani*' of Cicero, in the language of that illustrious babbler; and then she read me the fourth epistle of Pope '*On Happiness*.'" Horace constituted the favourite subject of conversation between Frederick the Great and Voltaire. The old man of Ferney penned one of his best epistles to Horace at the age of eighty-seven.

M. Pierron declares, however, that Voltaire was no "humanist," and only an amateur of a certain order. A letter written to Père Bouhours, he says, may be in Latin, but it is in detestable Latin. Not a boy in a fifth class but could detect errors in it. What is most difficult he says to understand, is how Voltaire could have written such a letter, and how, after writing it, he had the audacity to send it. No doubt young Arouet could, when at college, pen a page of correct, if not elegant, latinity; but such a talent can only be kept up, like others, by practice, and Voltaire, thirty years afterwards, had utterly lost the power. One or two letters written, however, at a subsequent date to the Abbé d'Olivet exhibit some traces of the olden facility or success; but as they would not bear the critical eye of a Scaliger, so also have they not been allowed to escape the pungent corrections of M. Pierron.

Voltaire's Latin verses are better known than his Latin prose. They are also better; or, to speak in the reticent language of M. Pierron, they are "less bad." One of his first-known essays in this line was a distich over the gateway of the Château de Cirey, in 1736:

Ingens incepta est, fit parvula casa; sed ævum
Degitur hic felix, et bene, magna sat est.

It is astonishing how many faults can be found by a jaundiced eye in these two lines. First, they are not original; the idea belongs to Socrates. Next, they are false. Cirey, notwithstanding its fair Emilie, who understood Newton, read Cicero, Tasso, and Pope at the poet's pillow, played piquet and drank champagne, was "a hell," we are told. Last of all, the hexameter is not an hexameter. It is a false quantity. Two lines affixed as a motto to a "Memoir on the Nature of Heat," sent in to the Academy by Voltaire, in 1738,

Ignis ubique latet, naturam amplectitur omnem,
Cuncta parit, renovat, dividit, unit, alit,

have been extolled by Condorcet and D'Alembert as models of precision and energy. But, according to M. Pierron, the second line is barbarous. "Unit" is a French, not a Latin word; and the play of words reminds one of

Pallida luna pluit, rubicunda fiat, alba serenat.

In some verses to Cardinal Quirini, in 1745, Voltaire is also accused of speaking of the exchange made by Sarpedon, instead of by Glaucus, and of Quirini for Quirites.

A more ambitious distich, penned in honour of Pope Benedict XIV., Lambert by name,

Lambertinus hic est, Romæ decus, et pater orbis,
Qui terram scriptis docuit, virtutibus ornat,

did not escape criticism even at the time when it was penned. Benedict himself mentioned, in a letter to Voltaire, that some people had found fault with *hic*, which should be always long; but the worthy Pope sided with the poet, and declared that Virgil himself sometimes used it short, as

Solus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labantem.

Voltaire, in his reply, declared that he was obliged to admit the infalli-

bility of the Pope in literary, as well as in other matters, and he quotes a line in proof:

Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis.

But Pierron declares, that supposing *hic* to be short by nature, it would be long by position before *vir*; and he denounces the distich as sinning not in quantity, but in construction, harmony, and style—in fact, in its Latinity. The second line should have been a pentameter. When the Romans penned inscriptions in verse, they were in elegiac distichs, not in continuous heroic verse. Yet was this Voltaire's chef-d'œuvre in Latin. It helped to open the doors of the Academy to him, and he was inscribed as "Museo" in the archives of Rome. A letter in Latin verse to M. Amman is in the same manner declared to be miserable, and unworthy of any modern Latin poet. An inscription for the School of Surgery, written at the request of the Comte de Rochefort, in 1773,

Arte manus regitur, genius præluet utrique,

is also declared to err grievously in the word *genius*, which does not signify "le génie," but the god that presides at the birth of man—"genius natale comes qui temperat astrum." If the criticism is sound, our English word *genius* is equally in error, unless we suppose, as is advocated for "le génie," it came from *ingenium*.

Quirinus dissuaded Horace from carrying wood to the forest. Voltaire concluded his article on Commirus with, "In silvam ne ligna feras." Pierron declares that Voltaire himself did not even carry wood, but only briars; that he indited bad Latin verses, and Latin prose that was worthless. To write a page of Latin prose or a piece of Latin verse is to show that one knows some Latin, but not that one knows Latin—that one is truly a humanist. There are many examples among the Jesuits and others of men whose Latin writings are not without merit, and who were yet poor philologists. There are, on the other hand, very learned philologists who penned bad Latin verses, or have written their commentaries in vile Latin verse. It is not that they precisely cultivated, as Voltaire did, barbarisms, solecisms, and false quantities, but their Latin is German, English, anything you like: but it is not Virgil or Cicero; it is not even Silius Italicus or Suetonius.

We have noticed some little anacreontic verses taken from the anthology by Voltaire, but it must not be imagined that he who was not even a good Latinist had any pretensions to Greek scholarship. Pierron is even cruel enough to suggest that, as La Motte rhythmized the prose of Madame Dacier, young Arouet did the same thing; or he may have done more than La Motte could do—he may have taken the Latin translation for his text. But there is no question that Voltaire learned Greek, and under his Jesuit masters he may have got so far as to master a fable of Esop's or an Anacreontic verse, but not to master the anthology, which presents many difficulties. Yet it would have made the old man of Ferney bound up from his chair to have insinuated doubts as to his profound intimacy with the Greek authors. He gives us to understand, in his dedication of *Orestes* to the Duchess of Maine, that he had made himself intimately acquainted with Euripides and Sophocles. There is no doubt that Voltaire did set to work for a moment at Cirey to study

Greek. He even got a copy of Demosthenes sent to him; but he complained, in a letter to Thiriot (April 3, 1739), that he could not get on with it as well as with his Euclid. The fancy, however, soon passed by; he had to accompany his marchioness into Belgium, where he complains that, when he had to get up the "*Utopie de Thomas Morus*," the Belgians did not know what "*Utopia*" meant. Nor had Voltaire himself ever read "*Morus*," as he calls him. In his "*Conseils à un Journaliste*," Voltaire also advocates the study of Greek, and writes as if he had collated the translations of the *Iliad* by La Motte, and of Demosthenes by Tourreil, with the originals. Pierron declares that he was utterly incompetent for such a task, and that all he sought for was to make the world believe that he was deeply versed in Greek literature. It is not probable that Voltaire ever renewed his attempt of 1739; he had had enough of it, and he kept himself aloof from such hard work for the rest of his life. When he wrote his *Orestes*, the most Grecian of what he calls his Greek pieces, he troubled himself as little with the text of Sophocles as he did for his *Ædipus*. When Voltaire blames the translator of Pindar—Chabanon—for having noticed Cowper as the prince of English lyric poets, instead of Dryden, and adds that he prefers the latter's "*Feast of Alexander*" a hundred times better than all Pindar put together, Pierron, and so we fancy would Cookesley, declares that it is simply because he knew English better than Greek. But if Voltaire's sleepless vanity led him at times to attitudinise, rather by implication than by actual presence, as a profound Greek scholar, so, under the influence of more modest impulses, he sometimes repudiated the pleasant illusion. "Take care not to suppose that I am a Grecian," he wrote to Chabanon, who was a Greek scholar, "for I am the man in the world who is the least Greek." And again, in a dedicatory epistle to Richelieu, he wrote: "It is neither to the general nor to the most amiable of Frenchmen that I now address myself; I speak only to my dean. As he knows Greek as well as I do, I will quote Hesiod to him, as saying in his *Erga kai imeraï*, known to all courtiers, in formal terms:

*Kai keramais keramai kotei, kai tektoni tekton,
Kai ptokos ptoko phdonei kai acidon acido."*

The potter is enemy of the potter, the mason of the mason, the beggar envies the beggar, the singer the singer, and so on.

The contemporaries of Voltaire did not know that their hero, although not only an Academician, but dean of the Academy, was not precisely a prodigy of erudition. Does *Erga kai imeraï* indicate that Voltaire was joking? or did he laugh in his sleeve to the end at "*le peuple le plus spirituel*" on the face of the earth? His successful mysticism was certainly not the least of his talents, and the more amusing, as always subdued, whereas his other gifts could not be held out in a too dazzling or a too glaring light.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XXVIII.

THE merchant ship, which, by one of those singular coincidences that sometimes happen, bore the name of the person for whose sake Guy at the moment wished so much to live, was, as I said before, bound for New York. She was well manned, admirably built, lightly weighted, and a very quick sailer. The morning succeeding the storm was gloriously fine, a light and favourable breeze filled all the sails of the tidy little craft, and swiftly bore her onwards to her destination. The first-rate man-of-war, commanded by Captain Seymour, required a stronger wind to make equal speed, and, owing to this, the *Terrible* was later in reaching the busy port of the western world. Her noble captain was right glad to be again on shore, and proposed to himself enjoying many a "spree" in company with his favourite and boon companion, Strickland. His good humour had continued unabated since the evening of Guy's fancied death, and the crew, shrewd as the lower classes generally are in scanning the actions of their superiors, did not fail to connect the remarkable change in some way with the untimely fate of the "fine young fellow, Douglas." The officers thought more deeply, but said nothing even to one another. Some of them happened to be aware not only of the family connexion of the parties—with which, indeed, all the ship's company were acquainted—but likewise of the probability of their captain inheriting his mother-in-law's fortune. Consequently, a dark conviction filled the mind of every man on board that the apparent accident by which Guy had perished had been more than a mere casualty.

Among the circumstances calculated to excite suspicion of foul play were the cut rope, the fall of the captain against his young connexion, which precipitated him overboard, dimly seen by the men aloft, and, above all, the furious manner in which he gave the counter-order to the one issued to succour the drowning youth. It seemed as if an evil spirit had raised the storm and whirled away the handkerchief on purpose to place the plotter in a position of temptation; and, even as things had occurred, it is unlikely that he would have hazarded so bold an attempt, had it not been for his vice of drinking. His previous rotations and confidences with Strickland had both tended to heighten at the moment his natural antipathy towards Guy, and had so far bewildered his intellect as to render him uncalculating as to the possibility of the intended victim's being by some chance rescued from a watery grave. His indulgence in the same vice still continued to delude him when the event was past. He conversed every day over the bottle with his first-lieutenant in the gayest manner; generally went on deck in so great a state of exhilaration as to render him unobservant of the dark looks of the men and coolness of the officers, which in similar circumstances—if such had been possible—Guy's

unclouded intellect and penetrating eye would instantly have detected. He was, in short, all security and self-congratulation; and, after writing a touching and eloquent account of his brother-in-law's untimely fate to his family by the first steamer that sailed for England, he plunged into all the amusements the place afforded. The hours flew past in drinking and dissipation, and at last the time came when he must sail again.

The day before his departure, he gave a dinner on board his ship to some of his convivial friends. The entertainment was splendid, the glass circulated freely, toast after toast was given, and pledges were quaffed without number. The captain was singularly mirthful and pleasant, making every one wonder that a man who *could* be so polished and amusing should ever choose to be otherwise. The laughter occasioned by the jests which flew round rendered the gentlemen in the cabin unconscious of a sudden murmur that arose on deck just as the party were about to disperse. A minute after a sailor appeared at the door of the cabin, and told Captain Seymour that some one wanted to speak to him upon business, understanding that he was to sail next morning.

"Show him in!" vociferated the bon-vivant, rather impatiently, being about to accompany his friends to a ball at the English consul's. "But who the devil is it who comes so late in the day, to disturb the hours that should be dedicated to mirth and wine?"

"It is an officer appointed to the *Dauntless*, who is on his way to England to join his ship," answered the messenger, with an odd kind of smile.

"What's his name?" demanded the other, carelessly.

"He did not say, sir," replied the man, smiling more broadly than before.

"Confound the fellow! what do you stand grinning at in that way?" shouted Captain Seymour, relapsing into his usual tyrannical manner, as a singular sensation of dread crept over him. "Show him in, I say. An officer appointed to the *Dauntless*! What the deuce can he want with me? It cannot be any despatches from the Admiralty, as he is going home to join his ship, and I am not acquainted with Stormont, who is to command her."

The honourable captain had just muttered—rather thickly—the last part of his speech, when the tall form of Guy Douglas appeared at the door. In he came, looking, if possible, more imposing than ever. Repose and security had rounded and coloured his cheek; his eye not only sparkled with its native brilliancy, but was more than usually lighted up with the fire of excitement, occasioned by suppressed but burning indignation; while his mouth, generally so expressive of generosity and good temper, was compressed by the effort he made to maintain complete self-command. Seymour pushed back his chair with a look of ghastly horror, as if he saw a spectre, exclaiming, as he did so, "Douglas, by ——!" while Guy coolly seated himself in a chair placed for him by one of the men in attendance, after politely bowing round to the company, while he made an apology for his intrusion; then, turning towards his brother-in-law, he quietly said,

"You perceive, Seymour, that I have escaped my perilous plunge

overboard, though I ran a narrow risk of being drowned. The vessel that picked me up was bound for this port, where I have been ever since, but as I found letters awaiting me which announced my exchange into the *Dauntless*, commanded by my uncle's friend, old Stormont, I kept quite quiet for a little while for reasons of my own. Hearing, however, that you were to sail to-morrow, I have come to take away my things and bid you farewell, wishing you the prosperous voyage you so well deserve; and I sincerely hope," he continued, looking round at one or two of the junior officers present, "that the brave and excellent men under you may be more fortunate in their experience of the *Terrible* than I have been, and that weather and everything else may be propitious to them."

Captain Seymour actually gasped for breath while Guy was speaking; his lips had become ashy white, his eyes glaring; not a doubt remained in his mind that the young man perfectly understood the manoeuvre by which he had been pitched overboard, and that he now knew him to be a deep-dyed villain—in short, in intention a *murderer*. There was no disguising the truth, though the singular caution and acuteness so remarkable in the young man prevented him from saying more than merely hinting at an accusation that he could not substantiate. A dead pause ensued, every one present feeling that something was wrong; the silence was at last broken by the captain, who, trying to speak calmly, while he shivered all over, hoarsely croaked out,

"So, then, you have forsaken me, Douglas? May I venture to ask the reason, for you must have intended to have taken this step before leaving England, otherwise the thing could not have happened so pat on your reaching New York?"

"Most certainly I did, sir," openly answered Guy. "I had very weighty reasons, indeed, for wishing to be at home when I came of age. I am the possessor of a certain fortune, and, consequently, wish to make a will to ensure its going to the person I desire should succeed me, in case I may make my exit from the world through some odd accident, similar to the one by which I was lately sent overboard from your ship."

His equanimity by this time had quite returned; he sat easily and quietly, in his usual cool and careless manner, one hand stuck in the breast of his coat, scanning with his penetrating glance the agitated countenance of his honourable brother-in-law. Seymour could stand it no longer; he suddenly jumped up.

"Well, then, youngster, be off with you, for I have got an engagement to attend to; and, when you return home, present my best regards to all the family circle, not forgetting your fair, young, and accomplished Italian aunt, when you see her."

He added the last words with a diabolical sneer and a glance of intense hatred.

"Good evening, sir," replied the determined youth—"good evening; and, when next we meet, I hope it may be on *terra firma*, and that my Italian aunt may be one of my family circle, wherever that circle happens to be."

So saying, he bowed to the company, and left the cabin. When he

was gone, Captain Seymour breathed more freely, though his eyes continued fixed on the door for a few seconds after his unwelcome visitant departed, with a glare of mixed terror and malignity.

"Now for the consul's ball," he at length said, endeavouring to speak in his usual manner; but all present plainly perceived that there was much internal agitation, from a certain tremor that pervaded his whole person.

As the party reached the deck, he cast his eyes on the sailors grouped about, and perceived, or thought he did, an expression of pleasure and triumph on all faces.

"They shall smart for this!" he said to himself, as he sent a scowling look among them. "To-morrow I sail from this cursed port, and by — they shall catch it!"

And, in point of fact, from the moment of Guy's reappearance it seemed as if a demon had taken possession of Captain Seymour. A certain nervous trepidation never left him; he could not sleep except from the effects of intoxication, and the consequent irritability under which he laboured led to all sorts of monstrous barbarities towards his men. The sailors shrank with horror when they saw him appear in one of his "pale rages"—for anger and drinking, which generally flush others, made him white as ashes—but his severities, although great with all the ship's company, were more particularly directed towards one or two individuals, whom he seemingly sought to sacrifice to the indulgence of his cruel propensities; so that at last even Strickland began to look grave and keep aloof.

The surgeon alone—a clever, cautious Scotchman—perceived the real root of the evil—namely, that a hereditary tendency to insanity was declaring itself under the influence of bad habits; but as they were all then situated, they had nothing for it but to submit, unless some occasion should present itself in which their evidence might be required.

There was one sailor on whom the captain's hatred particularly rested—the man who had ushered in Guy without naming him, and who was likewise one of those he had been directing to reef the sail on the evening of his fall overboard. This man was a very quiet person, and an excellent seaman, but after the night of the storm he had exhibited signs of gloom in the performance of the hard duty assigned him. Captain Seymour had noted this in consequence of his having been aware that he was one of the men who had been aloft when he pitched Guy into the sea, and he felt convinced that he suspected foul play. Against this man, then, he directed the whole force of his animosity. Nothing he could do gave satisfaction, and flogging succeeded flogging, until the poor fellow sank under the punishment inflicted, in spite of all Mr. Drummond's efforts to save him. The crew murmured among themselves, and when the ship touched at different places many deserted.

As time went on, matters began to wear a still more serious aspect. Seymour's excesses grew deeper and more confirmed than ever, and his malady of mind, aggravated by the warm latitude in which the ship then was—off the coast of South America—became startlingly apparent, although not sufficiently so to warrant any representation

being sent home to the Admiralty. We must now, however, leave him a prey to his vices, troubled conscience, and consequent dread of the future, and follow his intended victim to England, where he arrived in safety, just a few weeks before he was to attain his majority.

Guy was not a man to leave matters in an undecided state. The moment he could do so legally, he made a deed in accordance with the wishes of his great-aunt, securing to Christine the half of the money which he had succeeded, under certain conditions, approved of by his Uncle Stanley and Mr. Munro, which his singularly sound judgment convinced him were necessary to ensure her peace and respectability in the insecure position in which she was placed with regard to her father. In meeting with his family again he felt much at a loss. He determined to say nothing of his suspicions as to the cause of his peril in the *Terrible*; yet the announcement of his death from his mother-in-law—luckily anticipated by his own letter mentioning his escape—inspired them with a vague dread of something having been wrong, which impression the reserve of his manner on the subject would not fail to aggravate.

Disappointment at this time darkened the horizon of Mrs. Douglas's vain and ambitious hopes; for her son-in-law's brother, the earl, had just declared his marriage, and proclaimed his sons legitimate. All hopes, therefore, of Rachel becoming a countess were at an end, and the deceitfulness of Captain Seymour and his sister was made evident. He had been completely outwitted, and she felt it deeply—much more so than she did the early death of George, who, on reaching India, had fallen a victim to the cholera. There were now, therefore, none of her children remaining, save Guy, from whom could be expected any gratification to her insane vanity, the ruling passion of her life. Between the mother and son, however, there now seemed to exist an insurmountable barrier, and when all her former partiality returned with redoubled force towards the boy, who, having braved her authority, had acted for himself, still on his part, though paying her every respect and attention in the season of adversity, there was no reserve which ever must be found in the warm and generous character towards that which is cold, unprincipled, and artificial. Guy could not sympathise with his family in those trials that touched their ambition; but the death of his young brother weighed upon his spirits, and the conviction of further misfortune awaiting them in the person of Captain Seymour deepened this sombre state of feeling. He tried to become interested in Rachel, but it would not do. She had no thought beyond aggrandizing her own position, and he felt certain that she would have been well pleased at his demise to have been secure of his fortune, and of all the wealth of her family, for the ugly little urchin of which she had become the mother, and which bore by far too strong a resemblance to its villanous father to awaken any feelings of fondness in his heart. Sometimes he started when he recollected that he had another sister, and he was seized with an anxious desire to know what had become of her, though the circumstances in which she had voluntarily placed herself prevented him from expressing this wish to any one. He became preoccupied and

melancholy, and it was only in the recollection of Christine, in the execution of his kind intentions towards her, and in the solace afforded him by the society of his partial old uncle, the admiral, that he felt anything like his former *lightness* of spirits. But all those sobering feelings tended to a great end—namely, to the improvement of his naturally fine but defective character. Had he gone on in life unchecked by the under-current of difficulty and anxiety, he might probably have become overbearing, violent, and dissipated. As it was, his more buoyant propensities had been calmed down by the habit of reflection and the necessity of self-command. He had been forced to weigh all the chances of life, and consequently became impressed with a deep and just respect for religion and principle.

"Uncle Stanley," he said one evening that he had come to bid the old admiral farewell before sailing again, "do you know that I am now convinced, in my own person, at least, of the truth of the saying that 'whatever is, is right;' for I am certain that if I had launched into active life in different circumstances from those in which I have been placed, I should have turned out a confoundedly thoughtless fellow, perhaps even worse. And Tiny," he continued, "my Italian aunty, I sometimes think that if she, with her beauty, genius, and warm feelings, had been brought up in an easy position, she might have become self-sufficient and passionate. Aunt M'Naughton saved us both, I am sure. She drilled Tiny at the same time that she appreciated her, and she reclaimed me from my natural recklessness by trusting to my sense and to my heart. And now, having got everything arranged with your counsel, kindness, and aid in my difficulties, I must 'up and be doing.' It is a subject of great thankfulness to me that the *Dauntless* is under orders for the Mediterranean; for although there is little chance of Seymour ever having the power of tilting me overboard again" (to the admiral alone had he imparted this circumstance), "still some unlucky accident might befall me to render my good intentions of no avail if I should delay putting them in execution, therefore I shall lose no time in rescuing poor Tiny from the clutches of that rascally father of hers, and I feel that my actual presence will be necessary to carry my plan into effect."

"I am always sorry to lose your society, my dear boy," answered the old gentleman, in his usual frank manner, "but at the same time I have so complete a reliance on your penetration and prudence that I never intend to offer you any advice again, until you fall in love and meditate matrimony."

"Depend upon it, uncle," replied Guy, laughingly, "that matrimony is the only subject upon which I shall never ask it. I am certain that when I fall in love, which I suppose I shall, like other men, it will be plump overhead at once, to the obliteration of everybody else from my mind but the fair enslaver. Oh no, uncle! I shall not trouble you for advice on that occasion, until it comes to the question of the education of your namesake, little Algernon, for a confoundedly unmanageable young dog he will be, I have no doubt; reason good—that he will be my son, and have you for his godfather."

"Away, then, you bad boy—you undutiful nephew!" answered the admiral, laughing; "plump overhead and ears in love as fast as you

can, only don't let it be with your Italian aunty, for that would almost be as bad a case as that of a man who wanted to marry his grandmother, which I read about in some foolish book lately."

XXIX.

IN the Ursuline convent, meanwhile, Christine was striving to prepare herself for the struggle she was sure awaited her in the restless world in which she was soon to mix. The tranquillity that reigned around, the quiet routine of studies and observances, occupied her time and thoughts, to the exclusion of many a harassing anticipation. She but seldom saw her father, and then only when he came to be present at some musical rehearsal, in order to ascertain the degree of proficiency she was acquiring under the cultivation of the great artiste whose instructions she daily received in presence of some of the sisterhood. Although all those who taught her, and all those who heard her sing, pronounced her unrivalled in power, science, and expression, yet the perfection at which she had arrived failed to elicit from him the same rapturous approbation which she had formerly been accustomed to receive. His very countenance had altered in its expression towards her; his greeting was constrained and cold, and his eyes no longer encountered hers with openness and pleasure. The necessity of dissimulation was at an end; the conviction that his daughter now understood his real character, and was preparing to resist his authority so soon as she should become mistress of her own actions, changed all former feelings of fondness and pride to those of mere calculation, regarding the profits he would be likely to derive from her talents during the time she should continue under his control. So true it is that the indulgence in any vice never fails to deteriorate the mind in every respect, and swallows up all the gentler sympathies of our nature!

The money recovered from Mr. Douglas had enabled San Isidora to follow with more frenzied excess than ever the chances of the gaming-table; and although a great part was dissipated in Paris, still some thousands remained to enable him to pursue his usual course at Naples. He had secured an easy prey in the wealthy Mrs. Trevor, on whose purse he contrived to draw for all the common expenses of living; and he rendered her vain and empty daughters accessories to his views, by introducing to them various titled foreigners. Those intimacies filled up their time, and distracted their attention from the equivocal position which their mother held in the respectable part of the English society, in consequence of her disreputable familiarity with the insidious Italian. He managed to ward off the danger of the young ladies having any offers of marriage, by announcing them as being dependent in fortune upon the pleasure of their father, whom he at the same time represented as opposed to foreign alliances, and pronounced the girls themselves to be silly and expensive creatures, who were good for nothing but for the amusement of the passing hour; an allegation quite borne out by the levity of their general conduct.

Christine's sentiments towards her father had also undergone a complete and painful alteration. So long as there existed a doubt of

his unworthiness she had endeavoured to think as well of him as possible, but as soon as she was convinced of his being an unprincipled, heartless gamester, her feelings became chilled and changed. She wrote home to her friends in Scotland, mentioning that, as she was now placed in a convent to finish her education, she wished Mr. Munro would transmit money straight to the superior for the expenses incurred for board and masters. The hundred and fifty pounds a year that he had agreed to allow her until she came of age, she found was more than sufficient to cover every outlay, and what remained of her quarter's allowance she laid aside for future use. The shrewd Scotch lawyer guessed from her letter the true state of the case, and determined to follow up her instructions in such a manner as to prevent her becoming in any way involved with her father—so long, at least, as she should continue living apart from him. The nuns soon grew much attached to their new inmate, notwithstanding that she was a Protestant. Their pride and pleasure in her musical powers were quite as great as San Isidora's, and their feelings towards her much more disinterested. The only favour they asked of her was to take the solo parts in their church music; and so singularly fine did her rich and varied tones sound in the lofty building, that a report soon went abroad of the marvellous voice to be heard in the chapel of the Ursulines, so that crowds began to resort to it. Concealed behind the screen, Christine at such times poured out the more solemn feelings of her soul with such thrilling power as to make her entranced auditory believe that they heard the melody of inspiration; and such it might well be termed, for, in fact, it was the inspiration arising from the feeling and imagination which constitute genius. Gentle and unsophisticated as she was, yet the young and gifted girl could not avoid experiencing the pleasure natural to every one in being so great an object of attraction; for the immediate dispersion of the crowd when she ceased to sing was proof positive that it was to hear her that the church was thronged.

In this manner everything seemed to conspire to bring her to perfection in the vocal art. Music thus became not only her study and enjoyment, it became likewise her power; she had now no doubt remaining of her immense superiority, and she began to anticipate the moment with pleasure in which she would be emancipated, and appear before the world as the possessor of the voice at once so much admired and wondered at. It was not vanity that inspired this wish; she only longed for the activity so natural to youth; her resolutions of acting in accordance with the wishes of those whom she esteemed and loved, remained as firm and unchangeable as ever. Although the simple dress of a pensionnaire rather enhanced than diminished her personal beauty, yet she scarcely paid any attention to the flattering certainty of her surpassing loveliness; it was music alone that filled her thoughts and feelings; in it the force of circumstances might be said to make her "live, move, and have her being." Her exercise in the open air was confined to the large convent garden, and there she was constantly to be seen at break of day tending the few lingering flowers that yet remained of the autumn store, and while inhaling the fresh morning breeze she listened with attentive ear to the distant murmur, betokening at that early hour the renewed activity of man.

Her convent reading was, of course, all of a grave description, calculated to sober the thoughts and fix them on the evanescent nature of human pursuits; the world before her she anticipated but as a world full of pain and trial; her only pleasure was in music, but, as she was situated, that very music bore her thoughts towards the sphere "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." "There," she often thought, "after a well-spent and self-denying life, I may hope to be reunited to my dear mother, and the other beloved objects of my early affections." And, after such ruminations, she would repair to the chapel, and swell the choir with notes so pure and powerful as almost to electrify those who heard them.

Six months of her probation had nearly expired, when her father called one morning to inform her that he intended taking her to Palermo in the course of a few days, and that Mrs. Trevor and her daughters were to accompany them.

"It is now time, Christine," he continued, "to introduce you to my relatives, and I cannot do so under better auspices than in having you resident with a rich English family of a certain position, at the same time that I must warn you to be as much on your guard as ever with those very silly girls. I have just returned from the Sicilian capital," he went on, "where I have engaged the large palace of my cousin, the Conte San Isidora, for their accommodation; and in order that you may in no way interfere with them, nor they with you, I have had a suite of rooms arranged for you at the other end of the building from that which they are to occupy, and where you will be attended by a female servant hired expressly for your use. You must still continue your musical studies with unabated attention, as I propose to bring you forward next winter. I wish your appearance to be a surprise even to my own family, so in presenting you to those of our relatives resident in Palermo I shall not permit you to exhibit in any way, but reserve the display of your power for an occasion when it will be effective."

Christine, though secretly longing for more freedom, yet felt startled and depressed when the moment came that was to remove her from the kind and gentle nuns and the quiet routine of her convent occupations; but the decree was pronounced, and she was obliged to make herself ready for the change. Her pensionnaire's dress was laid aside, and her former wardrobe resumed, with some trifling and simple additions suited to the fashion of the passing hour, and the morning fixed for her departure found her every way prepared.

After taking a sorrowful farewell of the weeping sisterhood and her fellow-boarders, she followed her gloomy father to the carriage that was in waiting to convey them to the Palermo steam-boat. On going on board she found Mrs. Trevor and her daughters already in presence; a greeting of forced cordiality from the mother, and a hurried and sulky salutation from the eldest daughter, was all her welcome from them; but Sophy hung about her caressingly, whispering how glad she was to see her again, having a great deal to tell her, and that she much wished to consult her upon some important points. Poor Christine felt quite at a loss how to take this excess of friendship, and, in spite of her father's warning and admonitory glances, could not

succeed in shaking off her companion until a young man made his appearance among the passengers. On perceiving him, Sophy pressed Christine's arm significantly, at the same moment uttering a hurried "There!" and, immediately leaving her, hastened to possess herself of a seat right opposite to the one on which the person in question had placed himself, pulling a book from her pocket as she did so, and throwing herself into a graceful attitude of profound attention to its contents. Christine was immediately motioned by her father to a seat beside Mrs. Trevor, which prevented her being subject to any more of Miss Sophy Trevor's confidences; and they had put out to sea for some time before the languid matron's usual wish to recline enabled her to see what the absorbed reader was about. To her extreme surprise, she beheld her leaning over the side of the boat in close conversation with the stranger; the young man's face was turned towards the side on which Christine sat, and she thus saw the expression of his countenance while talking to his companion. The features were soft and regular, and the full well-formed blue eyes lighted up with a kind of lustrous wildness; but there was admiration and tenderness in his gaze when looking at Sophy Trevor—nay, there was something more, Christine almost believed it might be what was termed "love." At any rate, there was great devotion in his manner of addressing her. "Who could he be?" was her next thought; "he was certainly foreign, though decidedly not Italian, and he looked the shabby genteel—very like an artist, in short." She quickly ceased, however, to occupy herself upon the subject, as the lovely sea view soon riveted her attention, and delightful feelings and anticipations again took possession of her mind, similar to those which had filled it at Genoa. Entranced and preoccupied, the hours flew swiftly by, and when at last they reached the beautiful capital of Sicily, she almost regretted that the voyage was at an end. On landing, they found an elegant carriage waiting for Mrs. Trevor's party, into which San Isidora handed them, telling the coachman to take the ladies *a casa*, he having to remain behind to look after the luggage, and have it sent after them. A drive of about ten minutes through the finest parts of the romantic town brought them to a street at some distance from the thoroughfares, and the carriage drew up before a fine old dilapidated-looking palace. On entering the house from a spacious court, they found themselves in a large, and what had originally been a magnificent hall, but at the present time, although presenting rows of statues ranged at certain distances on either side, the effect was sadly diminished by their being damaged and disfigured, most of them wanting a leg, or an arm, and almost all with mutilated noses. In the centre was an escutcheon broken and defaced—an apt emblem of the once powerful but now ruined race whose heraldic blazonry it bore—and on entering the reception-rooms, there were similar indications of the decline of ancient magnificence. Hangings, curtains, lustres, mirrors, couches, and chairs, were all of an originally costly description, though now somewhat injured by time; even yet, however, it required but little outlay and arrangement to render the rooms and furniture as comfortable as they were commodious and elegant. At the end of this suite of splendid apartments was a superb but faded bedroom and boudoir, formerly those of the lady of the house, and

now to be appropriated to the use of Mrs. Trevor; the walls, like those of the saloons preceding it, were covered with satin, having door curtains to correspond. The boudoir opened into a corridor, where there was a marble staircase leading to the suite above, which the Miss Trevors were to occupy, the lower part of the stairs conducting to the servants' apartments. They were engaged in looking over and in admiring their new abode when San Isidora joined them. After making a polite and pretty speech about his cousin, the *conté*, having commissioned him to say that he would be happy to supply anything more that they might require to make the abode agreeable to them, he told Christine that he wished to show her the chambers destined to her use. She followed him along the reception-rooms, through the hall to the outward stairs, and, after ascending a flight of steps, they reached the entrance-door to the upper story. On ringing the bell, the door was opened by a coarse country-looking woman, whom San Isidora hailed by the name of Nina, and whom he presented to Christine as her future attendant. To the sweet smile of greeting given to her by the young and lovely girl, she only responded by a look of astonishment, as she murmured to herself, "*Che bellezza!*" and then, retreating to a little distance, continued to gaze at her in a bewildered manner.

The bare and dark ante-chamber which they entered led off quite in another direction from that of the rooms below, which were towards the street; at the end was a small *salle-à-manger* communicating with a well-sized saloon, hung with pale green, having curtains and furniture to match. There was something at once simple and elegant in this sitting-room, and the freshness of the objects it contained gave evidence of its having been fitted up at a much more recent date than that of the principal part of the palace which they had just quitted. From this tasteful apartment they entered a bedroom with dressing-closet of a plain and comfortable description, and Signor San Isidora having shown this little suite to Christine as those she was to occupy, threw open a door at the end of the corridor which exhibited to view a long, desolate-looking gallery hung with old pictures and filled with lumber, and, pointing to another door at the end, said:

"That leads to my rooms in the turret, Christine, and likewise to the stairs which descend to the garden, which will be your future promenade. These apartments were fitted up by my uncle for his own use when my cousin married, and as he was very religious, and a man of retired habits, he passed his time principally at church and among his flowers. Apropos to churches, Christine, I must not neglect to tell you that it will not do for you to attend the Protestant place of worship here, as it might give umbrage to my relatives, who are all rigid Catholics; so if you feel your feelings of piety very strong you must content yourself by going occasionally to the church of St. Domenico, at the other end of the street. There is a back door in the garden-wall which opens into it, and of which *Lo Zio* always made use; Nina has a key, and at such times she must accompany you, as no Italian girl ever ventures out alone."

Then, after telling her that her dinner would be supplied by a *trattoria*, and that he would dine with her when not otherwise engaged, he touched her forehead slightly with his lips and took his leave.

Left to her own reflections, Christine fell into a train of contradictory thoughts and feelings. "This once splendid palace had been the residence of her forefathers! and she, their descendant, entered the walls of their hereditary mansion in preparation for the stage, and under the protection of a stranger!" With much of humiliating, it is true, yet there still came a great deal that was elevating. This branch of her far-descended family was evidently poor, and but too surely in some of its members was deteriorated. Happen what might, however, she was determined that Christine San Isidora would act up to the dignity of her ancient lineage, and prove herself a worthy scion of a noble house. She paced to and fro in those deserted-looking apartments, and felt the best part of the pride of family, that which fortified the determination never to disgrace it. Lonely, desolate, and depressed, still she experienced the proud consciousness of having the blood of the brave and the distinguished in her veins; and however degenerated it might be in the present race, still she trusted to her half northern origin to restore its purity in her own person, and correct what was amiss on the Italian side. "Prende il caffè signorina mia," were words that at last roused her from her musings, and turning, she beheld her rustic-looking attendant, Nina, holding a salver towards her, with the refreshment on it of which she stood so much in need.

THE WEREWOLF.*

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

FROM THE DANISH. BY MRS. BUSHBY.

'Twas at the middle hour of night;
And though the moon gave her pale light,
O'er the haunted wood a thick mist hung,
And the wind was howling its leaves among.
In a cart along that way so wild
A peasant was driving his wife and child.

* Among the superstitious traditions from the olden times, the existence of a strange mysterious creature, called waywolf, werewolf, or warwolf, is one of the most striking. The belief was general among the lower and uneducated classes of society in different parts of the world, especially in Germany, Denmark, and other northern countries, and even now it prevails in some places. But werewolves are at present principally heard of in legendary and nursery tales, though they are sometimes introduced into the verses of celebrated poets; witness Sir Walter Scott's lines in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border:"

"Oh was it warwolf in the wood,
Or was it mermaid in the sea,
Or was it man, or vile woman,
My ain true love, that misshaped thee?"

And the above little poem by Hans Christian Andersen.

By some the werewolf is said to be, or to have been, a magician, who has, or had, the power of transforming himself into a wild beast, and resuming his human

"For the fairy folks thou need'st fear not,
They dance 'neath the moon on yon green spot.
Should the screech-owl cry from yonder marsh,
Say a prayer, nor heed its voice so harsh.
Whate'er thou seest, be not afraid,
But clasp the child," the father said.

"Forward, old horse! Behind yon tree
Our church's steeple I can see.
Get on! But hold, a moment stop—
The linch-pin is about to drop;
'Tis cracked—I'll cut a stick, my dear;
Hold fast the child, and have no fear!"

An hour alone she might have sat,
When a noise she heard—"Oh, what is that?"
Lo, a coal-black hound! she sees and knows
The werewolf! while his teeth he shows,
And glares upon her child—she flings
Her apron o'er it as he springs.

His sharp teeth bite it; but she cries
To God for help—away he flies.
Her arms the helpless babe enfold,
She sits like a statue, pale and cold.
But soon her husband's by her side,
And onwards now they safely ride.

Arrived at home, a light is brought;
She starts as with some horrid thought:
"What, husband! husband! can these be
Threads hanging from thy teeth I see?
Thou art thyself a werewolf, then!"
"Thy words," he said, "have set me free again!"

form at pleasure. Others have described werewolves as the victims of malignant magic art, and compelled to bear the appearance, either permanently or at stated times, of a savage animal, and also to assume its nature until set free by the holy name of God being pronounced in its presence, and His help prayed for.

In the notes to the "*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*," it is suggested that the term warwolf might have been used symbolically in reference to those Scandinavian warriors who were called "*Berserker*." They were a branch of the Vikings, or Sea-kings, and were said to have cultivated paroxysms resembling insanity when going to battle. They excited themselves by means of intoxicating herbs and drinks; they abandoned all rationality, they howled like wild beasts, they threw off their clothes, and rushed to the perpetration of all sorts of horrors. As morals and manners improved, the *Berserker fury* became a reproach, and was finally prohibited by penal laws.

The origin attributed to the name warwolf, as arising from the wild demeanour of the Berserker, is very plausible; but how is it to be reconciled to the fact that the negroes of some of the West India Islands, who, of course, never heard of the Berserker, or of any of the stories promulgated by the Eddas, the Skalds, or the traditions of the North, have a superstition respecting "*Waywolves*"? In one of the West India Islands there is a lovely valley, and at some distance the brow of a hill overlooking a town, pointed out as the nightly haunts of werewolves.

A wild story of a werewolf is told in Torfæus's History of Rolf Kraké. Hringo, king of Upland, had an only son, the handsomest and bravest of the Norwegian youth. At an advanced period of his life, the king, whose first wife was dead, married a witch-lady. She took a fancy to the young prince, and acted the part of Potiphar's wife, as related in the Old Testament. But Prince Biorno received her advances in the same way that Joseph did those of the Egyptian dame. The fury of the weird stepmother was unbounded: "Hence to the woods!" she exclaimed, striking the prince with a glove of wolf's skin. "Live, pursuing and pursued!" And the prince became a werewolf!—TRANS.

THE MANCHESTER BANQUET.

THE speech of the Earl of Derby at a recent dinner in Manchester was remarkable on many accounts. We alluded last month to that natural course of things by which, as far as the earl was concerned in carrying out the present or late Reform Bill, he only returned to those principles which in the prime of life he had supported, and to which in a more advanced age he had returned. We also quoted a passage in Holy Writ, from a royal pen, in illustration of one of the tendencies of the mind in regard to it. Lord Derby saw things clearly, and in a right point of view, when he alluded to the exemplary conduct of the "lower classes" during the cotton famine, near the scene of which his residence was situated. He commented, too, on the political conduct of the workmen generally, and on their exemplary patience under suffering.

By the term "lower classes," so often used in England under a different sense from that intended by his lordship, we should like to know what persons are generally intended. We know that the intelligent part of the working men are a class of themselves, and compose a part of a vast miscellaneous body, and in that sense are not so equal in acquirements and moral character, but that there must be great differences among them in mental advance. This often arises out of the varied character of their employments as connected with mind. Does the term literally belong to any but the ignorant and vicious in the community, to whom alone it should belong? The working men are a numerous body, it is true, but there is a class very far beneath them, the lowest of the lower. Therefore we think that the better order of working men, taken as a class, being in intellectual attainments beyond even the general run of shopkeepers, for example, the "lower" is hardly a fair definition of their state. The poorer would be better, and not dishonourable. The term is commonly used to designate the rank—moral or immoral, intelligent or otherwise. The term of the "higher classes" is applied in like manner to an order of persons with intellects and acquirements, many of them not above fatuity, and often as regardless of moral duties as any other. Neither is a sufficient definition in their respective cases.

The meaning of Lord Derby was, undoubtedly, the diligent working men; and though the term "lower classes" was sweeping, it was not intended to include the *canaille*, as the French denominate the lower order of persons. His lordship spoke the truth regarding the working classes, properly so called. There are grades, too, even among those classes. No one who knows them would compare a collier, who works in a mine, or a brickmaker, with those who are employed in manual labours that test the intellect. A clock and watchmaker with a ploughman, for example.

Lord Derby feelingly and admirably alluded to the conduct of the workmen in the cotton dearth. He defended them from charges of misconduct under great privations. It implied that such men were well deserving of the franchise. He was for bestowing, openly and boldly, and without hesitation, what had been so highly merited. This was well said and well intentioned. He believed he might do it with safety

fearlessly; and he reasoned correctly, we are very certain. Men to whom God has given fair natural gifts of intellect, equal to other ranks in life, if cultivated, may be the "poorer," but are hardly the "lower" class. The mode of exhibiting that bold, compact, unbroken front to a foreign foe, which time and circumstances may some day require to be done again, as it has been before, will now be strengthened. It is a part of the philosophy which looks into reasons to mark even slight things upon which important consequences may hinge.

Nor has the present measure of reform been carried without sacrifices. Of his lordship's adherents, there were some among those ultras in faith and politics who, like the Roman orthodox, affect martyrdom down to the eleventh hour. They forsook his lordship, discontented with that wisdom in his measures, which to them was high treason. Retrogradation is not wisdom in politics and faith, yet some persons, if forced for their lives to descend a staircase, would go down backwards. Like Windham, who, had he lived until the battle of Waterloo, would have declared it was won through our superior skill in the blackguardism of the prize-ring, as he asserted that buying seats in parliament was a convenience perfectly in the spirit of the constitution.

The Earl of Derby will miss little in the desertion of such political antiquaries. If honest men are honestly returned, and his measures are unexceptionable, they will bring their own reward. The advance of mind will not be arrested. The romantic respect nature imparts for perished things, a part of the poetry of life, must yield to reason, although some would rather reason were banished from our minds. Nor let praise be withheld from the noble lord for the sacrifice to which he alluded in relation to his party.

Both ministers and many of the opposition made objections to a minor measure, and they were right. Had that been the course pursued, we should before long have had a fresh extension of the franchise, or a demand for it. It was politic to set the subject at rest as long as possible—boldness, as his lordship said, was security.

Not the least important and truthful part of Lord Derby's address was that in which he bore witness to the rational and peaceful conduct of the suffering population. Its absence from prejudices and heart-soundness, added to an evident loyalty. The whole nation can witness to the truth of his observations; nor was the loyalty of the people over-praised. They are attached to their country. They have been often slandered by those who, if able, through ignorance or wilfulness, and some influence to back them, would, by their arbitrary conduct, have made this glorious island a scene we should be sorry to delineate. Once more, we repeat it, Lord Derby recalled the time when, under another title, he rallied around those who supported popular rights. In advanced life, men of reflection and mental power, as before said, go back to the generous principles with which they set out in life, whether in relation to politics or other questions which were put before them in their passage through the earlier stages of a short and distempered existence.

Lord Derby's caution about the return of representatives for their own benefit by the working classes was hardly necessary. The rate of wages and the regulation of labour by legislation is not practicable. Legislation on such a matter cannot have the main points defined. Men

combine to fix wages, which are their money; masters combine to husband their gold. The great point is how to unite these interests, make both confess the union satisfactory, and be content. Capital and labour must else play at cross purposes. With each other's political tenets master and man have nothing to do; the former will often have more influence than he suspects if he make no display of his desire to force it.

As to the violent and felonious acts recently disclosed in the north, they were attached to the least intellectual grades of workmen, and are spurned by the more worthy unions—this must be taken into account. Nothing can defend such acts of intimidation and crime. Every union to be respected, heard, or assisted, must solemnly disown such unparalleled acts of atrocity, or cease to be regarded above the level of the worst of the felonious. Such doctrines will, we are certain, be put down by that strong sense of propriety which is sure not to appeal in vain against such unjustifiable and indefensible outrages.

It is pleasant to hear that our foreign relations are placable, and that the ambition of Jonas Bismark, who, whale-like, would swallow up Germany, and not like the Mediterranean fish disgorge it again, but rather open his alligator-like jaws for all Denmark into the bargain if he might, we are glad his ambition is not in a position by its acts to justify any interference on the part of England. Thousands of millions have been paid already for our interference in behalf of rotten thrones, to burden our posterity. This was "paying rather dear for our whistle," to borrow Dr. Franklin's apposite simile. The prospect of an arrangement with the United States was pronounced by ministers to be carried on in a friendly spirit.

The Abyssinian expedition, alluded to by Lord Stanley, seemed to be regarded as a necessity, although the noble lord did not himself appear to think so. If we do not, as in almost all our "military" expeditions, make a muddle of blunders in conducting it, the expedition can hardly be wrong, though it seems to us too numerous by a third part. The impress of England's power must be supported in the East. If a savage be permitted to use Englishmen as he pleases, and to laugh at our power, we shall lose our moral influence. We only hope no such blunders will be committed as in the Crimea, at New Orleans, and elsewhere, and that, as at Corunna, a whole army will not be landed without a map or itinerary of the country, for such was the case with Sir John Moore when he landed in Spain—that is, if such a map or itinerary exists. The spirit of the country cannot submit to the insults of the tyrant. Cromwell said he would make the name of an Englishman as much respected as that of a Roman had been. With us, it is to be feared, that our expedition may be too cumbersome from numbers and appliances. As to entering the country, the greatest soldier of the last century, who led soldiers over the Alps, declared that an army could always pass where two men could go abreast. It is to be supposed that our native Indian troops will have little to fear from the climate, which is one great advantage. The expedition will have the support of the country to a man, or the spirit of Englishmen from this day must go for nothing.

Lord Derby, in the course of his speech, stated that the reports of his intended resignation were unfounded. He did not at all shrink from the duties of his position, and he should continue to serve the Conservative party, of which he declared himself the leader. It is here alone

we may be permitted to observe, that if the party be not divided by his lordship's wise support of the measures to which we have alluded above, that portion which has abstained from giving him its aid upon the reform question, must, in returning again to his support, be like a lady of easy virtue, who is not very nice in the selection of her lovers, whom she can discard to-day and return her sunny smiles upon again to-morrow. Lord Derby must discard such half-and-half supporters. Those who refused their support in one important measure will in another. They should be marked with a cipher in the forehead, that they may be known, like a certain wanderer in early times, who colonised the land of Nod.

With the prospect of a reformed parliament, when a new one meets, we trust that the public will see considerable changes effected in removing abuses, and that some efforts will be made to improve the state of the law. The ridiculous forms, the abominable mass of verbiage, and the quibbling it occasions, to the ruin of suitors, should be changed. The complications, anomalies, and absurdities it presents, are serious things to those who, if they seek their rights, seek them at a ruinous penalty. The Houses of Parliament are too much composed of those who deal out law, and profit by its anomalous state. They swarm in the lower house, and, in the upper, peers, without being gentlemen heraldically, or any other merit than reading black-letter documents, ride into the senate astride upon their musty parchments. The absurdities of the law administration thicken with time. We were once on a visit in the house of a country gentleman of an old family. Conversing upon the ridiculous and shameful waste of parchment and language in what we believe are called conveyances, or grants, we do not understand which, the owner of the house, a man of old family-standing, exhibited a grant of Edward II. about the year 1300, which was not larger than half of half a sheet of demy paper cut longitudinally. There was plain language, and no room for quibble. In those primitive times, compared to the present, common sense ruled. Speaking of species, a horse in a coach is understood not to be an animal of draught of that name if of the female sex. A dead duck in law is not to be of the duck species, therefore not a duck. With similar profundities our laws yet abound. Honest lawyers, the species of *rara avis in terris* in our sense of quibble and quirk, confess they cannot comprehend the laws themselves. In the senate, so little is the language of the country comprehended, a language in which thousands of volumes are yearly printed and understood, that in the legislative wisdom of parliament its acts are now rendered like books of words and meanings. For example, in an act, "he," the pronoun, is intended to mean also "she" and "it." Such a word must be understood to mean so and so. In a little time explanations will be required to explain these attached explanations. All this arises from quibbling and unmeaning nicety, we will not say for profits' sake, on the part of the professors of the law. The honest men among them acknowledge that they do not understand the law themselves, so much has it been twisted, turned, reversed, and bemired. Here is work for a reformed parliament to take in hand. Law should be lucid, cheap, and easy for every man, nor does it seem to us so needful that lawyers should accumulate fortunes, as that law and right should be accessible,

comprehensible, and just for every man. Now, here is plenty of work indeed for Lord Derby's reformed parliament when it meets.

The army is another branch of the public service that requires reformation. When education becomes more extended, men will not be found to enter a service where, with the best conduct, there is no hope of advance. There is much to be done here. The disregard to merit, and the sale of rank in the British army, that mercantile venality in a profession to which high honour is supposed to attach, is a blot that can never be removed until the system is altered. Ireland is another important matter for Lord Derby's parliament to take in hand, with the Phenians, or Fenians, as they are fantastically called, from the ridiculous notion that Ireland was peopled from Asia, as a rebellious son of Erin would tell us. That country must be quieted; and here, we fear, Lord Derby's parliament will have work enough upon its hands to succeed. If Bede had not told us that Ireland, in his time, was divided into North and South Scots, thus implying a populating by Port Patrick from the sister island, we must have credited that Ireland was really peopled from Phœnicia, by means of the vast commerce carried on with that country *vid* the Straits of Hercules; in what, except timber and fruit—*alias* firewood and potatoes—we are not told. But the Romans did not think the "gem of the sea" worth colonising from England with their legions. Strabo tells us the natives were cannibals in the time of the two first Roman emperors. How much of this belief in their superior age and "glorious" language, which one of their writers tells us was that of Paradise, we do not pretend to decide; but we do decide that it is for England's peace and security necessary that things should be settled there as soon as possible. Lord Derby will find, if he can achieve this, that he will confer a wreath of glory upon himself of which other politicians will be jealous. Here, however, comes the difficulty. An old proverb says, "There is no mischief in the world but a priest or a woman is at the bottom of it." In Ireland the mischief is increased, for there is a double priesthood to encounter. Even the holy St. George fought but a solitary dragon; what that distinguished Cappadocian saint would have done had he two dragons to contend with, is another affair. Lord Derby, if he succeeds, will beat St. George hollow. We fear, too, that the noble lord will not have the free use of his weapons in the contest, for some of his armour-bearers—those, for example, who forsook him on the late reform question—may invoke an enchanter against his free action in Ireland. Let us hope the best.

To cast aside simile. Could we but see this great and glorious country united and in peace at home, a regard no more exhibited for continental alliances save those of commerce—and what are the troubles there to us, one state devouring another?—what are they to us, with a navy as powerful as it was in the war with the first Napoleon?—what concern is it of ours if the Prussian shark gorge another choice morsel or two to glut his voracious appetite? Austria at last is come to see the necessity of a constitution, Italy is free, France is a recumbent giant, and the disputes which wrong or ambition made among the beasts, let that lion settle. Our dominion at this moment is sufficiently extensive for all our cares, and with a predominant navy we have nothing to do but to consolidate our empire and reconcile our differences.

Whether Lord Derby will succeed in settling the Irish question is a

main point, shackled as he is by two creeds whose kingdom is declared, as an article of their original faith, not to be of this world, though in reality much more of it than of any other in the planetary system. It is ungracious, it is very painful, to see the bitter spirit of religious differences shackling the welfare of a great nation by its continual interferences. Happy is America, where religion is left to itself, and legislation goes no further than to protect all in its conscientious exercise. We pity Lord Derby here, for he will be more helpless in the matter than his predecessors in office. We confess our despair of his success. Lord Palmerston's was the let alone system—"it will last my time!" Lord Derby will not be permitted to play the same game here, even by his friends. We fear his lordship will find himself in a cleft stick. Ireland must be so placed as to her internal government, her religious differences, and her agrarian arrangements, that she shall have no real ground of complaint. Until that is done, severity will only breed discontent, cause secret conspiracies, and render England insecure. "What is morally wrong cannot be politically just," we think was an observation of Mr. Fox. It was a true observation. As to the Protestant religion in Ireland, it is too much of a name. If it were really a Christian church, and not a political one, it would be patient, humble, and suffering; not proud, idle, and insolent. It would not have churches without hearers, and pulpits filled with fulminators against the religion of the majority of the Irish people. The pulpits would be occupied with men who preached peace with brethren that differed from them, and while they upheld Protestantism, did so in a proper spirit, and not bid their people "keep their powder dry."

Here will be Lord Derby's difficulty. Tory, Whig, Radical, all split upon the same rock. We wish his lordship success, but despair of his efforts, unless, flinging all the predispositions of his old friends, all his own secret tendencies, to the winds, and letting reason and justice be paramount, he set about the task in good earnest, and work out for himself a name that posterity will not suffer to die at an early date. Why should his lordship not pacify Ireland? Why should he suffer any predilections to interfere between himself and a lasting glory? Let him cast aside, as he did under the late Reform Act, those rusty, time-eaten votaries of old things, who would rule by precedent, govern a mighty kingdom of enlarged minds like a college of striplings, assume over it a mental superiority which has no particle of existence in fact, and keep a vast empire unsettled to display the errors of a few narrow and ill-regulated understandings.

But of these matters hereafter, as time develops them. We are gratified by the measure of reform just passed. We prognosticate much good from it. We rejoice not to hear the old cant of a fear for property set going, to deprive freemen of their lawful privileges. Property carries its own rights. A respect for it exists in the very nature of the social state. More than comes naturally is an encroachment upon the rights of freemen. We shall await with impatience the opening of the next session of parliament, not only to see how the tide of politics may turn, but in the hope to find measures carried out by the ministry which will be an accession to the other advantages that the Reform Bill must sooner or later produce. If our hopes are realised, the actors in the good work will meet an adequate reward. We have not room to say more.

CYRUS REDDING.

BILL DAWSON'S EARLY DAYS AT SEA.

BY HIMSELF.

BEING THE REAL ADVENTURES OF A MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN.

I.

MY father was a marine—a man well known to fame, though not the celebrated Cheeks. He had several small sons and daughters, and when I was about ten years of age he was left an inconsolable widower by the untimely death of our very estimable mother. She was, indeed, an excellent woman, and had brought us up to the best of her abilities in a way to make us good and useful members of society. She was then even a greater loss to us than to our father. For as my brother Simon observed, as he rubbed his eyes, moist with tears, with the back of his hand:

"You see, Bill, father can go and get another wife, as many does, but we can't get another mother like her that is gone, that we can't, nohow."

No more thorough testimony could have been given to the virtues of our mother. She was a superior woman in many respects; she was of a very respectable family, and had a very nice little fortune of her own, but she had the common weakness of her sex, and she fell in love with the handsome face of our honest, worthy father, Ben Dawson, the marine, at that time a private in that noble corps. He could at the period I speak of scarcely read or write, but she set to work to educate him, and so far succeeded that, being a very steady man, he rose in due course to be a sergeant. She had the ambition of hoping to see him obtain a commission, but he used to declare that nothing would make him more unhappy, as he should feel exactly like a duck out of water. He was thus, at the time of which I am speaking, still a sergeant.

Our mother, in consequence of the income she enjoyed, was able to give her children a much better education than we probably should otherwise have obtained. At the time of her death it would have been difficult to find in our rank of life a more happy, a more united, or a better conducted family. Our father, as I have said, was at first inconsolable; but he was of a happy, contented disposition, as it is very necessary that marines as well as other people should be; he took the rough with the smooth in life as a matter of course. A favourite tune he used to hum was, "What's the use of sighing while time is on the wing? Oh, what's the use of crying? then merrily, merrily, sing fal la!" Consequently, as Simon had said he knew he would, he began in a short time to look out for another wife, and, unhappily for us, fixed on a widow with a family. Not that she was otherwise than an amiable woman—in fact, her great fault was that she was too amiable, too soft and yielding; she could not manage to rule her own family, and a most uproarious, mutinous set they were. From the time they came to the house there was no peace or quiet for any one. Our new stepmother was as kind and gentle and considerate to us as a woman could be, but she could in no way manage to control her children, who very soon took to lording it over us with a high hand. Her girls used to come it over our girls, and her boys over our

boys. Brother Simon, who was bigger and stronger than her eldest, used to threaten that he would thrash them all round if they had any more nonsense, and that invariably made our poor stepmother burst into tears, and plead so hard for her rebellious offspring that he, good honest fellow, had not the heart to put his threat into execution. At last some of us could not stand it any longer. As he was just old enough, he went one day, without saying anything to anybody, and enlisted in the Marines; our second brother got our father to apprentice him to a ship carpenter; and I, after a little trouble and coaxing, got him to promise to let me go on board a man-of-war.

"You don't know the sort of life that you'll have to lead aboard ship, Bill," he observed. "Boys afloat are not the happy-go-lucky sort of chaps they seem on shore, let me tell you; but, to be sure, they've got discipline there, which is more than I can say that there is to be found in a certain place that you know of; and so, Bill, you shall have your way, and my blessing go with you, my son."

Thus the matter was settled one evening after tea as I walked up and down with my father in our bit of a garden while he smoked his pipe. He was allowed to live out of barracks.

"I don't know, Bill, but what I shouldn't be sorry if my company was ordered on service afloat," he observed, confidentially, after some minutes' silence. "Your new mother is a good woman—a very good woman. About her I made no mistake, though she isn't equal by a very long chalk to her that is gone; but I didn't take into account those young cubs of hers. They'll not rest till they've driven your sisters out of the house as they've driven you boys, and then—and then—why, I suppose they'll drive me away."

My poor father! I sighed at the thoughts of his domestic happiness being so completely destroyed in consequence of the advice of King Solomon not having been followed, the rod having been spared, and the children spoiled.

I soon forgot my poor father's cares in thinking of my future career. Not a wink did I sleep that night. I did not, however, expect to become a second Nelson or Collingwood; but I was picturing to myself how I should look in my new seaman's jacket and trousers, what the captain would say to me, and what I should have to do. I had, indeed, persuaded myself that a ship's boy was of no small consequence on board.

I made a considerable mistake, to be sure, as I very soon found out; but people often do that when starting in life. Though my father often had to be in barracks, he had a cottage for his family a little way out of Gosport, near Anglesea. Soon after he had given his promise that I should go to sea, I heard him say one day that he had a friend, Sergeant Turbot, appointed to the *Thunderer*, then fitting out alongside the *Topaze* sheer hulk in Portsmouth harbour for the East India station.

"Father, then I'll go with Sergeant Turbot," I exclaimed. "He'll look after me and keep me out of mischief, and stand my friend if I want one. I wouldn't like to lose the opportunity. Oh, do let me go!"

Now I was somewhat of my father's favourite, and it was a very different thing for him to talk of letting me go to sea, and to ship me off altogether. He hummed and hesitated, and said that he thought I had better wait till I was a year older, or till he himself was sent to sea.

"Oh, but that mayn't be for a long time, father, and what should I do with myself till then?" I exclaimed.

"Not quite so sure that it will be a long time, Bill," he answered, with a deep sigh. "Once upon a time my only wish was to remain on shore, but times are changed. I don't want to say a word against my present wife. She is a good woman—an excellent woman—but somehow or other she does not manage to keep the house as quiet as it might be, and those children of hers are terribly unlicked cubs."

I agreed with him there.

"But, father, though I should very much like indeed to go to sea with you, I fancy that one bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and so I would rather make sure and go on board the *Thunderer* with Sergeant Turbot."

"Well, well, I see how it is; home is too hot for you," sighed my father. "To-morrow morning, please Heaven, I'll take you aboard and see what Turbot has to say to the matter. If he's agreeable, you shall go, my boy."

My father was as good as his word, and after I had taken an affectionate farewell of my brothers and sisters, and a very far from an affectionate one of the children of my poor stepmother, who wept bitterly when I went away, at an early hour the next morning we embarked in a wherry and pulled alongside the *Thunderer*.

When I got on board, and while standing waiting for Turbot, who was on duty, it seemed to me as if every man and boy in the ship had gone stark staring mad. They all seemed to be running and rolling about, tumbling over each other, shouting and bawling at the top of their voices. Presently I heard a ferocious-looking hairy monster of a man growl out at the top of his voice, "Up all steerage hammocks!" the shrill sound of his whistle piercing through my head. I was dreadfully frightened, and should have run away and hid myself had I known where to run to. In reality it was only Ned Rawlins performing an ordinary piece of morning duty—as gentle and tender-hearted a fellow as ever stepped, in spite of his gruff voice and hairy face, and the cat he had sometimes to wield. I have a notion that every time he laid on that cat he felt it as acutely as the culprit on whom it was deservedly inflicted.

I was still like a fish in a tub, dashing here and there to escape from the dangers I supposed surrounded me, when I espied Sergeant Turbot coming along the main-deck. I knew him in a moment, and ran up to him for protection. He laughed heartily, till his fat sides shook again, when he saw my frightened countenance, and heard me inquire the cause of the uproar.

"The men are quiet enough, surely," he answered. "They are pretty much like this at all times, except when they are asleep, or at meals, or at quarters."

It was fortunate for Sergeant Turbot that he was a marine, and still more that he had not to go aloft. On board ship he could do his duty admirably, but on shore his figure was decidedly against him. He was obese. It was fortunate for me that he was so, because I could always find him when I wanted to do so. At first I thought that I could run away from him if desirable; but in that respect I was mistaken, as he could send after me and have me back.

He now took me into his mess, and gave me a basin of hot cocoa and hard tack, as ship-biscuit is called, I found. It tranquillised me a little, but still I could not help feeling some of my original alarm at the strange sounds and scenes which assailed my ears and eyes.

The men began to strip and wash often in the same basin or tub one after the other, crying out, "I say Bill, after you for a wash;" "Tom, just lend us your comb, old chap;" "Dick, send us your tooth-brush here." The borrower and lender were looked on as the cleanest men in the ship.

Things appeared to be getting a little more quiet, when again I heard a sharp whistle and another ferocious growl, which made me jump off the bench. "All hands on deck!" were the words which followed the whistle.

"Who is that growling out so?" I asked of the sergeant.

"That is one of our licensed growlers," was the answer. "It's his business to growl. He's paid for it. Seamen are fond of growling enough generally, but they get nothing when they do, though they growl till they are hoarse."

I crept on deck after the men, but such a scene of confusion I never before beheld, and such piping and swearing, and bawling and shouting; swaying up yards, getting in guns and stores, and pulling and hauling in all directions. There were a good many other boys already on board, who laughed at me and quizzed me very much, and called me "Johnny Green" for knowing nothing and being so frightened; but I thought to myself, "I'll be even with you one of these days, my fine fellows."

Just before twelve the men knocked off work again, and the hubbub and row commenced on the main and lower deck, especially round the galley-fire, where the cooks were busy serving out their dinners to the different mess—very fine smelling stuff it was, too, such as would have made me hungry if I hadn't been so already. Then a marine struck a bell four times double, which made eight bells, and the officer of the watch roared out "Pipe to dinner!" Didn't the whistles of the boatswain and his mates sound shrilly then! All hands fell to with a will, and I among the number eat my first dinner on board ship. In about half an hour there was another pipe, and the word "Grog" was bawled out, and each man went to receive his quantum of rum-and-water. The sergeant said that rum was a bad thing for little boys, and drank mine for me. I now think he was right.

I was, in a few days, made a wardroom boy, and had to attend on the lieutenants and officers of their rank. I had a good many masters, but my chief master was the steward. He was a fearful bully, and the first day I served under him, he pulled my ears for not doing what I did not hear him tell me to do. I vowed that the next time he treated me so I'd try how his shins would bear kicking. I had not long to wait. I was helping him to lay the table, when, because I did not put down the spoons and forks in their right places, he gave me a pull by the ears which almost tore one of them off. I turned round, quick as thought, and gave him a kick which nearly broke my own toes.

Fortunately for me, the first lieutenant, who at that moment had entered, saw his treatment of me. When he took me up to complain, he simply directed that I should be placed under a different master. I was accordingly dismissed from the wardroom, and was taken by the boat-

swain, who wanted a boy. I was now much better off. Mr. Futtock, the boatswain, was a very good-natured man, and even had he not been so, warrant officers make it a point of duty to allow no one to bully their servants except themselves. I knew, therefore, that he would take very good care of me.

I don't know who commissioned the ship, but one morning a new commander, Captain Wabbleby, came on board, and all hands were mustered on deck to hear him read his commission. He made afterwards a somewhat long speech, and wound up by remarking :

"I don't expect my men to have all the cardinal virtues in perfection, but there is one thing I will have, that is smartness ; there is another thing I must have, that is obedience ; there is a third thing I am resolved to have, that is sobriety ; and, till I get those three things, I'll work the skin off your hands and won't spare the lash."

When this address was discussed between decks, I found that the lazy bad men didn't like it ; but Sergeant Turbot remarked that all the good men did, as they were sure, if the captain kept to his word, that they should soon have an orderly, smart, and happy ship. Whether they were right was to be seen.

Having hauled over to the Gosport side we bent sails, and in a few days were ordered out to Spithead. I well remember in what a fearful hurry-skurry everybody appeared to be. The captain was on the poop, stepping now to one side, now to the other, shouting out at the top of his voice ; the first lieutenant was forward, shouting to the fore-castle men and foretop men ; and old Futtock, my master, was piping and swearing fearfully, and the boatswain's mates imitating his example, piping and roaring away at the top of their voices. I thought to myself that perhaps, the captain had forgotten to say anything about the swearing when he was making his address, but as he rapped out every now and then some very powerful expressions in that way, I concluded that he considered such a style of speaking necessary for carrying on the duty in his ship. Of course, as the officers swore at the men, the men swore, and pretty roundly, too, at the officers in return, only they took care not to be heard by anybody who would report them. It seemed to me as if everybody had gone mad. I stood staring at one and then at another till I felt myself helped along by the cane of the ship's corporal, who bawled in my ears to go to the "flying-jib-down-haul" ready to shorten sail. "As soon as the jib is down, run on and man the mizen-top-sail-clew-line," he added, but what that signified I had not the slightest notion. However, I saw some of the bigger boys tearing away in one direction and pulling away at a rope, and then in another, and hauling as if their lives depended on it, and so I went and did the same, and as the corporal's cane did not again visit my back, I concluded that I had done what was right. After remaining at Spithead some days and taking in our powder and more stores, and several other officers having joined us, one morning Blue Peter was hoisted at the fore ; all shore boats were ordered to leave the ship with everybody who did not belong to her ; the captain came off with despatches ; the capstan was manned, and, to the cheerful sound of music, the crew went round till the anchor was up, and under all sail we stood through the Needles down Channel bound out to the flowery land of the Celestials.

II.

I REMEMBER meeting a fine line-of-battle ship coming up Channel under all sail as we were standing down. She had been four years out on a foreign station. We might be still longer. It made us wish that we could exchange places. How many of those now on board would ever again see their native land? But it does not do to give way to sentimental reflections; at least on board a man-of-war, so I won't now on paper. We had soon something to shake everything of that sort out of our skins. I felt very well and pretty jolly, and thought that I was going to make a first-rate sailor. We had not got far, however, before the ship began to roll, and went on rolling more and more, and we boys, and many of the men too, began to feel very queer. I had a friend, Dicky Puncheon, a brave little chap. He had never seen a ship till he came aboard the *Thunderer*; but he had read about ships, and battles, and foreign lands, and that made him come to sea, he told me. Now he had heard that there was such a thing as sea-sickness, but he was not going to knock under to it—not he. I met Dicky coming along the lower deck looking very green and yellow—indeed, all sorts of colours. I asked him how he felt—"very jolly, eh?"

"Oh, don't—don't," he answered, with the corners of his mouth curling down. "It's an awful reality—I must confess it."

While we were talking I grew worse and worse. We were soon joined by other boys—a most miserable crew—and we all together went and stowed ourselves away in the fore part of the ship, thinking that no one would be troubled about such wretched creatures as we were. My grand idea was a hope that some one would come and throw me overboard. We lay thus for some time unnoticed, and began to flatter ourselves that we should remain so. Still, I must say, I didn't care what happened to us. I asked Dicky how he felt.

"Oh, Bill—oh, Bill," he groaned out, "do take me by the head and heels and heave me overboard, there's a good fellow."

"What I was going to ask you to do, Dicky," I answered, in the same tone—though I have an idea that if any one had actually taken us at our word, the cold water would very soon have restored us to health, and we should have wished ourselves on board again.

Suddenly we were all aroused by a gruff voice sounding in our ears, and, looking up, who should we see but that hard-hearted individual, Biram Knowles, the ship's corporal, standing over us, cane in hand.

"What are you boys all doing here making such a mess?" he growled out. "Rouse up, every one of you—rouse up, ye young villains, and go to your duty!"

Poor little wretches that we were, as if we could possibly do anything but just crawl from one place to another, and be sick again.

But it was not only the boys who were ill—great hulking fellows—some seamen, but mostly marines—fully a hundred of them lying and rolling about the decks like logs of wood, making messes in all directions. When any officer came by and saw what was done, the jolly (not much of a jolly now, by-the-by) was sure to say that it was

one of the boys was the culprit, and then some poor little chap, who was already more than half dead, would be roused up, and compelled to bring a swab and perform a task which would have been enough to turn his stomach had he been ever so well. My master, old Futtock, was a kind-hearted man, and a friend of Sergeant Turbot, and so he gave me leave to go and lie down in his cabin till I should get better. The very feeling that I had some one to care for me did me good.

In most ships there is a dirty Jem—we had one—a miserable-looking fellow, with a skin which no washing would make appear clean. When any mess was made he was sure to bear the blame of having caused it. One day, as the old ship was rolling her lower deck ports under water, a party of tall marines had stolen down the fore cockpit, and having found their way into the cable tier, were snugly stowed away on some spare sails and hawsers. There they lay groaning and moaning, and making other noises significant of what was going on, when Mr. Maconochie, a big, burly Scotchman, the mate of the orlop-deck, coming forward, heard them, and very soon began to peer about with his huge goggle eyes into the recesses of the tier. I trembled for the consequences, as, slipping out of the cabin where I had been, I looked down to see what he was about.

"What are you sodgers doing down there?" he roared out, in a furious passion, at seeing what they had been about. One of them, with a wicked leer, at once pointed to dirty Jem, who lay fast asleep not far off. Now, whether Mr. Maconochie thought that he could not punish the marines, and was glad to get hold of some other human being on whom to vent his rage, I don't know, but, be that as it may, he roused up the poor boy, and, after boxing his ears, ordered him to take one of the steerage (that is, the midshipmen's) hammocks which had been left by the marine, who ought to have lashed it up, and to carry it up and stow it in the poop nettings. Poor Jem poked his fingers into one of the turns, and began to drag the big hammock along, but so weak was he that he could scarcely move. I don't think that he could ever have got up even to the lower deck. Fortunately for dirty Jem, the first lieutenant, who would never allow any one but himself to bully, and that he never did, happened to come down, and inquiring why he was dragging the hammock, ordered him to put it down, and hauled Mr. Maconochie pretty severely over the coals for his barbarity. The marines had, meantime, sneaked off, and thus escaped the mate's rage. I had got nearly well by this time, and thought that I was going to enjoy myself; but it having been reported to the captain that the second-class boys were all right and fit for duty, he paid us a visit, and after inspecting us, and being satisfied that we had got our sea legs and sea stomachs in order, directed the ship's corporal to turn us out of our hammocks at four o'clock the next morning, and to muster us at the lee-gangway. At the time appointed the boatswain's shrill whistle and gruff voice roused us from our sleep, and five minutes afterwards the same whistle and voice was heard, "Starboard watch and idlers to muster." Whoever was not on deck in time to give his number when the names were called was punished by having to drink watered grog for three days. As soon as the starboard watch was mustered, and the port watch—who had been on deck since midnight—relieved, the boatswain's mate piped, "Watch

and idlers, holystone decks." We also having been mustered, were sent by the ship's corporal to assist the mizentop-men in holystoning decks.

The name of the captain of the mizentop was Newman, though we used to call him Oldman, or very often Long Tom, because he was nearly half as tall as the mizenmast. He was a fine fellow, but somewhat harum-scarum. He met us on the poop as we followed each other up very like a flock of lambs, with a broad grin on his countenance, and soon set us to work with our bare knees on the sanded deck, grinding away with the holystones, while he sprinkled water so as to keep the sand moist. We then had to scrub away with hard brushes while he dashed water in bucketfuls here and there and in every direction. I never saw a fellow like Long Tom for dashing water about. Often he would sing out, "Now, mind your eyebrows!" And before a fellow had time to turn round, bang would go a whole bucketful right into his face.

The poop being finished soon after it had gone three bells, the pipe was heard: "Second class boys, lash up hammocks!" This was no easy task for a novice, especially for a little chap like me; so I hunted about till I found a big maintop-man, who had before stood my friend, Bill Borwick, to lash up mine. I could do it after a fashion, but doubted if it would thus pass muster. I had got it ready to drag up, looking very nice, when the pipe was heard: "Second class boys, muster with hammocks!" Up the whole twenty-five of us went, and had to stand in a row on the quarter-deck with these huge hammocks in our arms. I don't know how I looked, but Dicky Puncheon, who was just my height, four feet four inches, standing next to me, looked very ridiculous, hugging his big hammock, which was fully six feet long, with heavy bedding in it, as if it would run away. I held mine as tight as I could, but as the ship rolled I thought that I should have to let it drop on the wet deck. At last, the ship's corporal reported to the captain that we were all ready for his inspection. The captain soon came to where we stood, and as he passed along the row he found fault with each boy. Either the turns were too far apart, or else they were not far enough, or the lashing was too slack, or something else was wrong. Each boy who was thus found fault with got half a dozen finnams, or cuts of the cane, on his hand. I looked on very composedly at this, making sure that as Bill Borwick had done up my hammock, it was sure to be all right. When the captain came to me he looked at mine, and said:

"Turn your hammock round." This I tried to do, but nearly came down, hammock and all, right against him. At last he got a sight of the other side of the hammock. "It's dirty, sir, it's dirty!" he exclaimed. "Punish him, corporal."

So poor I, after all the trouble I had taken, and my fancied security, got the half dozen finnams I had seen inflicted with so much complacency on others. This duty over, and the starboard-watch having stowed their hammocks on the starboard side, and the port-watch on the port side, we were dismissed to attend on our respective masters. I had to clean old Futtock's shoes, and get his breakfast ready; the others had to attend in the ward or gun-room, or to the lieutenants or doctor. My duty was certainly not a hard one. At seven bells we were again mustered, that the commander might see that we were clean, and he made us tuck up

our sleeves and trousers, and then lift our arms and legs. Dirty Jem had done thus much, and had really got them up to the elbows and knees as clean as he could.

"Turn up your shirt higher, boy, and your trousers too," said the commander. A dark rim of dirt was seen at each place. "Corporal, give this boy twelve finnam's," exclaimed the captain.

"Please, sir, I did not know that we were to muster there," blubbered out dirty Jem.

The excuse, however, did not save him. We were next told to go over the masthead, the last in to be punished. Now it happened that neither Puncheon nor I had ever before been aloft, and when I looked up and thought that I should have to go over the truck, I made up my mind that I should come down by the run and be killed. Still there was no use to stand looking at it; up I must go, like it or not. I couldn't step up to the captain, hat in hand, and say, "Please, sir, I'm afraid; I daren't do it;" so as soon as the word was given, "Away aloft," off I scampered with the rest. Poor Puncheon and I were soon distanced. He had taken one side of the rigging, I the other. We went up as fast as we could, but the boys above us kept shaking the rigging so much, that sometimes the utmost I could do was to hold on without the power of moving upwards. Again all was steady, and on I went, putting one leg slowly after the other, and stretching them enormously wide each time. I dared not look up. I dared not look down, only just to see where I placed my hands and feet. I thought the terrible voyage would never be over. Poor Puncheon! I knew that he wasn't a bit better climber than I was, and fully expected to hear him fall plump down on the deck. At last I felt my head knock against something, and, compelled to look up, I found that I was just under the futtock shrouds, which ran from the mast to the outer edge of the huge top. Along this the other boys had gone; so must I—but how to do it. I should have to lie with my back to the deck and my face to the sky, and work my way along, something as a fly walks on a ceiling—only, to be sure, there would be the ratlines and shrouds to catch hold of. On I therefore went. I made two movements, and there I stuck. I could go neither backwards nor forwards. I felt that, if I made the attempt, I should fall. I cried out faintly at first, and then heard the captain shout, "Go through the lubber's hole, boy!" What he meant by that I couldn't tell, so all I did was to hold on and shriek out louder than before. Had the ship been rolling I might have had the chance of falling into the sea; but she was steady as a church-steeple, and if I fell I should come right down on deck and be smashed to atoms. All this I thought of as I hung up there. My strength was failing me. I couldn't hold much longer.

"Now I must go," I thought. "I wonder whether they will hold a blanket to catch me, or, maybe, a top-gallant studden-sail."

I forgot all about Puncheon; indeed, just then I felt as if all the interest of the world was centred on my own small self—a little insignificant ship-boy—hanging up in the futtock shrouds of the old *Thunderer*. When I felt myself at my last gasp, and that I must let go, suddenly I found the powerful arm of Bill Borwick round me, and heard his cheerful voice saying,

"Don't fear, my hearty; you're all right. Do better another time."

He then carried me down some little way, and placed me opposite Puncheon, who had not got up as far as I had done. All the other boys had, in the mean time, gone up over the topmast-head and down again. When we reached the deck we stood trembling, expecting to get the threatened reward. When, however, the captain heard that we had never been aloft before, he did not punish us, but said that we must try to do better the next time.

I had a talk with Puncheon, and he agreed that we would get Borwick to put us up to the best way of going aloft, and keep on practising till we beat the rest. We kept to our purpose, going aloft whenever we could—going up and coming down the stays hand over hand, till in a short time we were among the leading boys in the rigging, and in a few weeks, to the surprise of many who thought of our bad commencement, we beat them all.

III.

WE had a fine passage to Madeira, a beautiful island belonging to the Portuguese. If the English had it, they would, I fancy, make it into a perfect Paradise, as far as any place on this earth of ours can become one. I have visited, in my time, a number of places, but I never yet have found one that was not spoilt some way or other by man. On the coasts of America, in the Pacific, in the Indian Seas, in many parts of the Mediterranean, man has marred what God made lovely. I leave to those who love light and truth to explain what I mean. It's only my business to state facts. We got plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit from the boats with dark-skinned jabbering natives who came alongside.

The island is a very beautiful one, with fine hills rising up close above the town, and gardens full of orange-trees, and vineyards, and flowers, and fruits of all sorts. We only stayed long enough to allow the officers to get their clothes washed, and then once more, under all sail, stood away to the southward.

I heard one day that we were nearing the line, and Dicky Puncheon and several other boys were very anxious to know what that could mean. I promised to ask Sergeant Turbot. I did so. He tried to look very wise, and replied:

"Why, you understand, Bill, that the line is what you don't see; but it's there, and runs right round the world from east to west, or west to east, it's all the same; and then it's very hot there, because the sun is right over it, and for the same cause it's always summer, and the days are neither very long nor very short, and there are mostly calms. For these reasons, and because he couldn't pick out a more comfortable part of the whole watery world, the King of the Ocean, once on a time, used to live there. He doesn't now, that I know of, because I've heard say that all the heathen gods and goddesses have given up living at all on the earth—though, to be sure, I don't say but what he and they may visit it now and then. Now, Bill, you understand all about the matter—at least, as much as I, a sergeant of the Royal Marines, do, and that surely must be quite enough for a small ship-boy."

Full of the laud information I had received, I returned to my mess-mates, who told me that, in spite of what the sergeant had said, they

heard positively that Neptune and all his court were coming on board either the next day or the following. Some of the top-men, and boatswain's mates, and captains of guns, and other leading men in the ship, had been busily employed for some days about some secret business. One afternoon they were seen hoisting up all the buckets they could lay hands on full of water. When the sun went down, it was a dead calm; the courses were brailed up, and the ship lay motionless on the smooth ocean. Suddenly, ahead of her, a bright light burst forth, and continued to burn brilliantly. Directly after this a gruff voice was heard, hailing,

"What ship is that, ahoy?"

"Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Thunderer*," answered our skipper.

"Who commands her?" asked the voice.


"Captain Wabbleby," was the answer.

"Very well. Captain Wabbleby, I rather guess that you've got some of my children on board, and I intend, with your good leave, to pay you a visit on board to-morrow morning to inspect them. In the mean time, I'll send my secretary to take down their names, and make other arrangements, so you'll please to communicate anything you have to say to him. And now, as my wife and babies are looking out for me to mix the pap, I'll wish you good night, sir—good night."

"Good night," said the captain. "And I shall be happy to see your secretary."

On this, a venerable personage appeared coming over the bows, dressed in an old-fashioned suit, with a long white beard, a huge quill behind his ear, and a big book under his arm. He advanced aft along the deck, bowing gracefully, till he stood face to face with the captain. Then he began talking away quite easily and playfully. He complimented the captain on the good order the ship was in, and said he was very glad to find the crew so contented and happy. At this the skipper was as pleased as Punch. I rather think that there was a little soft sawdoring in it. All the crew had pressed aft to hear what the captain and Neptune's secretary were saying to each other, when down came a tremendous shower of water right upon our heads, nearly upsetting the skipper, flooring the secretary, and making others fly right and left. Now it happened that, a few weeks before, I had been reading an account of a waterspout which broke over a ship and sent her to the bottom, and I came to the conclusion that one had burst over our ship, and that we should in a few instants go down. For want of knowing what else to do, I ran forward as fast as my legs would carry me, but not fast enough to escape the deluge of water which came raining down out of the mizen and maintops. Puncheon, who was with me, and I did not stop till we reached the lower deck, and turned into our hammocks.

In the mean time, a number of unusual preparations had been made. A lower studding sail had been fastened up in the form of a long bag in the main deck on the starboard side, and filled with water. The skid gratings had also been taken off, so that, looking down from the starboard gangway, nothing but water was to be seen. We boys knew that a number of preparations had been made, but what they were all for we couldn't clearly understand. The next morning I saw a number of the bigger boys at their bags, putting on all sorts of old clothes. I asked them what it was for, and they said that they might be prepared for any



of the tricks old Neptune might be inclined to play them. They advised us to do the same, so, taking off our flannel waistcoats, we put on old tarry trousers and old shirts, with a piece of rope yarn round our waists. It was a regular holiday for all hands—that is to say, no more duty was done than was absolutely necessary. Puncheon and I got on deck in time to see Daddy Neptune and his wife and children, followed by his courtiers and twenty-four bears and as many constables, come in a long procession over the bows, and march aft in great ceremony. Neptune and his wife sat in their chariot, which looked like a gun-carriage, with their two infants, who put me wonderfully in mind of two small boys in our mess a few months younger only than Puncheon and me. His wife had very much the features of Ned Rawlins; and then there was his coachman and his barber, whose countenances I thought I knew, as I did that of his secretary. The secretary had a huge book, which he opened when the whole party had taken up their places near the afterpart of the sail. The barber held three razors made out of iron hoops; they were numbered. No. 1 was a piece of a rusty and jagged iron hoop; No. 2 was rather rusty, and only a little jagged; and No. 3 was a piece of smooth hoop, while at his feet were three buckets with brushes in them, filled with a mixture of tar and grease, which the barber called his soap and lather. The bears took their places up to their armpits in the sail, and the constables stationed themselves at all the hatchways, to catch any men who might be wanted. From the afterpart of the pinnace a slip plank was placed. On this each person who was brought up before Neptune and his counsellors had to take his stand. Meantime, Puncheon and I, thinking ourselves very clever, had got under the keel of the pinnace, so that we could look down into the tank and see all the fun going forward. Neptune's secretary first read out the names of those of his beloved children who had never before crossed the line. As soon as a name was called, if the infant did not at once answer, off set the constables in search of him, and those who gave most trouble were sure to be the most roughly handled. Before long the ward-room steward was brought up. He evidently had not a good conscience.

"Who pulls the boy's ears?" squeaked out Dicky and I.

"What, playful Peter, is that the way you behave?" growled out Neptune. "My children must learn to treat each other kindly. Give him number one."

The moment he opened his mouth to excuse himself the tar-brush was thrust into it in a way which made him glad enough to shut it again. His chin being covered with the lather, the barber began scraping away with his jagged razor till the poor fellow cried out for mercy, when the plank was tilted up, and into the tank he went headforemost, amid the shouts of the spectators. Here he was tossed and bandied about by the bears, every now and then getting ducked head under, till, thinking that he should be drowned, he shrieked out for mercy. Several others were treated in the same way. Some were dismissed with a few scrapes of the chin, and an admonition to be brave sons of Neptune, to be true to each other, and never to drink watered grog if they could get it pure. Before long, dirty Jem was brought. Poor fellow! he looked dreadfully frightened. His beardless chin got a pretty considerable lathering and shaving, and in a few seconds he was floundering with the rest in the

tank. Puncheon and I, from our place of fancied concealment, were laughing heartily at him, when our heels were lifted up, and over we went headforemost into the tank. Now we were bandied about from one big top-man to the other, first to one end, then back again, each one crying out, "He's none of my child." In vain we struggled—in vain we kicked—in vain we cried out; we were soon more than half drowned, and, I think, should soon have been entirely so, when a goat-natured top-man who had often done me a kind turn got hold of me, and gave me a shove up out of the sail on to the deck. I helped out Puncheon, and aft we scrambled till we thought ourselves out of harm's way. As to getting out without help, that we could never have done, as the sides of the tank were smooth and steep as an earthen pan, and we were very much like rats caught in it. Besides dirty Jem the smaller, we had a big, hulking fellow, called Michael Muck. He was a dirty, lazy, lubberly fellow, disliked and despised by all the ship's company. He had from the first, I doubt not, a pretty good notion that he would receive no very tender treatment from Neptune's ministers, so he went and hid himself away, thinking that he might, perhaps, escape notice. He had been marked, however, from the first. "Michael Muck—Michael Muck!" was soon called out by the secretary, and "Michael Muck—Michael Muck!" resounded along the decks. The constables searched for him everywhere—along each deck, behind every chest in every store-room, and in each corner into which he could possibly have crept. At last it was believed that he must have gone overboard; still, as he had been seen by more than one of the boys scudding along the deck faster than he had ever been known to move before, the fact that he had gone overboard was doubted by a great many. At length the constables instituted another search through the orlop-deck and in the cable tier. A shout proclaimed that Muck was found. He was stowed away within the coil of a cable, and a piece of canvas drawn neatly over him. He was dragged up, and placed on the plank before Neptune.

"You're a big, lazy, dirty, idle, mischievous, do-nothing rascal," began his majesty. "You deserve no good from any one, and you'll get it, too, my hearty. Give him number one and plenty of lather. Lay it on thick."

Neptune's ministers of justice did not require a second bidding. The moment the unhappy Muck opened his mouth to plead his cause, the tar-brush was run almost down his throat. His face was then covered with it, and next scraped with the jagged razor, till the blood ran out in all directions. In that state he was tossed into the tank, and bandied about among the bears, every one of whom owed him a grudge, till some one cried out that he was done for. He had fainted, or pretended to faint, and indeed looked as if he was dead. The captain, seeing what had happened, was very angry, and ordered him to be taken to the doctor, and forbade the sports to be continued. Neptune and his secretary begged pardon as well as they could for what had happened, and he and his followers waddled forward and disappeared over the bows.

We heard that evening that Michael Muck was very ill, and there was a general fear that he would die. What the doctor thought about the matter I do not know. Muck hated work, but he disliked nasty physic

still more. This the doctor knew, and by giving him all the most nauseous draughts he could think of, he soon got him out of the sick list. Muck, though out of the sick list, was very soon in the black list, and being shortly afterwards detected in helping himself to the contents of another man's bag, he was adjudged by the captain to be placed in irons, to be kept in solitary confinement, and to be otherwise punished. He was still a prisoner when we entered the magnificent harbour of Rio de Janeiro. I never was in a finer place. Half of each watch at a time got leave to go on shore. Sergeant Turbot took Puncheon and me with him to keep us out of mischief, though we would rather have gone alone to try and get into it. I was astonished at the quantity of black slaves grunting and groaning away under heavy loads. Still they were ever ready for a joke at any time, and those we met with loads off their backs were merry, laughing fellows, and went along singing and joking as if no such thing as slavery existed. We were passing along one of the principal streets, when a whole host of people came trooping out of a big church. Some in scarlet or purple robes, with bare heads, walked under canopies of silk; others, who were, as were the first priests, in gay dresses, followed, chanting at the top of their voices. Then there were silken banners and a number of boys or girls—it was difficult to make out which. Some of them winked and made faces at Puncheon and me, rigged out with satin wings, and gold and silver, and white and pink, and blue dresses, to look like angels or cherubs, though I didn't know that angels dressed in that way; but Sergeant Turbot said they did. A still more curious thing was a number of big figures—bigger a great deal than living people—made to look like a number of the people one reads of in the New Testament. There was, among others, the Virgin Mary, dressed like a queen, with a child in her arms. When the people saw it, they all fell down and worshipped it. When the fat old priest in the scarlet robes passed, holding a silver tray or box in his hand, they did the same, and I was told that was the host. I knew that I had read in the Bible, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them." Now here I saw a number of images, just the very things we are told not to make, made either by the priests or by their order, and thousands of people bowing down and worshipping them. Sergeant Turbot said that they were only pretending to worship them; that they couldn't be such fools really to do so; but I must say that I never saw anything more like reality. My opinion was that they were no better than regular idolators.

That night, when we got on board again, the sergeant and my master the boatswain were walking the forecastle, and Puncheon and I were standing not far off, when a splash was heard, and the cry was raised of "A man overboard!" The sentry at that moment fired, but he did not hit the man, whose head I could see as I looked through one of the ports, while he struck out boldly for the land. There were plenty of sharks about, so there was not much chance of his reaching it, even if he was allowed to go. The sentry's shot was, however, followed by the officer of the watch calling away the second cutter. She was lowered and manned pretty quickly, and I watched her eagerly as she made chase

after the fugitive. He was soon brought back, and proved to be no other than Michael Muck, who, taking advantage of the short interval when a prisoner's manacles are taken off, had contrived to slip overboard. No one had supposed that he was a good swimmer, yet to reach the shore he must have been a first-rate one. Perhaps some friend had told him that an American merchantman lay inside of us, and he hoped to reach her, when he could have been sure to be taken on board and concealed. He would have been a somewhat dear bargain if they had got him.

We were soon again at sea, and the next morning the hands were turned up, and I saw two gratings, one placed fore and aft, and the other resting on it upright, the guard of the marines drawn up next with fixed bayonets, and the captain and officers assembled in full uniform. The captain had a paper in his hand, from which he read part of the articles of war, especially that part relating to desertion. He then said, in a stern voice, "Michael Muck, strip!" With many a wry face the culprit did as he was ordered. He was then seized up to the grating. "Do your duty," said the captain. The boatswain, drawing the cat through his hands, began, his mates following one after the other, till the wretched Muck had had his four dozen. The surgeon had to stand by to see that the man could bear the infliction. He now and then cried out, but he evidently did not feel as much as many men, and was said to have borne it very well. "Cast him off," said the captain. "Pipe down."

The business, as far as the rest of the ship's company were concerned, was over. The surgeon took the poor wretch in charge to doctor his back, and it was some days before he was fit for duty. Now I do not wish to say much for or against flogging. It is thought not to be necessary, and would not, if all men were well educated, sober, and well conducted; but as long as there are fellows of the stamp of Michael Muck on board a ship, some pretty sharp punishment is necessary. They don't mind imprisonment, they are at the bottom of the tree, so they cannot be disgraced; they don't care for loss of pay, and a pension is too remote a prospect for those whose thoughts do not go beyond the present; but they do mind a flogging; it hurts them terribly; and if they get one they are nearly certain to get others. I shall be very glad of the time when it can be done away with.

The hospital on board ship is called the sick bay, and is generally kept as airy and well ventilated as possible. I should have thought that one of the last men in the ship to enter it would have been Ned Rawlins, the boatswain's mate, yet the day after the event I have described he was taken ill. The boatswain, who had a great regard for him, used frequently to visit him, and used to send me to sit by him and read to him, which I could do—thanks to the schooling my mother got for me—better than most of the boys in the ship. Poor Ned, however, got worse and worse. He whispered to me one evening that he knew that he was dying, and that from what the chaplain had said to him he thought so likewise. "It's an awful thing, Bill," he said; "though I've run risks enough over and over again of losing my life, I never thought of it as I now do." I could say nothing, but could only cry, for I was very sorry to hear what Ned said; still I thought he was right. "Don't take on

so, Bill," he said, calmly. "What I want you to promise me is, when you get home again—as I hope you will—to go to Brading, in the Isle of Wight, and look out for my old mother and sister Mary, and tell them that I thought of them to the last, and prayed for them, that God will look after them. Mary is a young, sweet pretty girl as ever you saw. I'd ask Mr. Futtock to go; but you see he's an oldish man, and the climate the ship is going to is none of the best, and a steady boy like you may live through it when others may be carried off." I promised Ned to do all he wished; and I kept my promise too. The next day Ned's spirit went aloft. The weather had been threatening for some hours, and towards evening, when the burial was to have taken place, the hands were turned up to reef topsails. Three reefs were at once taken in the topsails, and not a moment too soon. Down came the gale upon us; the big ship heeled over till the lower deck ports were under water; the rolling seas tossed wildly round her, and roared as if eager to swallow her up; the wind whistled, the thunder growled, every now and then breaking overhead with tremendous rattles, and a pitchy darkness came down over the ocean, the occasional flashes of lightning only rendering the darkness still more dark.

Such was the state of things when the bell began to toll to summon the crew together to take a last farewell of honest Ned Rawlins. Funerals generally take place on the lee gangway, but as it was raining and blowing too hard to allow people to collect on the upper deck, we assembled on the port side of the main deck. A gun had been run out of the way to allow one of the ports to remain free. Here the ship's company assembled, passing round to look at poor Dick's face, which was then covered over and secured within his hammock. The chaplain next came up with his book in his hand, ready to read the funeral service. All hands pressed as close to him as they could, the captain and officers standing abaft. The boatswain now reported the decks clear; the bell, which had continued solemnly tolling, was stopped, and the chaplain began reading. We were on the starboard tack, and the ship rolled over to port so much that it was with difficulty any one could stand upright; and every now and then a large white-topped surge would come rolling up, dashing through the port and nearly washing away the corpse.

When the minister began, "Man that is born of a woman," &c., not a human voice except his was heard of all the many hundred men assembled on the deck. He went on, "I am the resurrection and the life," &c. &c. It seemed to me at that instant as if some spirit from another world was addressing us. As I was behind the men, I could not see the chaplain, his deep, solemn voice alone reaching my ears. Then came those deeply solemn words, "we therefore commit his body to the deep." As they were spoken, Ned's messmates gave the grating a cant, and a shot having been placed at the feet, it went overboard with a heavy splash, and sank in an instant for ever from our sight till that awful time when the last trump shall sound, and the deep shall give up its dead. As I looked round on the rough hairy-faced men who passed me when the boatswain piped the hands down, I saw the eyes of many glistening with tears. Many might possibly have asked themselves the question, "Shall I be the next?" Yet in a few hours, I might say minutes, afterwards,

there was as much noise and talking, ay, and joking too, as ever, and probably before the next morning any impression which might have been made had passed away from the hearts of the greater number—I might say of all, with a very, very small exception.

Whatever is to be done with sailors must be done at once. Take them at the moment; press home any truths which have to be inculcated. Don't trust to mere good impressions. As well expect to find your way over the trackless ocean by looking for the wake of some ship ahead as thus to guide seamen aright.

IV.

I AM afraid of tiring my readers with these recollections of my early days at sea. All I profess to do is to dot down from memory some of the occurrences which made the deepest impression on me during this my first voyage on board a man-of-war. It was some time after this my journal was very nearly brought to a summary conclusion. We were off the Cape, or nearly so, when again the wind began to rise, and there seemed every appearance of bad weather coming on. The hands were accordingly turned up to take another reef in the topsails, and to furl top-gallant sails. This was scarcely done, when the pipe was again heard: "Watch, down top-gallant yards and top-gallant masts." The wind went on increasing, and our canvas was still further reduced till we were running dead before the gale, with our courses furled—fore-topsail close reefed, main-topsail three reefs in, and mizen-topsail furled. Night came on, and in a short time it was as dark as the darkest midnight, and we were tearing through the foaming seas at not less than fifteen knots an hour. Mr. Futtock said that we were going twenty; but that I don't believe, because I never found the fastest ship go so fast.

Somehow or other, I don't exactly know why, not much, up to this time, had been thought of our captain. He was a good-natured man, but it was said that there was more talk than do in him. Officers little think how much they are discussed by the men. The second lieutenant was thought still less of, and not without reason. He was fond of sporting poetry and doing the polite to young ladies who came off to see the ship; but as to seamanship, he knew nothing about it. He often got the ship into a mess, but had no idea of getting her out of it again. Now it happened to be his first watch at night. It had just struck eight bells; the starboard watch had been called, and a few minutes afterwards the other watch was mustered. During this time the rounds went to see all cleared up and safe below. The watch relieved was just turning in—some already had their clothes off—when suddenly a fearful crashing sound was heard, which paralysed everybody. No one knew what had happened, only there was a feeling that the ship was in some awful danger. Not a word was heard from the officer of the watch. If we were in peril, he was not going to take us out of it, so it seemed. Neither Puncheon nor I had taken off our clothes, so we scrambled on deck to see what was the matter. A seaman will understand our position when I say that the ship was taken right aback, and driving stern first, at the rate of some twelve knots an hour, with the sea breaking

over her poop, two-thirds of which were already under water. No one spoke, not an order was given. Suddenly a loud voice was heard shouting, "On deck, lads, for your lives!" and directly afterwards, Bob Turner, one of the boatswain's mates, piped, "Hands save ship!" The crew were on deck almost before the sound of the pipe had died away, and again the same voice (we now knew it to be that of the captain) thundered out, "Man the starboard fore-brace!" Officers, marines, and any one who was near, grasped the rope and hauled away on it with a will. The head-yards were very soon braced sharp up, and the head-sails took and filled at the very moment that the poop was nearly under water, and it seemed as if the ship was going bodily down; the main and cross jack-yards were soon braced round, and in less than a quarter of an hour from the time the wind had shifted we were braced sharp up on the starboard tack, and going seven knots through the water.

"We've had a merciful deliverance, my boy," I heard old Futtock remark to the gunner, a short time afterwards. "It is not often that a ship gets into the position we were in and gets out of it. In another minute the sea would have been rushing right over the poop down on our quarter-deck, and it would have been all over with us. If Mr. Muddlehead had had his wits about him, he would have braced the yards round the moment she was taken aback. Just think what it would have been if we hadn't been under snug sail. Why, we should have gone right down stern foremost, and never come up again. Such, I doubt not, has been the fate of many a ship of which nothing has ever since been heard."

After this night our new captain was much more respected by the crew, because he was now known to be a seaman—a doer as well as a talker; he maintained discipline, too, much more easily than he had before done, because the ship's company had learned to respect him. A captain may be ever so kind, but unless he has gained the respect of his men he can never manage them properly.

But I might go on till Christmas spinning yarns about the various events which happened during this my first trip to sea. I dare say many of my readers will be inclined to cry, "Avast! you have given us enough for one dose." And, supposing such to be the case, I will for the present bring my recollections to a conclusion.

THE MINOR STATES OF GERMANY.

"THERE was a time," says a Prussian pamphleteer, "when the ideas of French democracy dominated over the German world, and when prompt, and successful street combats in the capital of a centralised state decided the fate of an entire state, and served as the models of glorious revolutions."* But the last ten years, it is added, have shown that the revolutions of states among "moral" people are in general accomplished by other means; they are carried out by organised military forces. The kingdom of Italy was created by the Piedmontese and French troops, for the eccentric movements of Garibaldi in the south could have only ended in the most signal discomfiture had it not have been that they were supported by the organised power of Piedmont. Even in America, where individual liberty appeared to be everything, and the power of the State a secondary matter, the reorganisation of the union was the work of a regular war supported by the State, and which hence became by that very war quite a different thing to what it had been previously.

So it was in Germany, which, if it is ever enabled to take that position which is due to it as a great power, will be owing to the heroism of the Prussians, who almost alone appreciate the grandeur of their mission. But to many of the minor states it is of no importance that the Prussian arms should reorganise Germany, that they should restore Venetia to Italy, force back retrograde Austria into the far east, and determine for ever that it shall no longer be either France or Russia which shall decide the fate of the Continent, but a real and effective equilibrium of the great powers, not an equilibrium of an ephemeral character, as under Frederick the Great, but one calculated to last, protected by the military power of Prussia—a power attained by years of study and sacrifices, and matured by experience.

Unfortunately, the petty egotism of some of the minor states still blind them to the importance of a united Germany. It is not only that the rulers of these states are reduced to a secondary position; they were no better off under a diet swayed by Austrian domination, or as a confederation of princes domineered over by the Muscovite; it is that the spirit of doctrinarism, which can never permit Providence to have any other views than its own, is still rampant throughout the length and breadth of the land, and, above all, that well-matured and generally accepted ideas as to the constitution of Germany under the new state of things, or as a united fatherland, have not yet had time to take root. Ideas are still popular in the minor states which fill patriotic hearts with grief and despair. The policy of these states is of so petty an order that they totally overlook the importance of a united fatherland in the presence of a hostile France or Austria, in the desire for trivial and, indeed, imaginary and impossible independence, or in a gloomy or discontented egotism. There is an amount of political incapacity in such a state of things which would assuredly lead to despair of the regeneration of Ger-

* *L'Avenir des Moyens Etats du Nord de l'Allemagne.* Par Henri de Treitschke. E. Dentu.

many, were it not that that regeneration is, fortunately for modern ideas of selfish democracy and doctrinarism, in the hands of a great power, and of one that there is reason to believe will be strong enough for the task imposed upon it by Providence. It has been said that England is at the back of France and Austria. We hope it never will be so against a united Germany, which is alone capable of preserving a European equilibrium, and which, as a check to the ambition of France and Russia, would be the safeguard of the peace of Europe. Even the creation of one common Zollverein, although hailed by acclamation by the minor states, has never been credited to Prussia, who has the greater reason to complain of the apathy and indifference and, in some cases, even hostile attitude of petty states, inasmuch as the sacrifices and expenses of regenerating a whole country are thrown upon it alone, an excess of taxes leading to the sole cause of discontent that exists amongst its people, which, if distributed, as they ought to be, over the whole fatherland, would no longer be of the same onerous character as they are when imposed upon only a fraction of the country.

Prussia will not, however, labour the less earnestly in completing that which its army has begun on account of these grievous drawbacks. The political apathy, incapacity, and imbecility of portions of the fatherland are not shared in by the great Protestant state of the north. It is high time, however, that the nation should also lend its aid in consummating what has been inaugurated by the Prussian crown, and in part carried out by Prussian arms. Whatever may be the ultimate results of the engagements entered into by France and Austria to oppose the political union of the southern states with those of the north, and to fix the Maine as the boundary of two separate and hostile confederations, one German and Protestant, the other Franco-Austrian and Catholic, such a policy would only hasten the conclusions to be arrived at by the minor states of the north and central Germany, and would also most probably lead to a clear declaration of the policy intended to be pursued by the southern states, if such were needed. They have not failed, indeed, in every way that is possible, consistent with respect to the great powers that are endeavouring to turn them from their true interests, to show that however much parties may be divided in the countries themselves, and however hostile some may be to Prussian domination, that the final resolve will be to constitute part of a German unity, under a liberal and acceptable constitution, rather than enter into a southern confederation, even if such were now possible, under the auspices of France and the domination of Austria. Austria, by acceding to the policy of France, dictated by hostility to Prussia and a desire to annex the left bank of the Rhine, runs far greater chance of losing its remaining German provinces than Prussia does of losing Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden as political and military allies, and ultimately as part of a united Germany. Chassepots may fire ten shots in a minute, and the needle-gun only eight; but Chassepots hit the target only eight times, the needle-gun every time, establishing an equality between the two.

The French army, no matter what is done, will also always be inferior in number to the Prussian army alone, and without the alliance of the southern states, in consequence of the landwehr institution. The battalions of infantry of the landwehr can, whenever Prussia likes, supply two hundred and forty-three thousand men to reinforce the permanent

army. The Franco-Austrians start from this point—that the treaty of Prague definitely settled all the questions to which the war gave rise, and that the southern states were not justified in entering into a subsequent military and political alliance, which modified that treaty. But treaties rise spontaneously out of the necessities of the case, and is it possible for hostile or discomfited powers to rule what treaties shall or shall not be entered upon by other powers? To interfere in the unification of Germany, merely because such unification is opposed to the domination of France or Austria, is more than interference—it is a dictation of will, that can only be conducive to war. Prussia has, in the pursuit of unification, not only obtained the alliance of Bavaria and Würtemberg, but she has acquired such an influence over Hesse-Darmstadt that one might almost say that Mayence is in her power. She is not the less powerful in the Grand Duchy of Baden, for at any moment she may be mistress of that great historical key to the interior—the stronghold of Rastadt. “A refreshing breeze,” says Von Treitschke, “blows from the north, over the sleepy waters of our policy, and lifts them up in waves. Brilliant results, which only a few months ago appeared impossible of attainment even to the most enthusiastic dreamer, are there tangible before us. The present moment is one so grand, so full of promises to the future, that history has nothing like it to show us. For the first time for four centuries Germany is there, free from all admixture and of all foreign influence; now alone do we begin to appreciate what Prussia is worth to Germany. If at such a supreme hour we do not find the courage of action, we truly deserve to remain slaves.” What is most in favour of ultimate German unification is, that it is a natural result of the new order of things. The agglomeration of nationalities is, indeed, a necessary sequence to the war, and surely the tendency of German states must now inevitably be towards that unity which has hitherto been impeded by the rivalry of petty principalities and foreign influences, and by the domination of a partly Slavonic empire, and which it is still attempted to thwart by a southern confederation under a Franco-Austrian dictation. But nature will have its way, and, although difficulties may present themselves, new disasters may arise, and new and fearful wars have to be encountered, Germany will still not the less, by the force of uncontrollable impulses and events—the force of nationalities—arise from the struggle one great and united confederation—a check to the ambition of France, Austria, and Russia, and the safeguard of peace and prosperity of Europe.

International treaties, which have for object the unification of states, have no reference to the interests or policy of other powers, nor can they be made the subject of interference without hostile views. This is the peculiarity of the Franco-Austrian alliance. It is an attempt to dominate over the national will, and to sway nature itself in one of her most manifest demonstrations. France and Austria are in the same unnatural position as they are in Italy. Power may do much towards consolidating dominion, it cannot extinguish nationalities; and a dominion imposed upon people cannot in the nature of things last for ever. Is there any historical example of the perpetual sway of any power, however great at the time of conquest, over another people? There may be absorption of the elements of conquest, as of the Normans in England, but there is no perpetual Norman domination. A united Germany, it must be ad-

mitted on all hands, however much it has to apprehend from a Franco-Austrian alliance, has much less to fear, the moment it is resolved upon deciding its fate by the fortune of war, than Italy. Yet Italy is united and free, with the exception of Rome; and that excrescence of an *imperium in imperio* would not exist for a day, notwithstanding the upholstery of France, if it was not for the influence of a far-scattered priesthood and of religious feelings among the masses. France may aid and abet Austria in liberating herself from a detestable concordat, but the minds of the Latin and Catholic races require a more general enlightenment, after ages of priestly thralldom, ere they can fully appreciate the advantages of emancipation from errors and superstitions which are still a luxury to many southern minds.

One obvious result of the war of 1866 is, that the stronger the union of the countries north of the Maine becomes with Prussia, the more inevitable does the alliance of the southern states with the north become. Experience has shown to the great as well as to the minor princes of Germany, that in recognising the military supremacy of Prussia, and giving themselves up to its diplomatic direction, not only are they not called upon to make sacrifices, but they actually have no better means of assuring to themselves their possessions. The temporary suspension of the monarchies of Saxony, Hanover, and Nassau conveys an important lesson. On the other hand, their integrity was left to all such states of the north as acted in the cause of a common unity. The Germans of the Rhine, whose sense of national honour seemed to have become utterly extinguished by clerical domination, fought bravely in Bohemia by the side of the old regiments of the Grand-Elector and the warlike sons of Mack. The Hessians, whose military prowess signalises many a page of German history, were unfortunately condemned by their government to a pitiful neutrality. The battalions of Detmold and Gotha did marvels. The princes of the smaller states are mostly accustomed to serve in their youth in the Prussian army, and when arrived at an age to govern, to be guided by Prussian policy. But the professors of German jurisprudence cannot associate a condition of semi-dependence with the idea of a federal union. The Prussians, on their side, cannot see why in the future each of these smaller states should have a ministry and an army of civil officers to perform that which, in Prussia, is carried out by a single *landrath* or commissioner. It suffices, they say, to glance at the frontiers of the country to see that the constitution of such petty states belongs to times long gone by. The independent existence of such states is, they say, incompatible with the strength and vitality of a united Germany. Submission to Prussia is, therefore, a step in progress over the sovereignty guaranteed by a diet which was powerless to protect it.

The position of Prussia in regard to the states militarily occupied presents greater difficulties. All great confederations have sprung from wars of independence. Sentiments of fraternity are much more easily begot in a common struggle, having national independence for its object, than in festivals where they are made the subject of frothy speeches, and such sentiments are better calculated to ensure a federal pact than the wisest paragraphs of a formal constitution. Success in such a struggle also gives to allied states the best assurance that their independence will be guaranteed. But it is otherwise with regard to such states as ally

themselves with a foreign power, as in the case of Hesse, Hanover, and Saxony, and the question arises, Can they from conquered enemies be converted into faithful friends?

Such an experiment can be tried without danger to Germany in regard to some of the less powerful states. The Duke of Nassau lost his sovereignty by long-continued misgovernment, and by a malicious and arrogant attitude assumed towards Prussia; but Germany would not be placed in a position of danger if this captain of Nassau was permitted, with his one gun, his three troopers, his servant-maid, and seven hens, to return in triumph to Marxburg, the impregnable stronghold of the empire of Nassau. So, also, with regard to Frankfort. The monarchical tendencies of modern Europe is not favourable to the existence of little republics. Can anything be more absurd than the toleration of the little republic of Andorre in the Pyrenees, a hotbed of vice and villany? All claims of independence have disappeared from a city of undisciplined demagogism and servility to mammon, with its diet—the last remaining point of union of mediæval traditions and sickly reminiscences of a disunited and dismembered Germany! Nevertheless, it will be of little importance to a united Germany if Duke Bernhard and the Duchess Caroline of the elder branch were allowed to remain on the throne of their ancestors.

But it is different with regard to Saxony, Hanover, and Hesse. The fugitive King John fought with the stranger against the cause of Germany, and whilst his commissioners were recommending submission to the new state of things he was secretly promising better days upon his restoration. King George lost Hanover partly by his own obstinacy, but still more by the incapacity or indifference of the southern states. It is satisfactory, then, to know that he has come, at all events, to a financial arrangement with Prussia. The elector of Hesse permitted his troops to fight in the ranks of the Reich's armée after he had lost his country and his liberty. These three countries were, we are told, conquered in a just war, and are militarily occupied to the last village, and the rights of people, consecrated by the usages of ten centuries, permit the conqueror to dispose of them as he pleases. It is in vain that the fugitive princes protest, or refuse to absolve their employés from their oaths of allegiance; if Prussia puts its incontestable rights in force, it would only be accomplishing a verdict which has been endorsed by the national conscience a long time back. The rights of princes also impose upon them duties—duties whose violation often conduces to the loss of these very rights. The re-establishment of these three states would, it is argued, be a danger to the new federal pact of Germany, and a sin committed against the morality of the nation. The conviction that a sovereign judge ought to hold sway over the caprices of powerful vassals, carried into force in France by Richelieu, has survived in Germany the mediæval reminiscences of an imperial, but Roman, empire; and where can that sovereign judge, now that the Roman empire has become Slavonic, Hungarian, and anti-German, be found but in the dynasty which has already grouped twenty-five millions of Germans around it?

Again, it is argued that an act of historical necessity is accomplished in abolishing these smaller dynasties. History, in fact, teaches that little states cannot exist in the midst of civilised people, whose tendency is ever to fuse into great national masses. The spirit of national love and enter-

prise, of a patriotism that is capable of great devotion and great sacrifices, is incompatible with the existence of petty states. Discipline and military honour may be upheld in such, but real patriotism is unknown. Again, states possessing no real strength, no confidence in themselves, or in the bonds that unite the people, have no legislative life, and they inevitably fall into a state of supineness or of criminal abuses. The amount of these, and the extent to which they were carried, were disclosed by the war of 1866 to a degree that attested the imperious necessity for reform.

Where, then, are the intellectual forces essential for such an undertaking to be found? It is unnecessary to give the answer to a question which, in the existing state of things, is conveyed in the question itself. But the military burdens and heavy taxation of Prussia are held forth as oppressions to be avoided, whereas not only would these be diminished for all by a more just and extensive repartition, but it is most positively asserted that they would be more oppressive to a plenary restored Saxony and Hanover, than they are actually in Prussia fighting almost single-handed for a united Germany. The military institutions of Prussia will unquestionably be introduced into the smaller states. The position of a soldier is only supportable when he constitutes part of a large and powerful army, and such could neither exist nor be effective except under one general system.

The agglomeration of territories previously dispersed, and the fusion of minor states, would also put an end to what has long been the bane of Germany, and the subject of scorn and contempt to foreigners, as well as to all truly patriotic Germans—the traffic in souls and in territories. Such a constantly recurring false and ridiculous position of minor states with regard to one another, which has so long tolerated the exchange of territories and the handing over of whole families of people to different princes, can only be put an end to by annexation under one great power. To retain burdensome political responsibilities, and not to be a nation, is an insupportable state of things. Neither Hanoverian or Saxon, who have each a great history, would like to be a Prussian of a second order, but he can have no real disinclination to be one of a great, powerful, and united Germany.

Both a moral and material benefit would accrue from such a regeneration. It has pleased some to represent what they call the "particularism" of Germany as a form of liberty and self-government, whereas it is simply a plurality of masters, and the sway of little courts disregarding all constitutional forms—fractions of the ancient Germanic empire—acquired by marriage, exchange, or war, nursed up in hatred of their neighbours, and so tyrannised over that the people themselves had no voice in an unjust war. That there can be any ethnographic causes for this repartition of Germany into petty states, or for distrust and hatred among its populations, is absurd. If the Saxon of Eilenburg and Torgau is proud of being a Prussian, there is no reason why the Saxon of Wurzen and of Leipzig should not prefer being a citizen of a great power than of a minor one; and if the Swabians of Hohenzollern are faithful to hereditary ties, there are no reasons why the Hanoverians of Westphalia should not enjoy the same advantages as the Prussians of Westphalia.

Prussia itself will benefit by that constitutional reorganisation which will follow upon the agglomeration of the minor states. Whilst one fraction of society is conservative, the majority of the middle classes are

subjected to the terrorism of the so-called party of progress. New political force would be derived from co-operation with Hanover and Hesse. Particularity of institutions exist not only among the minor states, but also in Prussia itself, which is much less centralised than young Italy. Many of the Prussian provinces preserve particular private rights, peculiar communal organisations, and other important institutions. There are no necessities for creating a factitious centralisation among the confederated states any more than exists at the present time.

But, on the other hand, Saxons and Hanoverians alike will soon find, that while the individual is raised in his own estimation by becoming a member of a powerful community—part of a common country—so also they will feel that their interests as states are better provided for under such a system than under petty governments. A policy of exclusiveness and a systematic neglect of all facilities of intercommunication are no longer possible in Germany, no more than that a railway shall not be constructed out of regard for the pheasants of a grand-duke elector. It has been the same with industry and commerce, which have both alike suffered from the exclusiveness of minor states. Many an elector, dreading the presence of a manufacturing population, has obstinately refused to sanction the existence of industrial establishments in his impoverished realms. The introduction of the Zollverein under the ægis of Prussia will do away with such a retrograde state of things.

The only persons who will suffer from a change will be people attached to the minor courts, employés of a petty civil list, and a poverty-stricken nobility which enjoyed small sinecures. Many of the more intelligent of these will remain in their places; but that all shall remain is impossible, for under the existing state of things they constitute the majority of the better classes in the capital of every minor state, which they at once impoverish and demoralise. The rivalry of the universities of each small government will also attach the impracticable professors to the party of separation. Hence it is that those very schools which should be in every well-constituted state the cradle of patriotism have, unfortunately, become in Germany, from this rivalry of minor states, so many furnaces of discord, and little better than provincial hotbeds of rancour and jealousy.

It is a duty imposed upon Prussia, by the necessity in which it is placed of consolidating its work, to satisfy all the demands made by the different states in the name of justice and of individual interests; but it is manifest that such as are founded solely upon the rivalry of neighbouring minor states, cannot come under such a category, and they must give way to the common welfare and the interests of the community at large. This is one of the most difficult reforms that remain to be carried out in a united Germany. Yet, if the past history of some of these minor states was referred to, it would be little less edifying as to the patriotic working of such institutions, than their present state of being, is in a political point of view. The existence of such states has ever been a source of weakness, a cause of discord, an insuperable impediment in the way of the unity, prosperity, and power of Germany. For ages, for example, after the house of Hapsburg, that of Albertin of Saxony has been most opposed to the real interests of the country. The cradle of reform and the leader in German Protestantism, Duke Maurice, betrayed his nation and his religion for an electoral hat, and the Judas of Meissen

delivered over Lorraine to the French. Then came the so-called peace of the confession of Augsburg—a wondrous specimen of the politico-theological wisdom of the houses of Hapsburg and Albertin, and the cause of the Thirty Years' War. Whilst an outraged Protestantism, the agony of the Low Countries, and all the most holy interests of the German nation claimed her united efforts to oppose the domination of the Hapsburgs of Spain, the most powerful state of Protestant Germany held aloof, until a prolonged warfare, involving all the irreconcilable antitheses of Lutherans, Calvinists, and Catholics was the result, and then electoral Saxony sided alternately with the one party and then with another! Even at a later epoch, when young Prussia was beginning to organise herself, the Albertins were still renegades to their faith and their people, and, as kings of Poland, dissipated the resources of a purely Germanic people. A clever English diplomatist said of Saxony, half a century ago, "Prussia is its wife, Austria its mistress." And so it has continued to be, notwithstanding the ties of religion and nationality which bind her to Prussia. When the Holy Empire fell to the ground before the armies of the great Napoleon, and Prussia sought to unite the remaining fragments in a confederation of the north, Frederick Augustus refused, because, he said, he could not place his older and more noble dynasty in subordination to that of Hohenzollern; and besides, had not Napoleon himself signalised the ambition of Prussia? After the battle of Jena, the King of Saxony withdrew his troops from their German confederates and led them against the Prussians. The day of revenge came when Prussia, triumphant, Frederick Augustus, who had joined the confederation of the Rhine, was abandoned by his own army, had to fly from his country, and was only reinstated by the Holy Alliance. Under Frederick Augustus II. a closer intimacy sprang up with Prussia, Saxony entered into the Zollverein, the great commercial bond of German unity; and when the revolution of May suddenly and unexpectedly deprived the monarch of his throne, the Prussians re-seated him in his ancient capital. M. de Beust inaugurated a new policy. He entered into alliance with Austria. Saxony once more turned its arms against Prussia, but it fell, almost without striking a blow, into the hands of its quondam ally, and M. de Beust became a chancellor of Austria, where it is to be hoped his policy will be more successful than it was in Saxony. The Guelphs of Hanover are taxed with being even less German than the Saxons. They struggled for thirty years against the Zollverein; they changed the constitution of the country six times in fifty years, and did everything in their power to impede the development of commerce in Hamburg, Oldenburg, Brunswick, and Bremen. The last of the Guelphs made the same mistake as the last of the Albertins. He went over to Austria on the occasion of the breaking up of the diet; he was not even supported by his Catholic allies of the south, and yet a Guelph may yet be restored to the throne of Hanover, and it is not improbable that an Albertin may also again reign in Saxony—but under altered circumstances. Electoral Hesse is looked upon by German patriots with even greater distrust than the houses of Saxony and Hanover. The bastard descendants of Philip the Magnanimous are declared to have been a long time past a scandal to Europe by their disorderly avarice and tyranny. They have, we are told, no supporters among the conservatives. Eckart and the more violent demagogues alone

uphold their claims, because they know that such a rule must infallibly lead to a Red Republic.

Many of the liberal party think that were the dynasties of the minor sovereignties restored they would be compelled to be liberal, and to be friends of Prussia. But their states having been reserved to all those who adopted a Protestant and German policy on the breaking up of the diet, and in the war of 1866, Treitschke argues that it is very questionable if it would be wise to follow the same policy towards those states which in their own egotism preferred to unite themselves with a foreign power—i.e. Austria.

All historical antecedents, he argues, are unquestionably opposed to any ideas of fidelity to the true cause of Germany, and with France and Austria entering into alliance to curb Prussia, to win over the southern states, and to obtain, if possible, peaceably, the "rectification of their frontiers," Prussia will require to be more exacting than it perhaps would otherwise have been. As it is, Hanover and Electoral Hesse have to a certain extent been incorporated with Prussia, and, as Prussian regiments, their brave soldiers will fight by the side of those old regiments of Hohenzollern with as much fidelity and bravery as that hussar regiment of Thuringia, which, now Prussian, was, under Saxony, so fatal to the Austrians at Wagram. Its independence has been conceded to Saxony, out of respect to the susceptibilities of Austria and France; but if the exigencies of those two powers are carried too far, and they exact that the political, military, and commercial alliances of the North German Confederation shall not embrace the south, as they have, indeed, already done, the fate of Saxony will, we are told, be otherwise decided. The new parliament of a confederated country will at once decline making further concessions in order to win over the south, and to carry out acts of disinterestedness which may any day become serious sources of weakness. Dresden is the key to the valley of the Elbe, and threatened as the North German Confederation is by a southern alliance, it cannot from mere strategic considerations leave its keeping in the hands of a doubtful ally. The people—the Germans—of Schleswig-Holstein do not want their old dynasties back again, nor yet do they wish to pass under the Prussian yoke; but they would not object to constituting part of a united and confederated Germany, protected by a liberal constitution. It is in the interest of Prussia to spare Holstein and Schleswig, but the want of an extended seaboard renders it inexorable in a direction which is as likely to involve it in trouble, as are its relations with the states south of the Maine.

The German race has high intellectual qualities and great capacities of political economy; but it has yet to emancipate itself from the most childish notions of policy, under which it still in part exists, and learn that political power and grandeur are only to be found in union. Germany exhausted itself two centuries ago in a thirty years' struggle against Austria; Frederick the Great warred for seven years merely in supporting his right as a German sovereign against the Holy Roman Empire. In our own times a campaign of a few weeks has sufficed to overthrow the power of the Hapsburgs. Is it likely, then, that Germany will hesitate in carrying out unification when the people have discovered their strength, and that their long-coveted destiny is at last in their own keeping?

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GERMANY IN A ROMANIST POINT OF VIEW.

AMIDST the conflicting interests with which Germany is beset whilst labouring in the great task of unification, Monseigneur de Ketteler, Roman Catholic Bishop of Mayence, has spoken out on behalf of his co-religionaries. He owed it, he says, to his country, to his countrymen, and to his duty as a Christian, to hold an opinion as equitable as possible in the presence of contemporaneous events.* The result is, that, with certain party reservations and demands for concessions, natural to the representative of a large class of the people, more or less opposed in matters of religion, the worthy bishop believes that to avoid a new and fratricidal war (and he cannot wish for such a war, he says, nor does he view such as a future means of organisation of Germany), the adhesion, under certain reserves, of the southern states to the confederation of the north, appears to be the only possible resolve to take, "if we (that is to say, the people of Rheinessen) do not wish to perish in a proximate catastrophe, or, what comes to the same thing as far as we are concerned, to become French with the left bank of the Rhine." The opinion here announced does not tally with that of the French publicists, who are continually asserting that the "national feeling" of the left bank of the Rhine is with them. If any sympathy was to be expected, it would have been sought for from among the ranks of their co-religionaries, but we here find the worthy prelate of Mayence placing the fact of becoming French with the left bank of the Rhine upon the same level, or in the same category, as perishing by some proximate catastrophe. It is to Austria, not to France, that the bishop looks as the head of German Roman Catholicism. "The first of these reserves," he says, "is the consent of Austria; it is a fraternal alliance, which shall be satisfactory to Austria between the two parties now existing in Germany. What renders the position of things most painful is the silence of Austria with regard to its disposition, and as to what it will exact in relation to the general questions of Germany. We perfectly recognise to Austria, notwithstanding Nikolsburg and Prague, the right of manifesting its wishes, of raising its pretensions upon anything that is done beyond the frontier of the Maine; but we cannot wait, at the risk possibly of sacrificing our existence, until Austria shall have spoken. If, in consequence of its internal complications, skilfully provoked by the agitation of European revolutions, she considers herself bound to persevere in a prolonged

* *L'Allemagne après la Guerre de 1860.* Par Monseigneur de Ketteler, Evêque de Mayence. Traduction de l'Abbé P. Bélet. Paris: Gaume Frères et J. Duprey.

silence, we shall be obliged, under the care of Heaven, to organise ourselves as we best can, not ceasing, in so doing, to hold out our arms towards her. If Austria, as we confidently hope, issues forth from her intestine struggles with a redoubled strength, if she succeeds in instituting a healthy and vigorous constitutional life, the day will not fail to come when the remainder of Germany will unite itself more closely with her, and will perhaps ask of her assistance and protection. It is to these pacific developments that all our efforts should be directed. We ought only to have one wish, which is that Germany shall recover what it has lost by truth and justice; nor should we speak of the future except when animated by these pacific sentiments. If we convoke all the German races to give battle to the enemy that is within, to resist those tendencies from above and from below, which shake the foundations of all political order, it is because we cherish an equal love for all, without forgetting that if man proposes, it is God who disposes."

The public never knew, the bishop argues, the reasons which prevented Prussia and Austria coming to an understanding upon the question of the duchies of the Elbe, which brought about the late war. Austria, he says, did not insist upon the question being referred to the diet, nor did she insist upon the rights of the Duke of Augustenberg being recognised. It would appear rather as if Austria had in view to obtain some compensation for the increase of power obtained by Prussia by the cession of the duchies. Right was on the side of Austria; Prussia had recognised the claims of the Duke of Augustenberg, and had assured the British and other governments that his claims should be submitted to the diet, yet two years afterwards it made a request for the fulfilment of this promise a *casus belli*. But still the bishop deploras that such a cause should have been made the ostensible pretence for a disastrous war between Austria and Prussia. It is true that Prussia could no longer abide in 1866 by what it had promised in 1863. It must have succumbed before the party of progress, which, without and within, had made a watchword of a name, for whose rights they cared no more than for his person; but Austria was not at the mercy of a party of progress, and it could have made a concession where no real rights were imperilled, which would have avoided this unfortunate fratricidal war. "Unquestionably, Austria had a right, and owed it to herself and to all Germany, to oppose the efforts of Prussia to expel her from Germany by force of arms, and to resist such an attempt to the utmost of her power. But if that was the true cause of the war for Austria, she ought so much the more to have avoided letting it be thought that the Schleswig-Holstein affair was the cause; it was in her interest to explain openly and clearly, in the face of the whole world, and especially of Germany, the real cause of this horrible fratricidal war, and to have repudiated all complicity in this effusion of blood. She did not do so, and there thus remains, at least on the side of Austria, some appearance of culpability."

The real cause of the war, the bishop propounds, was the constitutional struggle. The possession of the duchies and the victory of Königsgratz, were the only means of obtaining a decree of indemnity. This alone can explain a fact otherwise utterly incomprehensible, that a king, who has been opposed his whole lifetime to revolution, and who in his youth was the intimate friend of the Emperor Nicholas, and a powerful

and intelligent Conservative party, should have contracted an alliance with revolution on the field of battle. Previous to the war, Prussia was in a position that was almost unbearable, and which was becoming even dangerous to the monarchy. A successful war was the only means open to her of extricating herself from the embarrassing position in which she was placed without succumbing to the party of progress. Napoleon, the bishop insists, is in precisely the same position, and whenever policy shall dictate the movement, he will turn the eyes of France from within to without, and dazzle them with that unflinching fascination which ever does dazzle them—the glory of France.

The attempt to identify the idea of a free constitution with modern constitutionalism, is, the bishop argues, a great mistake. The monarchical principle is inevitably placed in opposition to the majority of a chamber, which is by the greatest of all illusions supposed to represent the people. It really represents a party. The struggle, then, in Prussia was not, according to this view of the case, a struggle between authority and the monarchical principle, so much as a struggle between the latter and the domination of a party. The cause of the war was, then, only one manifestation of a disease which is undermining the governmental system of all European states which repose upon false doctrines.

But there is another element which, according to the bishop, plays its part in modern Prussia, and this is its pretended "mission," or "Borussianism," as he terms it. Borussianism is a fixed idea as to the vocation of Prussia, the obscure sentiment of a universal mission imposed upon the country, joined to the conviction that the task is absolutely necessary, and that it will be accomplished without regard to right or to history. Borussianism is, again, "Doctrinarism" carried to excess, an abstract system and an arbitrary creation of the imagination, more especially flourishing in schools and in lodges. Its object is hence defined by each according to his position. With the enthusiastic minister, it is royal absolutism or imperialism; with the soldier, the military supremacy of Prussia; with the bureaucracy, the glorification of Prussian bureaucracy; with the predicator, the diffusion of Protestantism under the ægis of Prussian royalty; and, with the man of progress, the victory of his party by the sword of Prussia.

Droysen, in his "History of Prussian Policy," speaks of this vocation of Prussia to incorporate other states, as at once its justification and its strength. It would cease to exist if it should lose sight of it. But this principle of a state strengthening itself by the incorporation of other states—a principle which would certainly lead to a strange condition of things if adopted and acted upon by all the powers of the world—is not half so odious to the bishop as the principle advocated by Professor Häusser, of Heidelberg, that "the necessities of Prussia arose from the situation of things. National life was troubled with a want which sought for satisfaction. The empire, in the irremediable anarchy to which it was reduced, demanded that it should not succumb to political transformations based upon the authority of the sovereign and upon Protestantism."

Borussianism made its appearance in 1848, when the mission of Prussia first came into vogue, and the system of incorporation of other states was founded upon the "nature of things." It soon rendered the

position of Austria in Germany impossible, for she was an obstacle to the accomplishment of Prussia's mission. In 1848 it was, however, a revolutionary incorporation, now it is an imperial one. Such a theory, according to the prelate of ancient Magontiacum, exposes the peace of Europe, and especially Prussia, to many dangers. "It is by its very nature an aggression against all that exists, a kind of declaration of war against everything that opposes this necessary mission. And this declaration of war is all the more dangerous as the object of the mission is entirely arbitrary. Others have just the same right as Droysen and Häusser to invent theories as to the vocation of Prussia, and as to its right to realise their theories by annexations founded upon the nature of things. Where shall we find the limits to such arbitrary ideas? With such principles there is no security for any right for any state. Why should such a theory, based upon the fatality of things, stop at the Maine or the Danube?"

This is not a fair and reasonable statement of the real state of opinion in Germany, nor is it worthy of the successor of Boniface, the apostle of Germany. An article in the *Schwabischer Volks Zeitung*, written with a power and patriotic enthusiasm which reminds one of Morris Arndt's inspired effusions, after describing the divided state of Germany from 1815 to 1866 as a disgrace for the country and a danger for the peace of Europe, remarks: "It may be said that that state of things gave Germany a few years of peace. But Germany had no national existence. There was Prussia in the north and Austria in the south, and between them a hotchpotch of small states, and European supremacy continued to be vested in the hands of France, who was, for all practical purposes, omnipotent. Our weakness, our impotence, our deplorable military organisation, reduced us to court our powerful neighbour, and to be grateful that she allowed us to remain at peace. But, fortunately, Germany has roused herself from her long lethargy. It is to the honour of Prussia that, by her exploits of 1866, she has extricated us from the opprobrious insignificance in which we were literally wallowing. In reality, if the unification of Germany is not yet formally established, it is at least materially accomplished. No power in Europe can henceforth prevent it, and, by an extraordinary turn of political destiny, it is Germany, one and powerful, which has become to-day the surest guarantee of peace—it is in her that the equilibrium of Europe is personified again. Germany is by no means a conquering state; she does not dream of reconquering Alsace and Lorraine; but she rejects for ever the yoke and tutelage of the foreigner. She is determined to be a nation; and assuredly she has the right—in quite a different sense from that of France—and to place herself at the head of civilisation." Würtemberg, as well as Baden and Swabia, have also, like most other southern states, openly declared their tendencies to a united Germany. They have avowed that the military and customs union are well enough in their way, but that it is indispensable that the southern states should join the North German Confederation without delay. Any threats on the part of France to interfere in case of an attempted coalition between the north and the south, would only hasten that coalition; for, after all, the southern states are more German than Austrian, Roman Catholic, or French, and they feel instinctively that, in case of war, they have no alternative for

safety but in coalition with the north, and that without unification there is neither power nor prosperity to any one state. But Germany does not want to make war; she does not care, except upon provocation, to recover either Alsace or Lorraine; she simply wishes for peace, for time for military and political organisation, and that she may place herself in that position which will render her independent of France on the one side, and of Austria or Russia on the other, and that she shall be what she ought to be, from her population and intelligence, the arbiter of Central Europe, a real power, and a check upon the domineering foreign policy of France—a thing she never can be till she is firmly united.

It is neither fair nor reasonable, then, for the Bishop of Mayence to place the unification of Germany in the light of a cosmopolitan mission of Prussia, with absolute right of annexation, which cannot fail to conduce to her ruin. France will not fail to furnish Droysens and Häussers too, and they will find, the bishop tells us, the same echo in French vanity. Who knows, also, what vocation Russia or the Northern states of America may one day attribute to themselves? The unification of Germany is, however, quite a different thing. It is precisely what ought to be the case in America, a confederation of distinct and separate states, having the same national feelings, the same language, the same character. If Prussia takes the lead in bringing about a unification, it is on account of her financial and intellectual superiority, and her infinitely superior military organisation. The original programme of a pacific unification has been interrupted and delayed by the open hostility of some of the states, as more especially of Saxony and Hanover; but the peaceful extension of the principle will not the less go on, from the necessitous position in which the other, and more especially the southern states, find themselves. This is not a policy of annexation from without, which is unquestionably deserving of all blame on the part of a minister of religion, and of all well-disposed minds having a proper sense of justice and right; it is a policy of national unification, without which Germany cannot be what it ought to be—a prosperous and powerful whole.

Monseigneur de Ketteler further views with extreme disapprobation the use made by Prussia of its allies in an unjust war, a proceeding which he argues can only be justified by the abominable doctrine, that the end justifies the means. It was, he says, by taking advantage of the embarrassments created by Napoleon to the Austrians in Italy, and of the Italian and Hungarian revolutions, that Prussia achieved its wondrous successes. The old prelate positively groans to think how Austria was treated by its would-be ally—France—before it succumbed to “a people like the Prussian people, an army like the Prussian army, allied to Victor Emmanuel, to Garibaldi, to Klapka, in a struggle against Austria! Germans, our national history presents many deplorable events; but we are not aware that there is one that is comparable to that!” These evils the bishop traces to the supplanting of the Divine Law by a human, interested, and egotistical policy. The world attributes to the Jesuits the maxim that the end sanctifies the means; but if so, it is kings and their ministers who put it into practice. There does not exist for the relations of people any wisdom superior to that which the most simple Christian observes in his private life. They have thought to raise “*la haute politique*” by separating it from its real basis, the moral law; but they

have only debased it. Diplomacy has become the art of dissimulating the cupidity and jealousy of nations, and of laying traps to ensure the triumph of national egotism. The fiction which would lead us to believe that the means and aims of high politics are placed above those of common justice and morality, is an immense danger for the peace of the world. One of the inevitable consequences of this nefarious theory is the glorification of success, which hence knows no bounds. A poor man who steals a loaf is, indeed, much less guilty in the eyes of the Bishop of Mayence than the rich and the powerful who oppress the weak. There is still some sense of morality, it would seem, in the city of Gutenberg and Boniface. The bishop contemplates his ancient cathedral charred by fire, and dilapidated by combats, and he exclaims, "For how many victories since the unjust wars of Louis XIV. to those of Napoleon, have not Te Deums been sung, which in no way went to the glory of God, but which God cursed from on high!" High policy is policy founded upon interest, and by no means upon truth and justice, and religion has been made an accomplice when it has bended on the knee to consecrate the triumphs of violence and injustice.

The first result of the war of 1866 has, according to the same authority, been the rupture of the holy alliance, which was, he says, in its origin a sublime bond sprung from the spirit of the wars of enfranchisement from Napoleon and the Napoleonic ideas. But the holy alliance, which had its origin in the wars of deliverance—the struggle of the German and Austrian genius against a tyrannical and impious Gallomania—was greater than the princes who formulated it, and none held by its provisions. It is now cast away, and this is one of the dangers entailed to the future by the late war. Another sad result of the war has been the destruction of the salutary confidence hitherto entertained, that a civil war was impossible in Germany. The fratricidal wars fought of yore on German soil constituted the most deplorable pages in her history; and the conviction that such could never occur again, was one of the greatest national advantages. So long as such wars remain possible, incalculable evils may any day overwhelm the country.

But this is not all. Except in the time of the disastrous Rhenish Confederation under Napoleon, Germany has always been a united country. It is now divided into six portions: the ambassadors of foreign powers have the same footing at the courts of Carlsruhe, Darmstadt, Stuttgart, Munich, Berlin, and Vienna, as the German ambassadors—a thing so offensive to the national sentiment that it is barely supportable—and, as a consequence, the intervention of foreign powers in the internal affairs of the German people, the cause for centuries of so many misfortunes, has attained its culminating point. But the bishop consoles himself over the dangers likely to arise from this state of things, by admitting that the people of Germany have not yet lost the conscience that they are members of a great nation, thus establishing a powerful tie which diminishes the danger.

A fourth evil of the war has been the repudiation of the true principles upon which the well-being of states reposes. Interest, abetted by violence, has taken the place of right, and success is adopted as establishing legitimacy. Historical rights are trampled under foot. Germany, with all its ancient and venerable traditions, will soon be no better than

those other nations who have no historical past. "A nation which turns its back upon its history, weary of relations founded upon historical rights, prepares for itself terrible tempests."

Another evil is the attendant weakening of the monarchical principle. The German princes themselves set the example of monarchical decadence by conceiving that it was in their power to effect changes, enter into alliances, and barter territories without regard to their subjects or to past history. The historical ties which united a people to their prince have, indeed, been too often disregarded in Germany before the late war. "The tie," says the bishop, "which attached many of the dispossessed sovereigns to their countries were, in many instances, of much greater antiquity than that which binds the kings of Prussia to theirs. If it has been permitted to break this tie in the interest of a supposed mission, of a theory of convenience or utility, it is much to be feared that a time will come when, on the same soil, it will be assumed that the tie which binds the Prussian monarchy to its people must give way before the same theory."

A further and final disastrous result of the late war is the weakening of the sense of conscience and of the importance of an oath. Hitherto, although the most advanced opinions have found a home in Germany, nothing was to be apprehended, because the Germans were a profoundly conscientious people. The religious convictions and feelings of the masses have constituted a far stronger barrier to revolutions than the military constitution. These feelings have been deeply tainted by the events which have lately taken place. "An oath of allegiance imposed by violence is the grave of the conscience, and a kind of forced perjury." The Conservative party in Prussia experienced as notable and as disastrous a defeat at Königsgratz as the Austrians did. "By sacrificing its principles, and glorifying accomplished facts, the Conservative party placed a murderous weapon in the hands of the revolution, which the latter will not fail to use for its own purposes under other circumstances."

Confidence in the mercy as well as the justice of God can alone avert all these perils. The worthy bishop scouts the idea of a Prussian mission, but he believes in "the mission which God has given to the German people." Jarke depicted all that was bad in Prussia in black, and what was good in white; and he asserted that in the struggle that would ensue the white would triumph. But still every possible attempt must be made to avoid the perils and dangers which beset the country. The state of things previous to the war presented many grave inconveniences, whilst the actual state of things presents much that may be turned to the safety of Germany. Austria has lost most, yet these very losses may be made a point of departure for a renewal of strength in the interior. It is the very clemency of Austria which has begat her troubles. If Austria had had a Louis XIV., a Frederick the Great, or a Napoleon for an emperor, no remains of that old Hungarian constitution which so embarrasses the sovereign would have existed, and the whole country would long ago have been divided into departments, each ruled by its own prefect. Austria was in a similar manner identified with the diet, which was no longer suited to the wants of the German people, from her greater regard to the federal pact, than to constitutional reforms. She

is now disenfranchised from these responsibilities, and can regulate her internal affairs all the better. The true way of re-conquering her ancient position is to work at her internal regeneration. With regard to Germany itself, nothing but one common constitution can save it. The bishop views as illegitimate that sovereignty of princes which gave birth to the alliance of the Rhine and the federal constitution. The system of little states, such as prevails in Germany, is also denounced as replete with tyranny, oppression, and the most abominable egotism and corruption. The "Holy Roman Empire, ten times secular," although twice deposed—by Napoleon in 1806, by Prussia in 1866—cannot be excluded from Germany. There are only two things possible: one is a peaceful organisation of Germany in concert with Austria, or an organisation which Austria will consider as an injustice, and which she will overthrow whenever she has the power.

To organise Germany in concert with Austria is, then, the only means of safety. The political reorganisation must at the same time satisfy the legitimate aspiration of the German people. If Austria cannot forget her imperial history, no more can the German people forget that Germany was once the first nation in Europe, and it was they who upheld that imperial crown which represented the highest human authority on earth. No constitution will be acceptable, then, which does not give to Germany a rank among nations proportioned to the power of the German people. One solution would have been an imperial power that should have embraced all the German people leaving the states under their princely governments. Such a constitution would have embraced Prussia and Austria. But it failed, owing to family interests and historical ambitions. Another solution proposed has been to divide Germany into two portions, with the Maine for a frontier: a northern confederation under Prussia; a southern confederation under Austria. But now that Austria has withdrawn from Germany, the bishop views this arrangement, which was opposed by Prussia but supported by France, as impossible, and certainly not acceptable to the people, who would see in it the loss of that power which is necessary to ensure them against foreign interference. A third solution would be to divide Germany into three parts: a northern confederation, a southern confederation, and Austria with its German provinces. The Germans, as a people, would look upon a confederation of the south as nothing more than that secession of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse Darmstadt, Nassau, and other minor states in 1806, which constituted the Rhenish Confederation under the protection of Napoleon; and, in the present temper of the people, such a confederation would entail a civil war, if not a general war. Such a confederation would be simply to the prejudice of German integrity, an opening for foreign intrigues and interference, and a focus for all kinds of religious and political embarrassments. But, again, to leave the minor states abandoned to themselves is an impossibility. "If not allied to Austria, they will infallibly be absorbed in Prussian unity, or they will unite themselves with the northern states, to constitute under Prussia an empire which will embrace all Germany save Austria."

"We ought all the more to insist upon this solution," concludes the worthy bishop, "because, if some new catastrophe arose, the force of circumstances and the most irresistible impulses would lead us to such a

result, and those very persons who have the greatest desire to see the whole of Germany reunited, and who are grieved that the ancient house of Austria should be separated from us, could not suggest any other remedy. What impels the south to unite itself to the confederation of the north is, before all things, the perilous aspect of Europe; it is such that it demands a prompt solution of the German question. If the first great European catastrophe, which may burst over us at any moment, finds us in this state of weakness and disunion, what will become of Germany? One must be blind not to see that we run the chance of falling into the utter prostration of the French era, without the certainty of extricating ourselves by a second war of deliverance. We require that the German question should be forthwith resolved; and, at the present moment, this solution appears to be only possible by union with the confederation of the north, and by a close alliance with Austria. Any other plan, in the present conjuncture, seems not to be capable of realisation, and to be exposed to a thousand different accidents. Add to this, that a union which should embrace all Germany, even putting Austria aside, would be much more satisfactory to the national feeling than the miserable division of the country into three, or rather into six parts. Germany would find in such a union greater power and a greater consideration without, than she possessed in the time of the confederation, supposing that Germany united under Prussia deemed an intimate and indissoluble alliance with Austria as its first and most important duty." It is only by such a union, it is finally argued, that Prussia could conciliate all those persons in Germany who have been so deeply wounded in their convictions and in their sense of justice by its alliance with the revolutionary party, and by its struggle against Austria with such allies.

A last argument in favour of this adhesion is, that it would facilitate the healing of internal discords in the central states, at present deprived of all support. Delay in consolidating the internal relations of the German people is, indeed, as dangerous as existing divisions in presence of the foreigner. It will be requisite, at the same time, that Prussia should renounce the policy of absolute unity, which can only lead to revolution, and that the legitimate autonomy of the German states should be duly guaranteed, in order that the reunion of the south and north, and an alliance with Austria, shall have any chances of success, and shall satisfy the national feeling of the Germans. This is the point to which, under certain reserves, matters appear to be tending, and that with the assent and co-operation of Prussia, which seems at length to feel that the best chances of carrying out her policy is by a wise moderation.

THE DEEPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL,

BY M. SULLIVAN.

PART THE ELEVENTH.

I.

THE MISTAKE.

GRACE soon found that she was greatly tired, for her long rest at the cottage had only made her feel more stiff and weary when she began to walk again; she had not been accustomed to take much exercise for a long time past; she had had a wakeful night, varied by terror and excitement, and she began to feel that without some longer interval of complete rest she would be unable to walk the two miles that still intervened between the spot she had now reached and Basnet. She was just passing a field, dotted over with several groups of trees, and she looked about for a gate, went into the field and sat down on the grass under some elm-trees, that sheltered her from the observation of any one who might chance to be passing along the lane. She was sorry, and almost angry with herself, because this additional rest was needful to enable her to go on upon her way, for she felt as if she ought not to allow herself to be hindered until her task was accomplished. Still, a feeling of drowsiness would steal over her, the consequence of her wakeful night, her walk, and the excitement that she had gone through; she leaned her head against a kind of resting-place that she had found for it, taking off the felt hat that belonged to the Queen of the East; and even while she half-imagined herself to be getting up, and going on her way, she had fallen fast asleep. Some considerable time must have elapsed, judging from the position of the sun when she awoke, and after taking a cautious survey of the lane, between the trunks of the trees, she got up quickly and hastened on; nothing now must be allowed to hinder her until she reached the police-station at Basnet. It was not very far off; another mile, or perhaps less, but certainly not more, when she suddenly became aware that some one was following her, walking quickly behind her in the direction of Basnet, and determining to overtake her, with hostile intent. Her ears informed her that the footsteps were rapidly approaching; but what nameless sense or faculty was it that gave warning of danger in the sound? She did not stop to reason; she hurried on, hoping that every wind and curve in the lane would show her the welcome figure of some inhabitant of Basnet, now that she was so near the village; she even began to run, but as she was not strong, and not accustomed to the exercise, she was quickly out of breath; she gave one hurried glance behind her at the person who was certainly gaining upon her, and saw in a moment that it was Robert.

He had assisted in very carefully searching the court-yard and the stabling, but had felt tolerably sure that Grace could not be in any of

the places that the policeman had then proposed to look through, so he had preferred to leave the others to their search, to inquire again in the village, with real earnestness this time, and had heard that a builder's man, going to his work early in the morning, had seen two ladies, one of them something like Mrs. Robert, walking quickly in the direction of Wallingford End. He had at once hastened there, and had again made eager inquiries, but without hearing anything of the fugitive. He was returning from his fruitless quest, wondering whether it was still safe for him to venture back to Basnet, where possibly Grace had been already found, suffering the combined torments of rage, disappointment, and suspense, when a turn in the lane suddenly revealed to him a slender and delicate figure, making rapid progress in the same direction, towards Basnet. The dress was unfamiliar to him, but he could not be mistaken in the lines of the figure—it was Grace, who had escaped and sought to betray him—Grace, who would rob him alike of fortune and of liberty, and send him across the seas a convicted felon—Grace, who, if luck would favour him in this, his last and worst strait, should never leave this lonely lane alive. He cursed the misty autumn sunlight that quivered through yellowing leaves above his head. If it were only night, how easy his task would be! how soon he could crush out life and breath from the fragile form before him! He would do it now, in the daylight, for there was no one about, and he was desperate. This was his only chance, and it might retrieve everything. Let her be found in one of the fields that skirted this lane, dead, and with some signs of an attempt at robbery, and it could only be supposed that the poor demented creature had wandered about and had fallen into evil hands, as one in her supposed state would be very likely to do.

All these thoughts flickered through his mind as he pursued her, gained upon her, and almost overtook her. A gate was open, close to her, and she hurried through it into a field, with some idea that there might be help for her in an open place, rather than in the closed and bounded lane; but the field was wide and bare. Through an opening in a hedge, quick, into another field—ah, what was that? A building of some kind, more like a shed than a human habitation; but there might be people in or about it—there *must* be, surely. On, on, to the back of the shed—for it was nothing more—round to the front of it, in at the door—a battered and decaying door, that would not close, though she tried desperately to shut it after her. It was a cowshed, with compartments for four cows, all of them empty, with places something like rough and rudimentary mangers, and great heaps of hay. As she could not secure the door, the next thought suggested by the terror that possessed her was to hide herself, and the hay might help her to do that. Quick as thought she fixed on the compartment that held the largest heap; there was no time to make it larger by bringing more from the other stalls; she crouched down under the feeding-place, behind the heap of hay. Some of the hay was hanging over from the manger to the heap upon the ground, and altogether she was screened from the observation of any one who might merely look in at the door. If only he did not search farther, if only her gasping breath could be controlled, so that it might not betray her! She could hear his footsteps at the back of the shed; she could hear them coming round to the front; she

knew, though she could not see him, that he was standing on the threshold of the door.

He gave one glance round the shed, paused irresolutely, and then stepped forward and pushed away the large heap of hay. Grace rose to her feet, for concealment was at an end; and in a moment, without one spoken word, two strong cruel hands were on her throat, ready to close with a remorseless grasp.

Grace had tried to escape from him with blind, unreasoning fear; but now that the worst had come, she found herself suddenly able to think and reason. She was naturally quick and intelligent, and a thought that might yet avail to save her flashed all at once upon her mind.

"Stop!" she cried, speaking with difficulty because of the tightening grasp upon her throat, "there are three alternatives for you—death, transportation, and escape. Why will you choose the worst?"

He growled an answer; she did not know what it was.

"Why will you add murder to the charges that stand against you? There is no charge against you for murder, only one for fraud—as yet."

His grasp relaxed; he did not know that she had not already informed against him, or her life would not have been worth one minute's purchase.

"You have told them—you have been telling a lot of infernal lies!" he said, glaring at her like a wild beast that longs to spring.

"I have said nothing against you that I could help saying, nothing of the attempt that you made last night, and I will be silent about it for ever. I only want justice to be done, and Grace Meadows' fortune to go to her rightful heir. But if I were to be found here, murdered, would not suspicion at once revert to you? Would not the charge of murder be added to the charge of fraud? See, I have found friends already—look here."

She showed him her shawl, her dress, her hat—all unknown to him; all proving, as he thought, that her history had been communicated to persons who had helped her and sympathised with her. It could not avail, then, to lay a guilty hand upon her life; that would only make the charge against himself the heavier.

"I do not wish you to fall into the hands of the law," Grace resumed. "You are my brother, after all, and I shall be glad for you to escape. Stay here"—she pointed to the hiding-place from which she had emerged—"I will cover you up securely with the hay, and when it begins to grow dusk you can make your way towards Wallingford End. Don't take the omnibus at the starting-place, they may be watching for you there; but get in somewhere on the road, make your way to London, and hide there, with some of your friends that you can trust. You have money about you, I suppose?"

"A few pounds," he answered quietly, cowed by the nearness of the danger that her words indicated—"not more than four or five."

"That will be quite enough; and now get in here."

He got into the very hiding-place into which she had crept a few minutes before, to conceal herself from him, and she carefully heaped up the hay, so that no ordinary observer could discover him. Then she hastened back into the lane. "If he only knew," she thought, "that

my tale has yet to be told, I should be lying dead in that desolate place at this moment. It is hard to think that he is my brother, but I knew how bad he is before to-day. He has no conscience, no sense of right or wrong, nothing but the one absorbing desire for money, and that has led him on through the mazes of deceit and crime. I do not wish him to be taken up for the fraud; I would much rather that he should escape, and learn, if possible, to repent and amend."

Thinking thus, she crossed the other field, and emerging into the lane, she set her face Basnet-wards. But Grace's troubles were not over yet. Two workmen, who were studying a piece of writing-paper, looked up as she was about to pass them, glanced at each other, and then stepped forward and placed themselves directly in her way.

"Stop a minute, marm," one of them requested, speaking with the peculiar twang that belongs to the natives of the next county, Lincolnshire; "we're studying this here paper that was given out with a lot more from the 'sylum. There hasn't been no time to get the printed bills out yet, but it strikes me that this here description is you, all out. 'Scaped from the 'sylum on the side of the moors, on the afternoon of the 17th instant, a lady, who had been under the care of the proprietor for many years, ah—and so on. Light hair, that's you—fair skinned, that's you again—grey eyes, all right—slight figure—couldn't be exacter."

"Go on about her togs," the other man suggested.

"Took with her two suits of wearing apparel," the reader continued, "under-clothing fine and good, a dark brown merino dress, and a striped lindsey, grey and violet, trimmed with velvet of the same colour—why, there it is on you at this moment, trimmings and all, darned if it ain't; a black cloth cloak, and a grey shawl—there's the shawl, anyhow; a black velvet bonnet, with white and red flowers in front, and a black felt hat with a green feather—that's yours. Hat marked on the inside with the makers' names, Jones and Parsons, Oxford-street, London. Just let us look at your hat, only for a minute, we don't want to hurt you or put you out, but here's fifty pounds reward offered for you; we're poor men, and we don't want to miss the chance of making a bit of money in an honest way."

But Grace would not show them her hat.

"You are quite mistaken," she answered, firmly; "the lady described in that paper is altogether a different person from me—double my age, or more."

"Then you dun know summat of her," the other man concluded, sharply; "come you with us, we think you's she."

Grace saw the mistake she had made.

"I will go with you willingly to the police-station," she said, after a moment's thought, "and will there give my name, and all particulars about myself. I am now on my way to Basnet for that very purpose."

"So you was going to give yourself up to them? No, you mustn't do that, not if we knows it; we don't want no bobbies to go shares in the reward. We've found you, and we'll take you back to the 'sylum werselves; we don't mean you no harm, nothing but what's for your good—and ours."

Grace began to feel herself in a ridiculous position. In spite of all

that she had just gone through, her sense of humour was touched, and she felt inclined to laugh hysterically. She checked herself, and reflected for a moment; these men were acting through ignorance; they meant her no harm; she had no means of resisting them, and the best thing she could do would be to go with them, as they proposed. If she should meet a policeman on the way, she would appeal to him, and request to be taken to the station, that she might lodge a formal complaint against the conspirators in the late plot; if she reached the asylum without falling in with any such chance, it would at once be manifest that she was not the person who had escaped, and so she would be allowed to go away.

"You'd better go on afore us, marm," one of the men advised; "we'll keep behind you, and won't come up with you as long as you keeps the right road. Over there to the left, through the fields, and on towards the moors; you knows the way to the 'sylum well enough, I'll go bail."

Grace walked on in the direction indicated, through more sheep-walks, and more narrow lanes, without meeting any one to whom she could appeal for help in this new difficulty. She reached at last the gate of the asylum, and rang the bell. A tidy maid-servant answered it, and requested her to walk in; the men now came up with her.


"Is this the lady as you was inquiring for?" one of them asked.

The servant glanced at Grace.

"No, we haven't seen her here before; but walk in, please. I'm not allowed to send any one away who brings any sort of news."

Grace began to explain that she did not bring news of any kind, and had only been brought there herself in mistake, when an elderly gentleman left the door of the asylum, and walked hastily to the gate. He had a kindly expression of face, very white hair, and keen, penetrating eyes. He listened for a moment to the explanations of the two men, and to Grace's assurances that they were quite mistaken, and then requested her to go with him into the house. Grace was becoming very tired again, and she was not sorry for the opportunity of resting, so she entered the asylum with less unwillingness than she would otherwise have felt at this new cause for delay. She was shown into a comfortable and well-furnished sitting-room, and the gentleman, having brought forward a chair for her, sat down himself, and looked at her, she thought, a little intently.

"I may not have to detain you many minutes," he began; "you were brought here in consequence of an omission in the written papers which we circulated, and which should have contained the age of our missing patient. The printed bills will contain that, and every needful particular; but as they will not be ready till to-morrow, a written description was hastily drawn up, and copied for immediate distribution. Now it happens, rather oddly, that you are a little like the lady who is missing, and, more oddly still, that your dress exactly resembles one that she was in the habit of wearing. I may say the same of the other articles of your attire, and I want to know whether you will give me your word that this is a mere coincidence, and that these things are your own, and were never worn by her. I do not know you, but I do know something of physiognomy, and I shall be willing to take your word if you give it me freely, and without reserve."



But Grace could not do this, and he saw in a moment that she could not.

"Do you bring me any news of her?" he asked next.

"No," Grace answered. "None."

"Then I must ask you to allow a female attendant to examine those articles of your dress which you have tacitly admitted to be hers."

Grace saw that this could only result in the complete discovery of the fact, so to save time she acknowledged it.

"You will surely tell me in what way you have become possessed of them?" he asked now.

"I cannot do so," Grace answered; "please not to press me further."

"But I shall be obliged to detain you, and you will be examined before a magistrate. It is only about twenty-four hours since my patient made her escape, and you are brought to me wearing her garments, and refusing to account for the possession of them. I should be greatly wanting in my duty to the unfortunate lady and her friends if I were to allow such a clue to pass, unquestioned, from my hands, and if you are really determined to give me no further information, I must at once communicate with the police."

"Do so, if you please," Grace answered; "I, too, am very anxious to communicate with them, for I have but just escaped from a conspiracy that made me assist, unwillingly, in carrying out a great fraud. You are thinking that I speak as if I ought to be one of your patients," she added, with a smile; "but I am, unfortunately, only too much in earnest. Will you allow me the use of writing materials, that I may be able to send for a friend, who will be of great use to me, and will confirm my statement?"

To this request he assented after a moment's thought; an inkstand and some writing-paper were placed before her, and she quietly took off her hat and shawl, and wrote a short note to Mr. Renshaw, at Deepdale, where she supposed him to be. She stated briefly that she had been the victim of a great injustice, that had commenced at Deepdale, under his roof, and she begged him to add still further to the debt of gratitude which she felt that she owed him, by coming to her at once, and giving her his advice and protection. The signature of course was her own, Grace Ashton. It would puzzle him altogether, she thought; for the handwriting which he had always accepted as Grace Meadows' had been quite different to this, and the place from which she dated was a lunatic asylum. Still, she had faith in his kindness of heart, and she believed that he would come to her without delay.

The master of the house watched her with a perplexed and anxious face; her thoughtful and refined expression, and even the way in which she managed her pen, made him aware that she was educated, and a gentlewoman, for he was accustomed to observe small signs and indications, and to draw his conclusions from them. When she took off her shawl, it was at once evident that the dress she wore had not been made for her, as it did not fit her in the neck and shoulders. What puzzled him more than all, was the slight likeness that he remarked between this girl and the missing patient whose garments she was wearing; it was not merely in her face, but in various little gestures, that his practised eye observed directly.

Grace had scarcely finished her note, when an inspector of the police and one of his staff came to the asylum, with news of the utter failure of a supposed clue to the discovery of the patient. A lady, whose appearance corresponded in some respects with the description that had been issued, had been detained for some little time at a village about two miles from Basnet, but had been able to give a complete account of herself, and to prove that she was not the person in question. They were now told of the undoubted clue that had been discovered, and they listened with considerable astonishment to the news. A young lady had been brought to the asylum, dressed in some at least of the garments that the missing patient had taken away with her only the evening before, and declining to account in any way for the possession of them. The inspector, a shrewd, intelligent man, expressed a wish to see and speak with her himself, and they were both taken at once into the room in which she was sitting, directing her note to J. Renshaw, Esq., Deepdale, Derbyshire.

The policeman, a dull, heavy-looking Yorkshireman, made an awkward bow to Grace, and remained standing near the door, while the inspector, who had asked to see her, advanced towards the table at which she was writing. He spoke with the peculiarly guarded phraseology and accent of a self-educated man, asking her if she had any statement to make to him, as, from something that had been said to him a moment before, he thought that this would most likely be the case.

"Yes," Grace answered, "I am very glad to meet you; I have many things to tell you, and there are some matters, connected, too, with the history of the last few hours, that I must endeavour to conceal, not for my own sake, but for that of others."

She spoke more to herself than to him, but he caught a glimmering of the truth, and answered her at once.

"You will endeavour to forward the ends of justice, no doubt, ma'am; you have a charge to make against some one, have you not?"

"Yes, against Mrs. Ashton and Mr. Robert Ashton, her grandson, who both live at present at Tyne Hall, in Basnet."

The man looked at her earnestly, suspecting at once that this must be the lady who had disappeared from Tyne Hall the night before.

"You are Mrs. Robert Ashton?" he said at length.

"That is not really my name, but it is the name by which the Basnet people know me. Mr. Robert Ashton is my brother, and I am not married; my name is Grace Ashton, and I have been made to personate a cousin who is dead, in order that my brother might gain possession of her property."

The news that Mrs. Robert Ashton was not in her right mind, and had attempted self-destruction, had quickly circulated in Basnet, and many of its inhabitants would have looked upon this statement as the rambling talk of a demented person, but the listener was too observant to make such a mistake as this, and he produced a note-book, and carefully took down her exact words.

"This amounts to a charge of fraud," he said then. "Was it committed against yourself?"

Grace did not at the moment understand him.

"Are you the rightful heir to the property of this cousin?"

"Oh no; the rightful heir is a Mr. Meadows; but he believes her to be alive—believes that I am she."

"I understand that," the officer answered, "and your statement will have to be taken by a magistrate; but it will save time if you will now give me the address of Mr. Meadows."

"I cannot do so, for I do not know where he lives. Here is a letter to a friend of mine, who will find him out for me, and will procure evidence that must confirm everything I have said." And she handed him her note to Mr. Renshaw.

"J. Renshaw, Esquire, of Deepdale, Derbyshire? Why, he is now in Basnet, searching for you!"

"Is that possible? How did he know that I was missing—for it is a cross post from here to Deepdale?"

"I cannot tell you that. Perhaps he came over this morning just to see how you were, and found that you had suddenly disappeared last night. At any rate, I must tell him where you are."

"Do so, and beg him to come to me at once. Take the note with you."

"And before I go," he added, "I should like to make one or two remarks. It is quite plain to me that they tried some kind of ill-usage on you last night, most likely because you were not willing to help them in the fraud."

"They did so," Grace answered.

"And you ran away from them, and got clear off, and now you don't want to accuse them of any injury towards yourself; you only want to see justice done to Mr. Meadows, and so you keep back the particulars of your escape, which would be criminating to them."

"That is all exactly true."

"But in some way you fell in with the lady who escaped from this asylum yesterday afternoon. Now, this is what seems strange to me, for it would be an act of kindness to put her back where she is taken every care of, not being able to take proper care of herself, and I think you could do that act, if you would. Now, will you think of this again, and tell me where she is likely to be found?"

"No," Grace answered, "I cannot do that."

"Then the next thing for us to do is to take your note to Mr. Renshaw; we know where to find him without going so far as to Deepdale. Come, my man," he called to his colleague, "we must say good evening to *Miss Ashton*, and be going on."

Before they left the asylum the inspector spoke a few words with Dr. Litchfield, the proprietor, advising him for the present not to ask the young lady any further questions. Tea was presently brought to Grace, and when night drew on a servant closed the shutters, drew the curtains, and lighted the lamp; but no one intruded on her, or pressed her now for the information that she had resolved to withhold.

Mrs. Ashton was crouching over the fire in an attitude of utter hopelessness and dejection when the inspector arrived at Tyne Hall with Grace's note to Mr. Renshaw, and with the information that the writer was safe, and was waiting to see him and to give him fuller explanations. A search had been kept up all through the day in the grounds and the

immediate neighbourhood, and a watch had been set upon the house, so that no one concealed there could leave it without being observed by the police. When the light began to fail, so that there was less chance of finding her without, it was proposed that the house should be thoroughly searched; and this was very carefully done, while Mrs. Ashton, too weary now to keep up the pretence of helping the searchers, sat shivering and sick at heart by the side of a fire that had been hastily lighted in the gloomy old dining-room. In the midst of the hurry and anxiety of the search, Mr. Renshaw had found time to observe and compassionate her evident distress of mind and the failure of her bodily powers, and it was he who had looked for Hannah, and discovered her in a state of utter bewilderment and mental torpor staring at the searchers with a dim perception that something was wrong, and that some unusual event had occurred to disturb the quiet of the household. Mr. Renshaw had roused her with a few kind words, and had set her to work to attend to her mistress and to light a fire in the dining-room, and exert whatever wit she possessed in making the great dreary room more bright and comfortable. And the search was being zealously proceeded with, when it was stopped by the visit of the inspector, and by the news that he brought with him. Mrs. Ashton was crouching beside the fire, deaf to Hannah's entreaties that she would take a cup of hot tea, which the gentleman had ordered her to prepare for her mistress. She did not know whether Grace might or might not be really concealed in the house; she listened to the strange unwonted noises of tramping feet overhead, of conversation in deep voices, and of the removal of various heavy articles of furniture, dragged out to see if any hiding-place concealed by them might thus be brought to light; she heard, but all the time her mind was far away, wandering back to those days in which she was happy without knowing how happy she was, free from this load of guilt, and from this dread of its speedy detection.

She scarcely wondered what had become of Robert, and whether he had obtained any clue that might lead to the discovery of Grace, though she knew he had left her with some idea that it might be possible for him to discover the fugitive in the adjacent fields or lanes; she scarcely expected him to return at all, not that she conjectured the failure of his search, and the probability that he would fly from the dangerous neighbourhood of Basnet while he was still unwatched and unsuspected. She was not capable now of following out even this short and obvious train of reasoning; she only knew that retribution was coming for the crime she had committed; that every moment was bringing it nearer and nearer in some terrible shape—she did not know what that shape might be. A few hours had made an awful change in her face and aspect; any one who saw her now, and had seen her in the morning, would scarcely have recognised her for the same woman. Then, she had gone out to make inquiries for her victim with pretended anxiety, while all the time she was flushed with hope and excitement, feeling that she was free from the great danger which had menaced for months every moment of her life; believing, in a kind of way, that circumstances had, in some measure, compelled her to do what she had done, that Grace had really committed suicide by compelling her gaolers to silence her in self-defence,

and that a merciful view would be taken of the transaction by the Powers above, whom she always respected, and desired to propitiate. There was plenty of time before her to be very sorry for whatever sins she might have committed—have been, in this case, obliged to commit—for she felt, in that moment of excitement and anticipated triumph, that her youth would be renewed, like the Psalmist's eagle, and that many years of life were yet before her—enjoyable years in which she would have plenty of money to spend, and all the advantages of wealth and position, and in which she would carefully cultivate her religious impressions, pray every day with all her heart for the forgiveness of her past errors, and make the most that possibly could be made out of earth and heaven. Now, whole years of misery seemed to have fallen on her with the one great shock of the morning, and the tortures of suspense that followed; now she looked more than her age, and from time to time she muttered incoherent words and broken sentences, for the ceaseless fears of the past months had told greatly on her mental faculties, and this blow, coming in the very moment of her victory, was more than her enfeebled mind could bear.

When Mr. Renshaw came into the room with Grace's open note in his hand, and a thoroughly perplexed and uncomprehending face, she stared at him with a fixed and fascinated gaze, like some dumb animal which sees its fate approaching, but is too stupified to make any effort to save itself. For the first time that day Mr. Renshaw failed to observe and to pity her look of helpless terror, for all his faculties were engrossed by the extraordinary revelation that the inspector had tried to make him understand.

"Perhaps you can tell what this means," he said to Mrs. Ashton, "for I really can't. I make out that Grace Meadows is safe; but this is not her handwriting, and somehow it seems that she is not herself. Just look at the note, and see if you can give me any idea at all of what it means;" and he handed it to her.

She looked at the writing with glazing eyes, over which the stiffened lids refused to close; then a sudden spasm distorted her features, and in another moment she had fallen forward from her chair to the ground. Mr. Renshaw was not quick enough to prevent her from falling, but he raised her from the ground, and laid her very gently on a sofa that stood close by. It was apparent, then, that one side of her face was altered, as if by some unnatural tension of the skin. Mr. Renshaw imagined that she had fainted, but the inspector, more observant or more experienced, declared at once that this must be "a stroke."

"And what, in Heaven's name, are we to do now?" Mr. Renshaw helplessly demanded.

"Nothing that I know of, sir, except to send for a doctor. I think I'll go myself, while my man takes you back to the lunatic asylum."

"The—lunatic asylum?"

"Yes, sir; that's where the young lady is at present—look at the heading of the note. And you" (to Hannah) "must watch your mistress to see if there is any change in her, and don't leave her for a moment. I won't be long."

But Hannah protested against being left "a that 'n" to watch Mrs.

Ashton, who appeared then to be neither living nor dead, and a policeman was called into the room, the search being now at an end, and desired to remain beside the inanimate figure that frightened Hannah, or, as she expressed it, "skeered her, along of not being fairly dead."

Before many hours had elapsed, Mrs. Ashton was quite restored to reason and consciousness, but it was found that the shock had produced partial paralysis; and although she could speak so as to be understood, it was scarcely possible that she would ever be able to leave the bed to which she had been taken. Hannah's inveterate stupidity quickly convinced the doctor who had been called in that she would be of very little use as a nurse, and he was able to recommend, in her place, a skilled and experienced attendant on the sick.

II.

A DISCOVERY.

AN unusually energetic pull at the door-bell of the lunatic asylum; the officials were immediately deluded by a false hope that news of their lost sheep must be at hand, while Grace was startled with a truer presentiment. Mr. Renshaw came into the room with a bewildered face, speechless, but with both hands extended.

"My dear girl," he said, at last, as she took them gratefully in hers "I don't know how far you may have been to blame, I don't understand it at all, but I know, I see, that you have suffered."

There was a pause, and Grace's eyes filled with tears; she had not had much time to think about her own sufferings for the last few hours, or to be conscious of their effect upon her mind.

Presently she told him everything, without reserve or exaggeration, only excepting the particulars of her escape, into which she begged him not to inquire. The principal fact, that of her identity, could be established with ease and certainty in any court of law, because any of the Clifton-street people—neighbours, servants, and acquaintances—would be ready to swear to it. "No doubt I am changed with all this trouble," she added, with a smile; "but still any one among the numbers of people who knew both me and Grace Meadows, will know me for myself."

"I never heard anything so extraordinary in my life!" Mr. Renshaw declared; "my head seems to be going round and round like a wind-mill, and sometimes your story comes uppermost, and sometimes Robert's. Let me see, now; you say it was *not* you that died at Deepdale, you are quite certain of that? But of course if it was you would not be sitting there. Then it was Grace Meadows, who wrote me so many letters afterwards; she was dead all the time, you say, don't you?"

"Yes, it was Susan Marsh who wrote those letters; she wrote very well, and quite like a lady, and you had no means of knowing that it was not Grace Meadows' handwriting."

"No, certainly not. And so Robert persuaded you to say that you were Grace Meadows, and that Grace Meadows and he were to be married; but I wonder it did not strike you that you could not marry your brother; it would have struck me, I am sure, just as a difficulty,

you know, to be got over, perhaps, but still a difficulty. And yet I never was clever, never had a head for making plots and plans, and never shall have."

"Oh dear!" Grace remonstrated, "you don't see yet how it was; I was very weak and ill, breathing with difficulty after that horrible fire—you were in the smoke yourself, you must remember what it was, do you not?"

"Indeed, my dear, I am not likely to forget it."

"And besides, I was utterly prostrated in mind by the news of my cousin's dreadful death; we had been together since we were children, and I had said good night to her, and left her, tired indeed, but in good health and spirits. And to be told in the morning that she had died that awful death, and that there was nothing left—nothing to look at or weep over, that there could be no funeral even—oh, it was a sorrow that must be *felt* to be realised at all!"

"I am sure of that, and I did realise it, did feel it, for you and with you."

"And that was the time," Grace resumed, "when Robert came to me, begging me—oh, so hard!—not to say or do anything, but just to remain silent, and to allow Mrs. Renshaw still to think, as he declared she did think, that I was Grace Meadows, and that she whom we had lost was Grace Ashton. My silence for only a few days, perhaps a week or two, was to save him from the pressure of pecuniary difficulties that he said were tempting him to self-destruction. I ought not to have consented to keep silence—oh, how well I know that now!—but I was so weak and ill; and, besides, Robert had over me that strange influence that the stronger twin sometimes has over the weaker. It was Susan Marsh, as I told you, who married him, under the name of Grace Meadows Ashton."

"Yes, I begin to see my way a little. But, bless my soul! when that policeman came to say that you were here, not Mrs. Robert, but Miss Grace Ashton, I began to think that some of us were very far gone indeed—I didn't rightly know whether it was the man or myself—though I have had nothing at all except the smell of the brandy that I gave to that poor dear sufferer—that old devil, I mean—why, she must have been in it as thick as anybody."

"Certainly she was, and there is even less excuse for her than for Robert; she had some sense of right and wrong, and she was not insensible to religious impressions; Robert has not naturally clear moral perceptions, and, perhaps," Grace added, doubtfully, "we shall not be made accountable for what we have never possessed."

"There is not a shadow of excuse for one or other of them, my dear, you may make up your mind about that. The police are now in possession of Tyne Hall, and they have their eye on the old lady, who is ill, but they have not yet found Robert. And now tell me, please, where this Susan Marsh is to be found."

"I do not know. She went away from Basnet a few days ago, to go into lodgings until after her confinement—she is really Robert's wife, you know, only she was married to him under a false name."

"Yes, I am not sure whether that would invalidate the marriage, but

this is a point of very little consequence; she is undoubtedly one of the conspirators, and must be brought to justice if she can be found. And now, my dear, will you tell me how you managed to get here, into a lunatic asylum, of all places?"

"You have heard that one of the patients escaped yesterday?"

"Yes; but what has that to do with you?"

"Everything. I should not be——" She was going to say alive, but she checked herself; "I should not be here now if that poor creature had not wandered in the direction of Tyne Hall, and helped me to escape; she gave me help when it was needed most; I owe more to her than I could possibly tell you, for I wish to screen such sins as were only committed against myself, to say just as much as justice to Mr. Meadows requires me to say, and no more. She supplied me with the clothes I am now wearing; but immediate inquiries were made for her; everything that she took away with her was described; these garments were recognised, and I was brought to the asylum in mistake, and then detained here because I would not account for the possession of these things."

"Ah, I see now. We must give an account to the asylum people of what you know about their patient, and of when and where you saw her last, and we must send for some of your own wearing apparel, and give them back what is not yours, and then they will let you go."

"But I cannot do this, for if I told them all the truth, as far as it is connected with the lady, they would know where to find her, and she would be brought back, through my agency, to the asylum. Now, she does not complain of having been in any way ill treated here, but yet she has the greatest horror of the asylum, which has been a prison to her, though not probably an uncomfortable one, and I feel that I really *could* not use the liberty which I owe to her, in shutting her up again in the place she dreads and detests. You think me very foolish, I am sure."

"I don't, my dear; I respect your scruples, and understand them very well. But the point is, that if this unfortunate lady be really insane, which you don't appear to doubt, she could not be set at liberty with safety to herself and to society. If you know where she is to be found, you can do nothing better for her than to restore her to the asylum."

"Yes, I can. I can live with her myself in some quiet place, and watch over her, and take care of her; she is quite sane except on one point, which I can easily avoid. I owe her more than you can imagine, and I should be glad, so very glad, to give her all my care and all my time. It would be a new interest in life—something really to live for."

"My dear child, I see every imaginable difficulty in the way of your plan; believe me, it is not a practicable one. And if it were, think for a moment of yourself, your hopes, your prospects! Why, how old are you?"

"Not very old," she answered, with rather a sad smile. "Grace Meadows would have been of age in the spring, if she had lived, and I am two years older, but I have really no hopes, no prospects. I was to have been married, as you perhaps heard, but Mr. Brooks believed me to be dead, never thought of doubting it, I suppose, and it is some time now since he entered into a new engagement."

We are most of us particularly ready to believe in the truth of anything that we would especially wish not to be true, and it had never occurred to Grace to think that Susan had invented this story about William Brooks, to make her more willing to assist her in carrying out her plans. There was some mixture of superstition, too, in her belief in the loss of her earthly happiness through the error into which she had allowed herself to fall; while Mr. Reushaw, for his part, took it for granted that the fact of William Brooks' new engagement was known to Grace, as she spoke of it so positively, and he thought of Robert's crime, and of its consequences, with additional anger and resentment. He tried to think of something kind and cheering to say to Grace.

"You see, my dear, he fully believed that you were dead, and we are so constituted that we cannot continue to give all our thoughts and all our time to the memory of those who have been taken from us, however dearly we love them, nor would it, perhaps, be desirable if we could do so. I am sure, from what I saw myself, and from what I have heard of Mr. Brooks, that he felt your supposed death very bitterly indeed, and—look here—he's not married you say, only engaged? That's well; now cheer up; you'll be all right yet, according to the law of Prior Claims."

Grace looked at him without the least idea of his meaning.

"You don't understand? Well, then, I'll make it plain. We'll suppose that you have a piece of land to sell, and have found a purchaser, when all at once it is discovered that your title to the land is invalid, and that you had therefore no right to sell. The law is, that your bargain with the intending purchaser falls to the ground, because you had, in fact, no right to make it. You can understand that, I'm sure. Well, Mr. Brooks thought that he had a right to dispose of his hand, by reason of your decease, but it turns out that he could not do so, because you are in existence, with your prior claim; the intending purchaser—I mean the lady, you know—will have to give him up to you, seeing that he was not really justified in making the contract with her at all, but only thought that he was so justified. There now, what do you say to that?"

But Grace said nothing; she only covered up her face with her hands, and felt as if she would like to die, there and then, sooner than be placed, even in imagination, in the position which was thus assigned to her. When she did speak, she said, very quietly:

"You mean to be kind, I know; but you do not understand how a woman feels when such a matter is discussed in such a way. I am more resolved than ever now to continue dead to him; the facts of the case will reach him through the newspapers, but I must go away as quickly as possible to some place where I shall be as entirely lost to him as ever. There is nothing whatever to blame him for, as you truly say; but still the new engagement was contracted very quickly after my supposed death (such a dreadful death, too!), and the idea of overshadowing his present happiness is more painful to me than anything I have suffered yet. I must go away, as I said, and if any arrangement could be made with the friends of this unfortunate lady, by which I could have the care of her for the future—subject, of course, to their supervision—it would be new life for me to have some one to love and to care for. Do you think that such a thing could be possible?"

On this point Mr. Renshaw could give no opinion till he had consulted Dr. Litchfield, who was waiting with much uneasiness for the end of this long conference, and for possible explanations that might result from it. He anxiously asked Mr. Renshaw, as soon as his interview with Grace was over, whether the young lady had given him any clue that might lead to the discovery of his patient; and in reply, Mr. Renshaw expressed his conviction that she could do so if she pleased, and that she would do so as soon as she saw clearly that it would be a matter of duty to speak plainly.

Dr. Litchfield appeared to be a little surprised that any doubt on this subject could be entertained by a sane person; and Mr. Renshaw told him briefly the leading particulars of Grace's strange history, that would now be so soon made public. He told him that he did not know the circumstances under which she had made her escape the night before, but that he guessed at them, and felt tolerably sure that Dr. Litchfield's missing patient had interposed in some way to avert from her some great and dreadful danger. He dwelt upon the gratitude that she naturally felt, and her reluctance to use her newly acquired liberty in returning her preserver to the place that she disliked and feared, "as these poor creatures do, I suppose," he added, apologetically. So far, he had spoken without let or hindrance; but he felt uneasy at having to propose to Dr. Litchfield Grace's extraordinary plan of constituting herself the keeper of the patient, and of living with her, and devoting herself to her, if her friends could be induced to consent to such an arrangement. Mr. Renshaw felt as if a proposal to deprive Dr. Litchfield of a patient could not be at all acceptable to him, and he was greatly relieved when that gentleman replied at once:

"She is quite fit to leave the asylum, if a proper home, and continual care and watchfulness, could be ensured for her; she has long ceased to be subject to fits of violence, and her case is now one of simple monomania, on which a complete change in her mode of life might act beneficially, but she will require unremitting attention, and watchful, self-denying care."

"And she will have it," Mr. Renshaw answered, warmly; "I will answer for that. But will not her friends make difficulties, Miss Ashton being a complete stranger to them?"

"I have been thinking over all that you have told me," Dr. Litchfield answered, "and I believe that Miss Ashton herself is her nearest friend, and has the most right to decide this question."

Mr. Renshaw could not understand him in the least.

"You must really excuse me," he said, deprecatingly, "but my head has got into a muddle, somehow; it seems as if every one I meet had something strange and contradictory to say to me. If this is any new complication, please tell it to me plainly."

"I will tell you plainly who my patient is; she is Mrs. Arthur Ashton, a lady who fell into ill health, and subsequently became insane, through a bad habit that she had acquired—the habit of opium-eating. She has, or had, two living children, twins, a son and a daughter; but she has no other relatives that I know of, certainly none that take an interest in her. The annual sum secured to her, under the will of her late husband, is paid to me regularly by trustees, who have only undertaken the duty of making these payments and of taking receipts for them."

"Then you don't treally mean to say——" Mr. Renshaw protested.

"That she is Miss Ashton's mother? I believe, from what you have told me, that this must be the case; the young lady, however, has never inquired after her, or called to see her, or shown any interest in her, that I know of."

Mr. Renshaw did not say another word, but walked back to the room in which he had left Grace.

"Do I look like any one that's wide awake, my dear?" he asked. "You haven't got a pin about you that you could conveniently stick into me, have you? Never mind, don't trouble yourself to get one. I'll tell you the last muddle that's going, as soon as I can think of it myself. Dr. Litchfield says that the patient who escaped yesterday is Mrs. Arthur Ashton, your mamma!"

"There must be some mistake," Grace answered, after a pause of mute surprise at the idea, "because my mamma is dead."

"I don't know that her being dead makes it much more odd than it was before; upon my soul I don't! There, talk to Dr. Litchfield about it yourself, and make it out if you can."

Dr. Litchfield's account of his patient at once established the fact that she was the mother of Grace and Robert Ashton, on whom her one vice, long and secretly indulged, had acted so fatally; producing in Grace a too sensitive nervous organisation, and a corresponding delicacy of constitution, and destroying in great measure the moral and intellectual perceptions of her son. Grace's evidence of her mother's death was worth nothing at all, amounting simply to this, that her grandmother had told her how, long ago, her mamma had been attacked by brain disease, and had died at a distance from her home. The lie might have been prompted by a wish to conceal the fact that so near a relative was confined in a lunatic asylum, and it is probable that even Mr. Ashton had silently acquiesced in it, fearing to excite the sensitive imagination of Grace, by allowing her to know the sad and revolting truth.

It was certain now that no one would possess any legal right to interfere between Grace and her mother, and it was with some new strange flutterings at her heart that she named the place at which she had left her—the thatcher's cottage at Wallingford End.

ABOUT GIVING SORROW WORDS.

A CUE FROM SHAKSPEARE.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

Give sorrow words,

is Malcolm's bidding to Macduff, when the paralysing news is broken to that valiant thane of the slaughter of his household—wife, children, servants, all that could be found—all his “pretty chickens, and their dam, at one fell swoop.” Killed in his absence: his castle surprised, and all its inmates (“all my pretty ones? *did you say all?*”) savagely slaughtered. Presently he will, at Malcolm's further bidding, dispute it as a man; but Macduff must also feel it as a man. And for the moment at least he is stricken dumb by the ghastly intelligence, and hides his face from the light and from his friends. It is on seeing him thus shattered, thus speechless, that the prince seeks to make despair outspoken rather than dumb:

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whisps the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.*

Such a grief Queen Margaret cherishes, an exile in France, when, to King Lewis's inquiry, “whence springs this deep despair?” she replies,

From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.†

Her grief is fated to find deeper scope and larger utterance, later in the play, where, before her eyes, her gallant boy, Prince Edward of Lancaster, is stabbed to the heart by the brothers of York, Gloster and Clarence: Are they men,—thus to spend their fury on a child?

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst an if I speak:—
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.‡

A day comes when the haggard Margaret has her glut of revenge in watching the anguish of her successor, Elizabeth,—in *her* turn rendered childless by Richard of Gloster. The two queens rail at each other in maddened hate. And when the old Duchess of York exclaims, “Why should calamity be full of words?” the answer Elizabeth makes is with a flux of them:

Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: tho' what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.§

* Macbeth, Act IV. Sc. 3.

† Third Part of King Henry VI., Act III. Sc. 3.

‡ Act V. Sc. 5.

§ King Richard III., Act IV. Sc. 4.

Pandarus of Troy cites, over the sorrows of Troilus and Cressida, a fragmentary verse, than which, protests the old gentleman, there never was a truer rhyme,

O heart, O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?—
Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship, nor by speaking.*

Lear's frenzied outbreak against his daughters, those "unnatural hags," becomes incoherent and inarticulate in his convulsion of anguished wrath: they think he'll weep—but he will not let women's weapons, water-drops, stain his man's cheeks: no, he'll not weep:—he has full cause of weeping; but that heart of his shall break into a hundred thousand flaws, or ere he'll weep. But then, "O fool, I shall go mad!"† is the natural issue of not giving sorrow way—whether by words or tears. Hamlet, for his part, cannot give sorrow words. He has thoughts that lie too deep for them, or for tears. No "windy suspiration of forced breath, no, nor the fruitful river in the eye," can denote him truly, who has that within which passeth show,‡ and is itself past tears, and past expression.

One of the most admired, by past generations at least, of Shakspearian critics, declines, in one of her letters, to reserve all her compassion for the griefs that stalk in buskins. When people's griefs, she remarks, are of that dignity and public character, they can lay them in state, sing solemn dirges over them, inter them with funeral pomp, and set up a superb monument of them. "They taste the 'luxury of woe;' but the griefs that must be privately buried in the breast are the most bitter."§ The laureate says, in his matchless Memorial poem:

I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline, and no more.||

The man of Uz, in the depth of his affliction, declares in one place, "For now, if I hold my tongue, I shall give up the ghost;" though in another he avows, "Though I speak, my grief is not assuaged; an though I forbear, what am I eased?"¶ It was when the Psalmist heart was hot within him, and, while he mused, the fire burned, that the

* Troilus and Cressida, Act IV. Sc. 4.

† Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 2.

|| In Memoriam, § v.

† King Lear, Act II. Sc. 4.

§ Mrs. Montague's Letters.

¶ Job xiii. 19; xvi. 6.

he spake with his tongue. To apply the lines of a classical poet, on those utterances and "deliverances" by which pain is mitigated,

Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem.*

We are told of the celebrated French surgeon, Dupuytren, as regards the hospital patients upon whom he operated, that so long as they suffered quietly, he acted as if he were their guardian angel; but that as soon as they complained, especially when they "roared out for trifles," they might as well have had "the devil himself for their surgeon as Dupuytren." This, observes a home authority, probably arose from a defect of temper in the eminent operator; for a patient is relieved by crying aloud under a severe operation. "When acute pain is felt, the nervous system receives a shock, the evil effects of which are increased by the efforts used not to give way to nature and cry."† Poor Vanessa pathetically declares, in one of her appealing letters to Swift: "For there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world I must give way to it."‡ Sir Walter Scott has this characteristic entry in his Diary: "At twelve o'clock I went again to poor Lady — to talk over old stories. I am not clear that it is a right or healthful indulgence to be ripping up old sores, but it seems to give her deep-rooted sorrow words, and that is a mental blood-letting."§ To an endeared friend and his wife who had lost a son, Frederick Perthes writes: "Cling to one another in your griefs; let neither conceal it from the other; do not try to calm one another down, but rather let your sorrow flow out into a common stream."|| The heart, says Shakspeare, hath treble wrong when it is barred the aidance of the tongue:

An oven that is stopped, or river stayed,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage;
So of concealèd sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney¶ once is mute
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.**

Vincent Scattergood, in his trouble, being conventionally recommended by Mr. Fogg, from time to time, to overcome his sorrow, their author reflects on this common advice to those who suffer, as seldom really consolatory or alleviating. For, as he puts it, however we may dam up the tide of misery by the force of our own reasoning and determination, it still keeps accumulating, and at last will have its way, breaking down our barrier of false resolutions, and rushing onward with tenfold impetuosity. "The majority of mankind in this case resemble rockets. The more their inward tumult is choked, the higher they rise for the time: but, that time past, the worn-out case falls down again with in-

* Horat. Epist. † Life of Dr. Andrew Combe, ch. v.

‡ Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift, 1714.

§ Diary of Sir Walter Scott, Nov. 10, 1827.

|| Life and Times of Frederick Perthes, ch. xxxii.

¶ The tongue; as in a passage already cited from *King Richard III.*, Act IV. Sc. 4.

** Venus and Adonis.

creased momentum, from the forced elevation it had attained."*—Oswald and Corinne, says Madame de Staël, of their sojourn in Rome, "were worse than unhappy; for actual misery often causes such emotions as relieve the laden breast; and from the storm may burst a flash pointing the onward way; but mutual restraint . . . made them even discontented with one another. . . . True, a word, a look, suffices to efface our displeasure; but that look, that word, may not come when most needful."† So grows and grows the grief that,

Of life impatient, into madness swells,
Or in *dead silence* wastes the weeping hours.‡

It is of Corinne, again, that Madame de Staël says in another place,§ describing her desolate dejection, that the sorrow of which no one speaks to us cuts deeper than reiterated blows. Her amiable friend, the Prince of Castel Forte, follows the usual maxim, which bids us do our utmost towards teaching a mourner to forget; but there is no oblivion for the imaginative, Madame remarks; and she pronounces it better to keep alive their memories, weary them of their tears, exhaust their signs, and force them back upon themselves, that they may reconcentrate their own powers.

Rousseau|| teaches that, in violent passions of feeling, instinct prompts to the utterance of cries, to movement, gesticulation, and whatever may in like manner give free course to the agitated spirits, and create a diversion for passion: "tant qu'on s'agite, on n'est qu'emporté; le morne repos est plus à craindre, il est voisin du désespoir." The difference between the two states is exemplified in Mrs. Gaskell's description of the Hale family, at the death of Mrs. Hale, when Margaret rose from her trembling and despondency, and became as a strong angel of comfort to her father and brother—to the latter in his vehemence of emotion, to the former in his *morne repos*. The brother, we read, broke down altogether, and cried so violently when shut up in his little room at night, that Margaret and Dixon came down in affright to warn him to be quiet—he being there secretly, and in hiding—for the house partitions were but thin, and the next-door neighbours might easily hear his youthful passionate sobs, so different from the slower trembling agony of after life, when we become inured to grief, and dare not be rebellious against the inexorable doom, knowing who it is that decrees. "Margaret sat with her father in the room with the dead. If he had cried, she would have been thankful. But he sat by the bed quite quietly; only, from time to time, he uncovered the face, and stroked it gently, making a kind of soft inarticulate noise, like that of some mother-animal caressing her young. He took no notice of Margaret's presence. Once or twice she came up to kiss him; and he submitted to it, giving her a little push away when she had done, as if her affection disturbed him from his absorption in the dead."¶ She has the more reason to be troubled by a

—silence

Qui de ses maux encore aigrit la violence.**

* The Scattergood Family, vol. ii. ch. xvi.

† Corinne, book xv. ch. iii.

§ Book xviii. ch. vi.

¶ North and South, vol. ii. ch. v.

‡ Thomson, The Seasons: Spring.

|| Emile et Sophie, lettre i.

** Racine: Phèdre, Acte I. Sc. 3.

Madame d'Arblay, in her diary at Court, expatiates on the silent and solitary sufferings of her royal mistress on the eve of the King's illness in 1788. "The Queen is almost overpowered with some secret terror. I am affected almost beyond expression in her presence, to see what struggles she makes to support serenity. To-day she gave up the conflict when I was alone with her, and burst into a violent fit of tears. It was very, very, terrible to see. . . . To unburthen her loaded mind would be to relieve it from all but inevitable affliction. O, may Heaven in its mercy never, never, drive me to that solitary anguish more!—I have tried what it would do; I speak from bitter recollection of past melancholy experience."*—How writes Richardson's Lady G. to the Hon. Miss Byron? "Could I make you speak out, could I make you complain, I should have some hope of you: but so sorrowful when alone, as we plainly see, yet aiming to be so cheerful in company—O my dear! you must be gluttonous of grief in your solitary hours."† So the same author's *Clarissa* writes to her one confidante: "To whom can I unbosom myself but to you? . . . These griefs, do what I can, will sometimes burst into tears; and these, mingling with my ink, will blot my paper. And I know you will not grudge me the temporary relief."‡ When Biddy, in Garrick's piece, sighs heavily, and Tag, her woman, asks what that sigh is for, and Biddy denies that she had sighed at all, the other shrewdly rejoins: "Nay, never gulp them down, they are the worst things you can swallow. There's something in that little heart of yours that swells it and puffs it, and will burst it at last, if you don't give it vent."§ In Miss Ferrier's story of "Destiny," Mrs. Malcolm, keeping watch by the couch of Edith, fears little for the passionate overflow of Sir Reginald's grief, excessive as it is, which can thus vent itself in outward manifestations: it is the silence of poor Edith's overcharged heart which alarms her.|| Subsequently, when at an appeal of Mrs. Malcolm's, "Edith's heart heaved high, and for a few moments she struggled violently with her feelings; at last nature prevailed—she burst into a passionate flood of tears, and throwing her arms round her friend's neck, wept long in silent anguish,"—the good woman, we read, made no attempt to check the genial current of feeling; for she knew that the grief which can feel even despair, is never so dangerous as that which benumbs the spirit, and bereaves it of the very sense of feeling; and fragile as is the mould of the human heart, it is one which may be bruised, but is rarely broken by the first rude shock it sustains. But "Oh the world of woe which may lie in the small compass of one solitary heart! Who can declare 'all which may be borne and never told'?"¶ And in time Edith's becomes

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and dreary,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet or relief
In word, or sigh, or tear.

It is commonly remarked, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has said, that the

* Diary of Madame d'Arblay, vol. iv., part vi. Nov. 3, 1788.

† History of Sir Charles Grandison, vol. v. letter xvi.

‡ *Clarissa Harlowe*, vol. iv. letter viii.

§ Miss in her Teens, Act I. Sc. 2.

|| *Destiny*, ch. xxii.

¶ *Ibid.*, ch. xxiii.

suppression of external signs of feeling makes feeling more intense. The deepest grief is that which makes no violent display, because, as he physiologically explains it, the nervous excitement, not discharged in muscular action, discharges itself in other nervous excitements—arouses more numerous and more remote associations of melancholy ideas, and so increases the mass of feelings.* Montaigne deprecates the formal suppression of natural signs of emotion, and bids us, “in God’s name,” allow what he calls “this vocal frailty, if it be neither cordial nor stomachical, to the disease; and permit the ordinary way of expressing grief by sighs, sobs, palpitations,” &c. What matter that we wring our hands, if we do not wring our thoughts? he exclaims. “In so extreme ills, ’tis cruelty to require so exact a composedness.”† Concealed sorrows are compared by Feltham to those vapours which, being shut up, occasion earthquakes. That man he rightly pronounces to be truly miserable who cannot get rid of his miseries, and yet will not unfold them. “As in the body, whatsoever is taken inwardly which is distasteful, and continues there unvoided, does daily suppurate and gather, till at last it kills or at least endangers life; so it is in the mind; sorrows entertained and smothered, do so collect, that the sweet dispositions of our nature give way to a harsh morosity and spleen. Why should we hug a poisoned arrow so closely in our wounded bosoms? Neither griefs nor joys were ever ordained for secrecy.”‡ The tongue, which, says Edward Irving (that eloquent master of it), is to other animals but an instrument of tasting their food or roaring for their prey, was in man gifted with language, to be the great bond of human fellowship, by communicating with more than electric speed between heart and heart the ten thousand emotions which arise therein.§ Ovid tells how griefs that are untold do choke and inwardly consume the heart; and how their burning forces do but multiply when restrained:

Strangulat inclusus dolor, atque cor æstuat intus;
Cogitur et vires multiplicare suas.||

Mrs. Jameson says, of Hazlitt’s stormful *Liber Amoris*, that it betokens a passion so terribly real, the subject of which sued with such a vehemence, suffered with such resistance, that the “powerful intellect reeled, tempest-tost, and might have foundered but for the gift of expression.” He might have said like Tasso—like Goethe rather—

Gab mir ein Gott zu sagen was ich leide!

And this faculty of utterance, eloquent utterance, was perhaps the only thing which saved life, or reason, or both.¶ Something of the same thought occurs in Currer Bell’s remarks on Cowper’s poem of the Cast-

* Herbert Spencer: *The Physiology of Laughter*.

† Montaigne’s *Essays*, book ii. ess. xxxvii.

‡ Feltham’s *Resolves*: Of Discontent.

§ Collected Works of Edward Irving, vol. iii. p. 22.

¶ *Ov. Trist.* v. 1.

¶ “In such moods of passion, the poor uneducated man, dumb in the midst of the strife and the storm, unable to comprehend his intolerable pain, or make it comprehended, throws himself in a blind fury on the cause of his torture, or hange himself in his neckcloth.”—*A Commonplace-Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies*, by Mrs. Jameson, p. 264.

away—wherein the despairing poet, in an hour of tearless anguish, traced a semblance to his own God-abandoned misery in the fate of the man-forsaken sailor: "He was nearly broken-hearted when he wrote that poem, and it almost breaks one's heart to read it. But he found relief in writing it—I know he did; and that gift of poetry—the most divine bestowed on man—was, I believe, granted to allay emotions when their strength threatens harm." "Depend upon it," we read further on, "no tear blistered the manuscript of 'The Castaway'; I hear in it no sob of sorrow, only the cry of despair; but that cry uttered, I believe the deadly spasm passed from his heart; that he wept abundantly, and was comforted."*

The anonymous author of a clever essay on Talking of Self, rules that by all means this else objectionable kind of talk must be allowed to invalids and persons of weak nerves and spirits, whom pain, weariness, and seclusion throw upon their inner consciousness. And he holds it needless to add that persons under some immediate shock, unhinging to the whole being, must be not only allowed but encouraged to talk of themselves; for a personal grief put into words is infinitely lighter and more bearable than trouble pressing on the heart. "There is something in every effort at expression which brings relief; and when sorrow can be brought to describe itself, the worst is over."† Sancho Panza had rather renounce the service of an endeared master, and the contingency of an island to govern, than be restrained from free and full complaint, whenever there was cause for it—which in Don Quixote's service was often enough, and oftener. "For it is very hard, and not to be borne with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in quest of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, tossings in a blanket, and bangs with stones, and, with all this, to have his mouth sewed up, not daring to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb."‡ The model chaplain in Mr. Reade's matter-of-fact romance of prison-life, invites Susan Merton's confidence by a word for word quotation of Shakspeare's text on giving sorrow words; and no sooner has he repeated it than the simple girl exclaims, sobbing: "Oh! that is a true word, that is very true. Why, a little of the lead seems to have dropped off my heart now I have spoken to you, sir."§ One might apply some lines of Mr. Chauncy Hare Townshend's—

And why not then have told thee this before?

I know not. Silence binds the hopeless debtor.

Hours are there when in speechless pain we wring;

And there are hours when the heart bursts its fetter,

Like mountain ice before the breath of spring.||

In Mr. Dickens's description of the home-life of now brotherless Florence Dombey, in the presence and under the ungenial supervision of relatives in name, strangers as to sympathy, there is a passage which relates how, on one occasion, she broke out involuntarily into the irrepressible lament, "Oh my brother! oh my brother!"—a natural emotion, not to be repressed, which "would make way, even between the fingers of the hands with which she covered her face. The overcharged and heavy-laden

* Shirley, ch. xii.

† Essays on Social Subjects: First Series, p. 280.

‡ Don Quixote, ch. xxv.

§ It is Never too Late to Mend, ch. vii.

|| The Three Gates: The Law of Love.

breast must sometimes have that vent, or the poor wounded solitary heart within it would have fluttered like a bird with broken wings, and sunk down in the dust."* The impulse is all one *au fond* with that which prompts the outburst of Virginius in the play :

—Man, I must speak, or else go mad !
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me
From speaking ? Were't not better, brother, think you,
To speak and not go mad, than to go mad
And then to speak ?†

Beware, the most distinguished of America's literary physicians bids us,—beware of the woman who cannot find free utterance for all her stormy inner life either in word or song ! So long as a woman can talk, there is nothing, he asserts, she cannot bear. But if she cannot have a companion to listen to her woes, and has no musical utterance, vocal or instrumental—then, says the doctor, "if she is of the real woman sort, and has a few heartfuls of wild blood in her, and you have done her a wrong—double-bolt the door by which she may enter on noiseless slipper at midnight ; look twice before you taste of any cup whose draught the shadow of her hand may have darkened.

"But let her talk, and, above all, cry ; or, if she is one of the coarser-grained tribe, give her the run of all the red-hot expletives in the language, and let her blister her lips with them until she is tired, she will sleep like a lamb after it, and you may take a cup of coffee from her without stirring it up to look for its sediment."‡

Mournful CEnone, wandering forlorn of Paris, once her playmate on the hills—the roses gone from her cheek, and her hair floating round her neck—thus opens out her sense of grief to "mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida," and Earth, and Hills, and Caves that house the cold crowned snake :

Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather'd shape : for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.§

Fruitless might be her plaint—hopeless the restoration of her peace : still she must speak out of the bitterness and fulness of her heart. Like latter-day poet in his valedictory stanzas :

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still ;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.||

Where the heart is full, it seeks, for a thousand reasons, says Mr. Carlyle, and in a thousand ways, to impart itself. "How sweet, indispensable, in such cases, is fellowship ; soul mystically strengthening soul !"¶ Charlotte

* Dombey and Son, ch. xviii.

† Virginius, Act IV. Sc. 2.

‡ Elsie Venner, ch. xxiii.

§ Tennyson: CEnone.

|| Byron: "Fare-thee-well."

¶ Carlyle, History of the French Revolution, part ii. book i. ch. v.

Bronte, in the depression of bereavement and lonely despondency, writes to her dearest friend how she is haunted by day and night with a sense of sickening distress; and adds: "I tell you these things, because it is absolutely necessary for me to have some relief. You will forgive me, and not trouble yourself, or imagine that I am one whit worse than I say. It is quite a mental ailment, and I believe and hope is better now. I think so, because I can speak about it, which I never can when grief is at its worst."* As sage as kindly is Rose Flammock, the Flemish handmaiden in Scott's so-called tale of the Crusades, when she implores her mistress, the Lady Eveline, to confide her griefs: "Only disburden your mind with one word"†—and in another place: "methinks, the bearing in your solitary bosom such a fearful secret will only render the weight more intolerable."‡

Mr. Hawthorne depicts in Miriam one who passionately yearns for a confidant to whom she may freely breathe her secret trouble. "Oh, my friend," she one day cries, to Kenyon the sculptor, "will you be my friend indeed? I am lonely, lonely, lonely. There is a secret in my heart that burns me—that tortures me! Sometimes I fear to go mad of it,—sometimes I hope to die of it; but neither of the two happens. Ah, if I could but whisper it to only one human soul!" There is a certain reserve and alarm perceptible to Miriam in Kenyon's frank and kind expression of readiness to listen; for in his heart he doubts whether it were well for her to give, or for him to receive, this confidence. What he says to himself is, that if there were any active duty of friendship to be performed, then, indeed, he would have joyfully come forward to do his best. But if it were only a pent-up heart that sought an outlet? in that case it was by no means so certain that a confession would do good. For, "unless he could give her all the sympathy, and just the kind of sympathy that the occasions required, Miriam would hate him by-and-by, and herself still more if he let her speak.—And she, recovering herself, and mastering her own agitation, bids him keep his sympathy for sorrows that admit of such solace, and "forget this foolish scene." Yet when they have parted, she regrets having lost what she had asked for, and was not refused.§ In an after chapter, Donatello is the unobserved witness of a frenzy fit of Miriam, under the dusky arches of the Coliseum, where, believing herself alone, she throws off her self-control, and acts like a mad woman, concentrating the elements of a long insanity in that instant. She gesticulates extravagantly, gnashing her teeth, flinging her arms wildly abroad, stamping with her foot. "It was as if she had stepped aside for an instant, solely to snatch the relief of a brief fit of madness. Persons in acute trouble, or labouring under strong excitement, with a necessity for concealing it, are prone to relieve their nerves in this wild way; although, when practicable, they find a more effectual solace in shrieking aloud."|| In the next chapter she takes a more legitimate mode of venting her pent-up emotion, by bursting out into song, that moonlight night when, from the Forum and the Via Sacra, from beneath the arches of the Temple of Peace on one side, and the acclivity of the Palace of the Cæsars on the other, the air was full of melodies from

* Life of Charlotte Bronte, vol. ii. ch. viii.

† The Betrothed, ch. xiv.

‡ Ibid., ch. xv.

§ Transformation, ch. xiv.

|| Ibid., ch. xvii.

the voices of strollers about the Eternal City. "Suddenly, she threw out such a swell and gush of sound, that it seemed to pervade the whole choir of other voices, and then to rise above them all, and become audible in what would else have been the silence of an upper region. That volume of melodious voice was one of the tokens of a great trouble. There had long been an impulse upon her—amounting, at last, to a necessity—to shriek aloud; but she had struggled against it, till the thunderous anthem gave her an opportunity to relieve her heart by a great cry."* Her innocent friend, Hilda, who involuntarily becomes the witness of a dark deed in which Miriam is concerned, is for a long while tortured by the possession of this secret, which she dare not divulge. But one day, earnest Protestant though she be, the sight of the confessional, and a few words from a poor simple devout woman who comes away from it radiant with a sense of relief, impel Hilda to fling herself down in the penitent's place, and tremulously, passionately, with sobs, tears, and the turbulent overflow of emotion too long repressed, to pour out the dark story which had infused its poison into her till then healthy and tranquil life. "She revealed the whole of her terrible secret! The whole, except that no name escaped her lips. And, ah, what a relief! When the hysteric gasp, the strife between words and sobs, had subsided, what a torture had passed away from her soul!" It need not be said that Mr. Hawthorne noway intends all this to have a theological bearing. Indeed, when the father-confessor adverts to absolution as the sequel of confession, Hilda at once starts and shrinks back. She had never dreamed of that, and repudiates it with fervour. She has simply opened out her heart under the seal of confession, because the terrible crime she has just revealed seemed to thrust itself between her and her Maker—so that she found Him not in the darkness; found nothing but a dreadful solitude, and this crime in the midst of it. "I could not bear it. It seemed as if I made the awful guilt my own, by keeping it hidden in my heart. I grew a fearful thing to myself. I was going mad!" The confessor, hopeful of an ingenuous proselyte, expresses his trust that the relief will prove greater than she yet knows of. And she, missing his meaning, and looking up gratefully in his face, declares it to be already immense: "I have told the hideous secret; told it under the sacred seal of the confessional; and now it will burden my poor heart no more."† What ensues during that strange confidence is not here to the purpose. What has been quoted avails to illustrate vividly enough the relief poor human nature feels in confiding, and so disburthening itself of, a secret oppression of heavy trouble.

Sir Walter Scott's poems furnish plural instances of this sense of relief, under various conditions. There is Don Roderick, for example, to whose "sad confession" Toledo's Prelate lends an ear of fearful wonder:

For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,
Such as are lothly utter'd to the air,
When Fear, Remorse, and Shame the bosom wring,
And Guilt his secret burthen cannot bear,
And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from Despair.‡

* Transformation, ch. xviii.

† Ch. xxxix.

‡ The Vision of Don Roderick.

Marmion, again, becomes, *malgré lui*, the avower of a troubled secret to
Lindesay :

He staid,
And seem'd to wish his words unsaid ;
But, by that strong emotion press'd,
Which prompts us to unload our breast,
Ev'n when discovery's pain,* &c.

Something of a parallel passage occurs in Bertram's similar confidence to
Wilfrid, when

The power within the guilty breast,
Oft vanquish'd, never quite suppress'd,
That unsubdued and lurking lies
To take the felon by surprise,
And force him, as by magic spell,
In his despite his guilt to tell,—
That power in Bertram's breast awoke.†

THE CRY OF THE UNRESIGNED.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

COME back ! come back ! my lost, my loved, my own !
Too soon hath cruel death
Stopp'd my young darling's breath,
Too soon her heavenly soul to heaven hath flown :
The flowers so prized by thee,
The softly-chiming sea,
The brook whose voice was dear,
The birds you loved to hear,
Singing in noon's white rays, to me now black—
Join with my soul, and cry, "Come back ! come back !"

It may be impious, may be cruel, too,
But from the bowers above,
Where thou, like some white dove,
Dost sit in purity amidst the blue,
To earth I'd bring thee down,
Nor heed thine amaranth crown ;
Anything in my madness,
Anything in my sadness,
So I could have thee near,
Fold thee, and kiss thee, dear :
O angels, hear me ! bear her down yon track
Of luminous stars—lost child, come back ! come back !

* Marmion, canto iv.

† Rokeby, canto ii.

Whether I sit alone at morn or night,
Praying to be resigned,
Strengthening with hope my mind,
Striving to chase thee from my inner sight;
In vain; still thought will fly
To blissful days gone by;
Religion brings no calm,
The father's heart no balm;
I rail at fate, my spirit on a rack,
And still I cry, "Sweet saint! come back! come back!"

To my fond soul thou wert a vernal sun;
I warmed in thee, loved child,
Thy beams so softly mild;
My thoughts from thee, poor flowers, their fragrance won:
Now all is night, blind night,
Set my dear orb of light,
No wife, true friend, to cheer me,
And thou no longer near me;
In darkness thick I grope,
Without my sun, my hope,
Still calling on thee, though in joy, and black
This lower world to thine—come back! come back!

I loved thee stronger with each year that flew,
Engrossingly and madly;
All virtues seemed to clad thee;
Thy mother's voice, her eyes of clearest blue:
And thou didst also love me,
Though beautiful above me,
As rainbow o'er a hill;
Thy soul I worship still,
But, oh, I crave more, more—
To have thee on life's shore,
To hear thee, fold thee, kiss thee—down the track
Of yonder blue, descend! come back! come back!

THE ARLINGTONS :

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

By A LOOKER-ON.

PART THE FIFTH.

I.

SILVESTER ARLINGTON AT CAMBRIDGE.

MRS. ARLINGTON communicated to her husband the information she had received from Richard relative to the proceedings of Silvester at Cambridge, and urged him to inquire into the matter without loss of time. She said she felt very uneasy about Silvester, and very much afraid lest he should be drawn into some low connexion.

Mr. Arlington received the intelligence more coolly than she could have expected—he did not seem at all alarmed.

"My dear Nelly," he said, "I fear you let your vivid imagination run away with you. Silvester, I dare say, is no saint; there is not much morality, probably, to be found among the young men at the universities; but we don't often hear of their making low marriages."

"Not often, certainly; but such marriages *do* occur," replied his wife, rather sharply.

"There is gossip at Oxford and Cambridge, as well as at Cheltenham, and Bath, and Scarborough, and even London itself," said Mr. Arlington; "and the young man who mentioned Silvester, perhaps wanted something to fill up his letter."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlington.

"But he has not hinted a syllable about any love affair or entanglement to you, or to any of his sisters, or to Richard, even," said the simple-minded Mr. Arlington.

"Good gracious, Arlington! you can't be such a fool as to fancy that Silvester, if he is doing wrong, will accuse himself, or voluntarily confess his folly, if not his guilt?"

"I don't think he should be condemned on slight evidence," said the good man.

Mrs. Arlington cast up her eyes with an impatient gesture :

"Mr. Arlington, when the honour of your family is at stake, you really should cast off your habitual apathy, or, I should perhaps rather say, indolence. Will you go down to Cambridge and inquire into this matter, or will you not? It is clear that something must be done."

"I am very sorry, but I cannot go just now, my dear Nelly. I am obliged to remain in town at present on account of parliamentary business. You see there is so much to be got through at the end of the season; everything is staved off till then, and it is all hurry-scurry at last—no end of committees; and as I am engaged in two or three at the very least, I must be at my post. But I will write to one of the professors with whom I am pretty well acquainted, and ask him to tell

me if Silvester has got into any scrape. That is the only thing I can do, my dear."

"If you had the slightest grain of energy in you," thought the lady, though she did not say it, "you would manage to go to Cambridge and see after your son, and attend to your stupid committees to boot; but 'one can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear,' says the old proverb, and you cannot put spirit into a sluggish soul."

Mr. Arlington certainly was "sluggish" in all respects, but especially in matters concerning his own family; he did not like to have his equanimity troubled, and he did not see any cause for uneasiness about his second son. He had felt rather anxious on account of the marked encouragement given to Mr. Duff Watson—a total stranger, having a very slight introduction to the family, and of whose parentage and previous life he had not been able to hear a word; he was somewhat afraid that he might not be a proper match for Letitia, but his better-half was satisfied, therefore he left the matter in her hands. He did not much like to trouble the professor at Cambridge; but he knew, poor man, that he would have no peace until he performed his promise; he took care, however, to write from his club, so that he might not be obliged to submit his epistle to the criticism of Mrs. Arlington. The letter, in consequence, was very vaguely worded, and in asking information about his son's conduct, he did not express the least doubt of its correctness, nor make any allusion to the probability of his having got into a scrape.

"Give a dog a bad name, and hang him," said the worthy gentleman to himself, "and there is no need to bring down upon the boy any suspicion, or too close supervision. If the lad had been going to the devil, we should undoubtedly have heard it—bad news flies fast."

Silvester was a favourite of his father's, and though he drew pretty freely upon his purse, he was not so extravagant as Richard.

"Well, well, even if Silvester is a little wild, young men will be young men," Mr. Arlington remarked to himself; and with this concluding thought he dismissed the subject of his son's supposed delinquencies from his mind, addressed and sealed his letter of inquiry, and returned to the study of his beloved newspapers.

In due time the answer came. It was a pompous epistle, and dwelt more on the writer's own high attainments and high position at the university than on Silvester Arlington's deeds, good or bad. He merely said that, as far as the young man came under his notice, he was well conducted. He had never heard of his being engaged in ungentlemanly riots, or doing anything to deserve censure; he might be more attentive to his studies, but every one was not equally gifted with talents, or the power of intense application; and though there was not the slightest chance of his ever being senior wrangler, or probably taking honours, he might get through a fair examination, which, most likely, was all his ambition aimed at.

This was very negative praise, but then—there was no positive blame; and both Mr. and Mrs. Arlington were fain to be satisfied with it; at least Mr. Arlington was, though his wife declared that the letter of the great university man was exceedingly stupid, and not at all to the point.

"I don't think I can let things rest here, Fanny," she said; "I will

write to Silvy himself, and tell him that some hints of imprudent conduct on his part have reached me, but that I am unwilling to believe them, and hope he will be able to contradict them. I shall remind him that he has his way to make in the world, and that his future success will much depend upon the character he bears at college, and brings with him from thence; that I trust he will never forget what he owes to himself and to his family; and that, above all things, he will not plunge into any low amour, or let himself be taken in by artful people in an inferior rank of life than his own. I think this will do, Fanny; at any rate, it will put him on his guard."

"Yes," said Fanny, "I think your letter will do extremely well, and have a very good effect."

Fanny invariably acquiesced in the propriety of everything her mother did, said, and wrote, except what was not congenial to her own wishes—then she did not scruple to find fault; but Mrs. Arlington did not always heed her remonstrances, and generally took her own way.

Silvester's reply was not a very satisfactory one. He demanded to know in distinct terms of what he was accused, and who was his accuser; blamed his mother for listening to any chance information which might have no foundation in fact; said he considered himself ill-used in the first place by his father's very unnecessary letter of inquiry about him to one of his professors, of which he had heard; and, in the next place, by Mrs. Arlington's reproving epistle, condemning him for faults which she did not specify, and predicting to him a failure in his future career. His letter wound up with an urgent request to be informed who had been writing against him, that he might give the sneaking fellow a good thrashing. Mrs. Arlington felt rather alarmed at the effect produced by her missive. She was determined not to betray the name of Richard's informant, lest Silvester might be hot-headed enough to 'get up a row about the matter. She wrote back that her letter had merely been intended to caution him; that she had no fault to find with him; and that she trusted his own good sense would prevent his doing anything which might be prejudicial to himself or obnoxious to his family.

So Mrs. Arlington's energy had not been of much use, and, though she did not know it, probably it had produced a bad effect.

II.

MR. DUFF WATSON A GUEST AT ARLINGTON ABBEY.

THERE was nothing to detain the Arlington family in London; everybody was gone or going, and of the few, in the fashionable parts of the town, who were not departing, some had closed the shutters in the front of their houses, not having the strength of mind to admit that they were still fixtures. These worthies had the Parks to themselves as far as people of their own class went, but they seemed to fly each other, as if apprehending contagious diseases, when their only fear was that their vanity should be hurt by being still seen in town when all the world had left it, and that they were discovered not to have joined the migrating flocks.

The Arlingtons had repaired to Arlington Abbey, in Dorsetshire.

Mrs. Arlington had proposed to Richard to take two of his sisters abroad for six weeks or so, in the hope that some gentleman at one of the German baths, or at Vichy, or even at Dieppe, might take a fancy to one of the young ladies, but Richard declined going, and betook himself for a few days, or perhaps weeks, to Craig Court, on a visit to Mr., i.e. Mrs., Larpent.

He was annoyed to find that lady's French maid still with her, for he had strongly advised her to part with the demoiselle, whose eyes and ears had been tolerably active during the week he had spent with Mrs. Larpent at the hotel at Brighton. He had urged the dismissal of the French woman so much, that he never expected to see her tripping step, jaunty air, and saucy look when he made his appearance at Craig Court. She wished him "*Le bien-venu*" with a mixture of empressment and irony, exclaiming,

"*Que monsieur sera charmé de vous voir, mon capitaine ; et madame ! mon Dieu ! elle n'aura plus des chagrins, ni de mauvaise humeur, à present que vous êtes ici.*"

Richard grinned and showed his white teeth, and complimented the damsel on her good looks, while he inwardly ejaculated,

"The devil take the impudent jade ! What on earth makes Sophy keep that spy about her ?"

The same question he asked Mrs. Larpent herself, who replied,

"Oh, she is very useful, and, you know, the French are not so strait-laced as the English are ! Laurette has got a love-affair of her own on her hands. She and the butler are very good friends, though he is a married man. She would break her heart if I were to turn her away, and no doubt she would revenge herself by saying ill-natured things of you and me. She has an excellent place, and she must know, that if she takes to tittle-tattling, I will get rid of her. I think we are pretty safe with her. For her own sake, she will be discreet."

"It is a pity to be in the power of a servant," said Richard. "One never knows how long bribery may ensure their silence, or how soon they may betray one."

Mrs. Larpent shrugged her shoulders, and laughed at his timidity.

"And you a gallant soldier !" she exclaimed. "My dear Richard, don't frighten yourself with chimeras ! After all, if Laurette were to be such a fool as to risk her place for the indulgence of a little silly gossip, who would believe her ?"

"Scandal is sure to find believers in this ill-natured world," replied Richard, gravely, "and I am afraid our *amitié* is suspected already."

"If I am not horrified and distressed, *you* need not be so, I think," said Mrs. Larpent. "As long as my precious husband is so conveniently blind, it is no matter what other people think or say."

Richard was silent, but not convinced, and he looked with an evil eye on the pert French maid, and was distant and ceremonious in his manners to Mrs. Larpent at table, and whenever the butler happened to be present.

Meanwhile, in his parental abode at Arlington Abbey, which would one day be his own, reality and delusions were in full vigour.

As Richard was not at home to do it, Eleanor begged Fanny to ask

Mrs. Arlington to invite Captain Colville to the abbey. The invitation was sent, and grateful thanks were returned for it, but it was declined on the plea that he could not then obtain leave of absence. The Reverend Septimus Severin had written to Cornelia (the letter following her from London), telling her that he had got the curacy which he had mentioned to her, and thought he would be very comfortable. He filled his epistle with a string of quotations from the Bible, and wound up by promising to remember her in his prayers, and begging her not to forget him in hers.

"There!" cried Cornelia, "what can be more explicit than that? You see he remembers me even in his very prayers!"

"Deeds, not mere vague words for me," said Letitia, dryly.

"Well, I don't know," replied Cornelia, "what *deeds* your Mr. Duff Watson has performed, except making you a few presents; he does not seem even to favour you with many words, probably acting on Shakespeare's advice, to 'Give thy thoughts no tongue.'"

"Cornelia quoting a profane writer like Shakespeare!" exclaimed Letitia, derisively. "What would the Roman emperor say to that?"

"I hope you will give up that impertinent nickname when Mr. Severin becomes your brother-in-law," said Cornelia, angrily.

"When he becomes connected with our family I shall pay all due honour to his reddish hair—for I can't yet say grey hairs," Letitia answered, with a sneering laugh.

Mr. Duff Watson was certainly not very lavish of his words; he would sit ever so long without uttering a syllable, immersed in what is called a brown study, but it was apparently a black study, from the expression of his face when he fell into these silent fits.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Letitia once to him when he was in one of these absent moods; but the look that he gave her frightened her, it was so dark and wild, and she never again ventured to make any remark to him about himself. He was fond of taking solitary walks, and more especially of rambling on the sea-shore, where he would stand gazing on the ebb and flow of the tide until the waves, paying him as little respect as they did Canute of old, came surging in, and rolling over his feet.

"I do believe," exclaimed Master Lionel Arlington one day, "that that strange man, Mr. Duff Watson, is premeditating suicide. I saw him this morning standing on a rock like a pelican, when the tide was rushing in pretty fast. He was throwing his arms about as if he were haranguing the sea, or the seaweed and the pebbles it cast ashore. I looked down upon him for some time from the hill just above that part of the beach, until, finding that the waves were gaining on the rock, I ran down and shouted to him. But he appeared to have fallen into a trance, for he never budged, or he was bent upon committing *felo de se*. 'It won't be pleasant to have his corpse fished out of the water and brought to the abbey,' I said to myself; so, finding he turned a deaf ear to my shouting, I picked up some pebbles and pelted him with them, until he turned round, with quite a theatrical start, and gave me an awfully fierce look."

"You are romancing, or at least exaggerating, Master Lionel, I rather think," said Letitia.

"No, Letty, upon the honour of a gentleman, I am not," he replied. "He had to plunge into the water, and came splashing up to me like a water-dog emerging from the spray. In a very few minutes more the rock was entirely covered by the foaming waves, and you, poor Letty, would have had to wear the willow."

Lionel had arrived at the abbey on a farewell visit to his family before entering on his naval career. He had passed a very good examination, not only in the usual branches of a young boy's education—viz. English grammar and spelling, geography, arithmetic, writing, Latin, and French, but also in the various departments of science, mathematics, trigonometry, algebra, astronomy, &c. &c., which the wisdom of the Admiralty imposes on the little lads who are candidates for the navy. Query, are the magnates of the Admiralty adepts in such sciences themselves? More than one admiral has been heard to declare that if they were to be put through the examination inflicted on these children of twelve or thirteen years of age, they would assuredly fail. Happily, Lionel Arlington did not fail, and very proud his mother was of his success.

He was a smart, lively lad, cleverer than either of his brothers, but a mischievous boy, fond of playing pranks and practical jokes, as are not a few naval cadets, and cadets to be. But he was not cruel in his pranks; he never tied up poor cats by their tails, leaving their heads to hang down, with all the blood rushing into them until they were nearly mad; nor did he fasten lighted matches, or pieces of wax-tapers lighted, to the tails of dogs, tormenting them, and making the poor animals run the risk of being severely burned; nor did he catch flies or butterflies to impale them; but he teased his sisters in various ways—for instance, by very quietly attaching a piece of paper to the back of their dresses, on which was written, in a large round hand, "Fanny Arlington, aged forty-eight;" or, "Cornelia, in search of a pious husband." He was most anxious, however, to play off his wit upon "the intended suicide," as he called Mr. Duff Watson, and the mode he took to effect this had worse consequences than he, in his thoughtlessness, dreamed of.

The party in the drawing-room were talking of ghosts one evening, and a clergyman and another gentleman who resided in the neighbourhood, who had dined with the Arlingtons that day, were telling some ghost stories, though the clergyman declared his disbelief in them. Two or three rather appalling stories were told, and the young ladies, and even their stout-hearted, worldly-minded mother looked suspiciously towards the rather dusky corners in the adjacent music-room, where only two wax-lights were burning on the pianoforte, and two lustres lighted on the chimney-piece, making "darkness visible." One of the stories related how, by means of a ghost's visit to earth, a murder was found out. Mr. Duff Watson looked exceedingly pale and not a little perturbed, but he vehemently declared that there was not, and could not, be such a thing as a ghost, and that such fancied apparitions were only the product of a morbid imagination, acting upon a superstitious and ignorant mind.

"Well," said one of the gentlemen present, "ghost or no ghost, murder will out, it is said."

"Murder!" groaned Mr. Duff Watson; "what is called murder is not always the offspring of premeditated crime."

"Oh no!" said Mr. Arlington, who was a county magistrate. "The jury often brings it in—Manslaughter."

"But about supernatural appearances and sounds," said one of the visitors, "I grant that appearances may be deceptive; they may be traced to some distortion of vision, the falling of some shadow, the creation even of an excited imagination; but extraordinary or supernatural sounds are more difficult to be accounted for."

"Ghosts are said to revisit this earth at midnight," remarked Mr. Duff Watson, "and in the deep stillness of night, in the country, for instance, sounds which would scarcely be heard amidst the busy hum of day, may fall upon the ear, and assume importance. The clanking of chains, the groans which are introduced into 'ghostology,' to coin a word, may very probably be only a rat behind the wainscoting, or the sudden creaking of some piece of furniture."

"Very true," replied the gentleman. "But what would you say to a sound, or a succession of sounds, which aroused a whole family, and which were heard by men, women, and children?"

"I should simply say, I don't believe in such sounds."

"I cannot disbelieve a story which I heard from one of the most truthful of men, though neither he nor I could account for the noises he mentioned."

"Oh, do tell it to us!" exclaimed Eleanor and Maria at the same moment.

"Well, my friend was a physician in good practice, and a very sensible, worthy man. He had two brothers in the East Indies, both in the army. One evening he had been detained out very late, attending a patient who was dangerously ill. When he got home, he found his assistant, who was a relative of his own, waiting up for him, as he wished to hear of the case, in which he was interested. They talked it over for a little while; then, after taking a biscuit and glass of wine-and-water each in the dining-room, they proceeded up-stairs, the assistant to his bed-chamber, the doctor to his dressing-room, his wife having retired some time before. They had scarcely closed their doors, when they were both startled by a sound like cannonading—like the firing of artillery.

"'What can that be?' exclaimed the doctor, hurrying from his room to the assistant, who had just emerged from his chamber.

"'It is not like thunder,' replied the startled assistant, 'and there is no lightning.'

"'The sounds seem to come from below,' remarked the doctor; 'but housebreakers would never make such a noise; and there cannot be a review in the middle of the night.'

"'Hark! That is not an explosion; it is the firing of cannon.'

"The doctor's wife at that moment came pale and trembling from her room, merely wrapped in a dressing-gown, and with her feet in slippers. She ran to her husband, crying:

"'Oh, John, John! these are no earthly sounds! The end of the world must be approaching! Let us pray!' And the frightened lady threw herself on her knees and began to pray aloud. Presently the servants rushed down from the attics, and the children and their nurses from their nursery; all were in consternation.

"'This must be some jugglery!' cried the doctor. 'Let us search the house!'

"Accordingly, accompanied by the assistant and the footman, he de-

scended the stairs, and searched the whole house, exploring every corner in the basement-story and upwards, but there was nothing visible to occasion the noise. Everything was in its right place, and not a creature below. Soon after, the cannonading seemed to slacken, and by degrees the noise faded away, until profound silence succeeded the mysterious uproar.

"It was ascertained next day that no noise had been heard in any of the adjacent houses, and that there had been no explosion of any kind in the neighbourhood. The matter remained in total obscurity until a considerable time after the occurrence, when letters were received from India giving intelligence of the storming of a citadel there, in which the doctor's eldest brother, a colonel in the army, had been killed, and he had fallen at the very time and very hour when the mysterious and unaccountable sounds had been heard in the doctor's house!"

"A very striking story," observed the clergyman, "especially as you say your friend the physician heard the strange noises himself."

"It is a very good story," said Mr. Duff Watson; "but I suppose the doctor must have had a vivid imagination, and persuaded himself that what he fancied he heard, or what he dreamed, was true."

"You are a staunch unbeliever, at any rate," said Mrs. Arlington, laughing. "But, do you know, some people declare that this house is haunted, though I cannot say I have ever seen anything out of the common way."

"Nobody knows what a night may bring forth," said Lionel, in a very grave tone of voice, but with a merry twinkle in his eye.

III.

LIONEL'S DOINGS AT THE ABBEY.

THE ghost stories and tales of supernatural noises were not again alluded to. A day or two after the conversation respecting these far-fetched matters had taken place, a party from Arlington Abbey, consisting of Mrs. Arlington and some of her daughters, escorted by Mr. Duff Watson and Mr. Arlington, who was pressed into the service, went to see a boat-race at Weymouth, and returned to a late dinner. They were very tired, and perhaps the gentlemen had partaken rather freely of the excellent contents of the cellars at the abbey, which were quite as well furnished as the cellars used to be in the days when abbeys were the homes of Roman Catholic priests, who, certes, did not despise the good things of this world, in the eating and drinking way at least.

It was near the witching hour, and the family were retiring to their apartments. The ladies had already withdrawn, and the gentlemen followed, after taking a bumper at parting.

There was a long corridor, with a window at each end to give it light, which was afforded by a bronze chandelier that hung in the centre of the corridor when daylight had departed. The lamps in the chandelier were generally extinguished at half-past eleven or twelve o'clock, for the Arlington family kept very regular hours in the country. There were bedrooms on each side of this corridor, and bedrooms also opened into a passage which ran crossways, at one end terminating in a private stair-

case, principally used by the servants, the grand staircase, with its carved oak balustrades and steps, inlaid with pretty woods, leading to the corridor.

Mr. Duff Watson's apartment was near the end of the lobby farthest from the staircase; the room opposite to it was not occupied just then, and there was a niche in the wall, or rather a recess near it, in which stood a small table.

Twelve o'clock had struck, and a sleepy man-servant had just put out the lights in the bronze chandelier; after having performed this, his last task for the night, he had hurried away to his own quarters. The corridor was deserted, all the doors were closed, and everything was perfectly quiet, when Mr. Duff Watson sought his dormitory. He walked up the corridor with a lagging step, and his usual dreamy look—but, what was that which met his startled view? A figure, with a death's head enveloped in a white shroud, a napkin round its discoloured brow, and what remained of features wearing the appearance of an old woman! The eyes, sunk in deep, fleshless sockets, were gazing fixedly on him!

He started, staggered, and, with a cry something between a groan and a shriek, fell heavily to the ground, dropping the silver bedroom candlestick he had in his hand.

He who had so ridiculed the idea of spectres had seen one, as he thought, and had been entirely overcome by the sight.

The noise of his fall resounded through the corridor in the silence of night, and Mr. Arlington came hurrying from his dressing-room, and Eleanor, who had only begun to undress, from the apartment she shared with Maria. Great was their amazement at beholding poor Mr. Duff Watson stretched on the floor in a dead swoon!

Presently, a ghost-like figure darted forward from the recess and picked up the candle, which had just begun to burn a hole in the carpet. Mr. Arlington, who had been stooping over the prostrate man, raised his head, and springing towards the figure in the winding-sheet, seized it by the throat, shaking it violently, and giving it an awful punch in the chest.

"Oh, papa!" cried a boyish voice, while the ghost tried to make his escape from the powerful hands which were grasping it, but in vain.

"You young scamp!" cried the exasperated father in a loud voice and angry tone, "how dare you play such a trick on a guest in our house?"

"Dear papa! I thought he did not believe in ghosts, he spoke so vehemently against them; and I never expected he would take on so," said the young hopeful, by way of apology.

Mr. Arlington's excited voice, and the noise in the unusually quiet corridor, attracted the attention of Mrs. Arlington and of Letitia, who was always a little anxious about Mr. Duff Watson, especially in the evening, when he did not seem quite so calm as during the day.

Both mother and daughter joined the group, and Mrs. Arlington came in time to intercept a second box on the ear which her angry spouse was about to inflict on her favourite Lionel.

"Help me to get this poor man into his room," said Mr. Arlington to his daughters. And Letitia and Eleanor assisted him in raising the still inanimate body, and carrying it into the bedroom, where they placed him on a sofa.

"Ring for Digby," was the next thing said by the worthy master of the house, "and let him attend this poor sufferer from Lionel's wicked folly. We had better have up a little brandy or wine to give him when he begins to recover."

"No," said Letitia, "don't ring either for the butler or any of the other servants. Let us keep this foolish fracas, occasioned by Lionel's love of mischief, quite to ourselves. It would no doubt annoy Mr. Duff Watson very much to think that the occurrences of this evening were known throughout the whole household."

Mr. Arlington saw the force of her sensible advice, and gave his key of the cellaret to Eleanor, who went down to get the wine and brandy that might be required, while Letitia chafed the poor man's forehead and hands with eau-de-Cologne.

Mrs. Arlington looked into the room, but Letitia motioned her out, and she was not sorry to escape, in order to comfort her darling Lionel in his disgrace.

"However did you manage this travestie?" she asked, half laughing.

"Oh, I got Pritchard, the housekeeper's niece, and the head housemaid, to lend me the sheet, and do it up like a shroud; I made the mask myself, and Pritchard pinned the napkin round my head. We arranged it very nicely, and placed a night-lamp on the table in the recess, which just gave a ghostly glimmer."

"Oh, you sad boy!" cried his mother, with a suppressed laugh. "It was too bad of you to frighten that poor man so! The best thing you can do now is not to talk about it. Your papa seems very angry, and Letitia will be down upon you. If you are not sorry for the mischief you have done, Lionel dear, you must pretend to be so."

Such were the artificial lessons that Mrs. Arlington was always giving her children.

After a time Mr. Duff Watson gave signs of returning animation; he did not open his eyes, but he murmured some words in loose, broken accents, and of these were audible:

"You cannot say . . . not swear . . . I did it. You did not see . . . no, no . . . I tell you no!"

He half started up, and then fell back again, shuddering.

Letitia bent over him, and asked him softly how he felt. "Better, I hope," she said, in a voice full of sympathy and anxiety.

He opened his eyes languidly, and recognising Letitia, he asked, "Where am I? What has—"

She interrupted him with—"Dear Mr. Watson, you must not exert yourself yet; you are here, at Arlington Abbey. You slipped your foot or something, and fell as you were going to your room."

Mr. Duff Watson seemed considerably relieved; he raised himself from his reclining position, he drank a glass of wine which was pressed on him by Mr. Arlington, and then, declaring himself quite well, he apologised for the trouble he had involuntarily given.

Mr. Arlington, who was somewhat opaque, did not follow Letitia's lead, and leave his guest to fancy no one knew of the fright he had received, but apologised, in his turn, for the annoyance caused Mr. Duff Watson by the foolish prank of a mischievous boy.

"What prank? What boy?" inquired Mr. Duff Watson, glancing anxiously round.

"Why, personifying a ghost, as that silly child took it into his head to do," replied Mr. Arlington.

"He wanted to frighten Maria and me," struck in Eleanor, who quickly comprehended that Letitia did not wish Mr. Duff Watson to to think the trick was played off upon him. "He was rather too late for us," she added. "But perhaps you did not see the pretended spectre?"

"I certainly did come upon some appearance rather suddenly, that startled me," said Mr. Duff Watson. "Probably I should not have noticed it, but my nerves have been rather unstrung since a severe illness I had lately, and the smallest trifles have more effect upon me at present than serious dangers would have had formerly."

"Ah! that disagreeable state of weakness of the nerves often follows a severe illness," said Mr. Arlington. "I remember one time, when I had just recovered from a bad attack of fever, the very street-cries used to put me into a state of nervous agitation. But, good night, we will not keep you up longer."

The next morning Lionel, who was not a bad-hearted boy, expressed great regret to Mr. Duff Watson for having startled him the night before by his foolish piece of fun, and all unpleasant feelings seemed to have passed off; but a day or two afterwards that gentleman announced his determination to make a little tour among the Channel Islands.

Being so close to Weymouth, he said, he was tempted to cross in one of the steamers from thence to Guernsey, and he must therefore bid Mr. and Mrs. Arlington adieu, with many thanks for their kind hospitality.

This was a sad blow to Letitia, and even to Mrs. Arlington, who was not willing to lose the prospect which had presented itself of a rich match for one of her eight daughters. But go the expected suitor did, declining, moreover, to make any positive promise of returning to the abbey.

IV.

AN ARRIVAL AT ARLINGTON ABBEY, AS UNEXPECTED AS UNWELCOME.

THE family party at Arlington Abbey were by no means in good spirits. Mrs. Arlington had just parted from her darling Lionel; Letitia was mourning the absence, if not the loss, of her admirer, Mr. Duff Watson.

Cornelia was disheartened at having had no further communication from her pious friend, the Reverend Septimus Severin; Eleanor was anxious about her beloved Captain Colville, and wondering if "the good time" he had predicted would ever arrive. Aurelia's mind dwelt rather too much on her younger sister's lover, Mr. Egerton; and Maria was tired of singing to the old walls and the rooks. There was nothing going on at Weymouth, except bathing and promenading; and for one gentleman there were at least seven lady visitors to that sea-side resort, not to speak of the host of children. To be sure, the monotony was somewhat relieved by the presence on shore occasionally of the naval officers stationed at Portland, but they seldom came to the abbey unless

carriages or horses were sent for them; and though they were extremely pleasant in society, there were but few marrying men among them, and the mistress of the mansion cared for none else. There was no hope of Richard's coming down and bringing any gentlemen with him for the shooting; Silvester maintained an offended silence, and the only people at the abbey were Lady Danby and her husband, who had offered a visit.

The dinner was half over—at the dinner-table sat the eight ladies and two gentlemen—when the sound of wheels were heard, and it became evident that a carriage was rolling up the avenue.

"Who can be coming to you without any previous intimation!" exclaimed Lady Danby.

"It is Mr. Duff Watson returning," thought Letitia.

"Captain Colville's grandfather is dead!" thought Eleanor; "he has had some money left him, and he is coming to settle everything for the future!"

"Septimus has got a house, and all that is necessary for a wife, and is coming for her," thought Cornelia.

What a deal of self-deception there is in this world! and consequently unreasonable expectations are often disappointed; but reasonable ones too frequently share the same fate.

The carriage stopped; there was a little bustle in the hall, and then Digby, the butler, who had been desired by his master to go out and see who or what it was, returned, throwing the door open, and announcing Mr. and Mrs. Silvester Arlington!

There was a dead silence for a moment as Silvester, putting on a brazen look, stalked into the dining-room, with a young woman holding his arm!

Fanny, who was sitting by her father opposite to the door, gave a little shriek, and half started up. Lady Danby, who had her back turned to the door, faced round, and stared at the new comers as if she had never seen either of them before. Mrs. Arlington looked at first petrified, as if she had been turned into—not a pillar—but a statue of salt or stone; and then recovering her dignity, she drew herself up, and glared like an enraged tigress upon them. All the young ladies looked more or less searchingly and angrily at them, except Eleanor, who smiled kindly at her brother.

Mr. Arlington was the only one who spoke.

"Silvester, my boy! how d'ye do? We did not expect to see you, or—or we would have waited dinner. We have had no letter."

"I expected to have been here two hours ago, sir," said Silvester, in a low voice, "but there was some accident, which detained us."

"Nothing serious, I hope?" asked Mr. Arlington, feeling excessively uncomfortable, and not knowing what to say.

In the mean time, Silvester was standing between the door and the table, with a young woman, in a travelling-dress, clinging to his arm; and, as she looked round at the antagonistic faces, shrinking back towards the dining-room door.

"Have you dined?" asked Mr. Arlington.

"No, father, we have eaten nothing since breakfast-time. I thought we should have got here earlier."

Mr. Arlington looked helplessly towards Mrs. Arlington, who sat rigid and immovable. The admiral whispered to her, "They must be hungry," but she made no sign.

However, Eleanor rose, and, going round to Silvester and the girl with him, she shook hands with her brother, and then asked them to come upstairs and put themselves to rights before getting some dinner.

She hurried them out of the room; and, telling Silvester he would find all he would require in Richard's apartment, which had been prepared for him in case of his arrival, she took the young woman to her own chamber, and helped her to take off her bonnet, travelling-cloak, &c.

"Where have you come from to-day?" she asked the girl.

"From London this morning."

"Are you married to my brother?"

"Yes."

"When were you married?"

"A week ago."

"And what is, or rather was, your name?"

"Hetty—Hester Evans."

"I am sure you must be starved," said Eleanor, compassionately. "We will go down-stairs, and see about dinner for you."

"Thank'ee," said the girl. "I am awful hungry."

In passing Richard's room, Eleanor knocked at the door, and told Silvester to join them in the breakfast-parlour; she thought they would dine more comfortably there by themselves than in the dining-room.

Going to the dining-room door, she beckoned Fanny out, and asked her, as she was deputy mistress of the house, to order the cloth to be laid in the breakfast-parlour, and dinner served there for the new comers. Fanny, who always liked to show her authority, did as her sister had requested, and Silvester and his half-famished wife were soon regaled with soup, entrées, and, what suited *her* taste better, roast mutton.

In the mean time, a gloomy silence was preserved among the family party assembled in the dining-room. Nobody attempted to speak except Sir Thomas Danby, who tried in vain to set a little conversation going. When the dessert had been placed on the table, and the servants had left the room, Lady Danby, who was full of curiosity, asked,

"Do any of you know who that young person is? Were you aware that Silvester was married, or going to be so?"

Mr. Arlington was the first to speak.

"If he wrote, his letters must have miscarried. I had no idea that he had any matrimonial project in view."

"No, you refused to notice the timely hints that were given you; no trouble would you take in the matter, but quieted yourself with the belief that it was all right. You see now that it was all wrong, and that wretched boy, left so unwisely to himself, has brought . . . disgrace upon us all!"

Mrs. Arlington delivered this speech in an angry and excited tone, which rather nettled her worthy husband, who was not accustomed to be found fault with in public. In private he would have borne any amount of blame with perfect calmness.

"Well, Nelly," he replied, "if *my* inactivity did harm, I am afraid *your* activity did no good. Silvester has never written home since the

time that he sent you an angry answer, and seemed so offended by your letter finding fault with him."

"Then there *has* been something going on!" exclaimed Lady Danby. "I scarcely saw the young person; I was so bewildered by their sudden arrival. Eleanor, what sort of a looking girl is she?"

Eleanor, who had resumed her place at table as soon as she had provided for her brother and his companion's creature-comforts, replied,

"She is a pretty-looking girl, aunt. I did not speak much to her, as I perceived she was very tired."

"Did you not find out who she was, and what was her own name?"

"Her name, she told me, was, before her marriage, Evans—Hester Evans."

"Some Welsh adventurer, no doubt!" cried Mrs. Arlington, looking as if she had swallowed a gallon of vinegar.

"What is her father?"

"I don't know," said Eleanor.

"Perhaps *she* does not know either," said Lady Danby, half laughing.

"He may never have acknowledged her."

Mrs. Arlington looked daggers at her sister, but she did not utter a syllable.

"Well, then, it is no use to speculate upon what the young woman is or is not. No doubt it is a bad business, but you must all make the best of it now, and not be unkind to the girl," said the good-natured admiral.

"She has very bold black eyes!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlington. "Silvester has ruined himself!"

"But we can't find fault with the black eyes, can we, Cornelia? I always thought yours very pretty," remarked Sir Thomas Danby, jocosely.

"We must see Silvester alone in the library," said Mrs. Arlington, in an authoritative tone to his father.

"Certainly we must, Nelly, and hear what he has to say for himself."

"It will be hard on him, poor boy, to have the same persons for prosecutors, judge, and jury!" remarked Sir Thomas. "But he has brought it upon himself."

Silvester had just finished a good repast, and was taking a second or third glass of his father's well-known excellent claret, feeling himself very comfortable, when a message was brought to him by the stately butler, to request that he would join Mr. and Mrs. Arlington in the library, and come *alone*.

"Now for it!" thought the culprit, as his spirits sank considerably. How much he wished for a glass of cognac to support him through the coming *séance*; but, placed as he was, he dared not ask for it, and, casting almost an angry glance at his underbred helpmate, he proceeded, with a beating heart, to the unpleasant interview.

OUR POLITICAL PROGRESSION.

LORD DERBY has settled the reform question for some time to come, except, perhaps, in a few trivial adjustments which may be found needful, or, to compare great things with small, just as in the fitting of a garment to the body, some little alteration here or there in the well-cut investiture may be necessary. It is impossible to deny that if the constituencies act honestly, a great and good object will have been achieved. Here we pause upon the reflection that more was not done in regard to security against the acts of the corrupters as well as the corrupted at future elections. The indigent voter ought not to be tempted with impunity. We cannot, it is true, expect Roman virtue in nations that would subject reason to the rule of three, and look upon patriotism as a joint-stock company, out of which it becomes every man to make as much per cent. as he can—just, in fact, as he would do with any tangible commodity over the counter. Such must be the prevalent feeling where social history is ruled by pecuniary profit, and the real greatness of a nation is estimated rather by the amount of its pecuniary indebtedness than anything besides. The pretence that it is a matter of no consequence to a nation whether it be in debt or not, provided it can pay the interest of a principal that would, were it in hand, render pauperism unknown, except from vice, is a thing we must pronounce one of those fallacies with which we cheat ourselves. What if a man be poor, who spends nearly his whole income in paying interest for borrowed money, is it so different a thing with a national income, that the more a government expends, it is the better for the nation, because it is thereby spurred into activity for accumulating the means to meet the public demand? But enough of the fallacy in this kind of argument; the opposite must be clear to every one who retains the faculty of reflection.

There is not, there cannot be, a worthy reason why elections should be attended with such enormous expenses. The Reform Bill just passed will not, we hope, have the effect of rendering elections more costly. The attendance of an honest elector from a street or two, and no more distant from his own home, is not so laborious a task. The past corrupt custom of treating has left an impression on the vulgar mind that an election consists, on the part of the voter, in laying the candidate under an obligation, and such being the fact, he expects something in exchange for the favour he has conferred by his vote. Everything else in the country goes by money value; and as the vote of the man possessing the franchise has a certain direct value in the market, the voter has no idea of being repaid by service in the senate—we mean by service to his country, virtual rewards in England seldom leading men into temptation. Nor is this very unnatural, since men have gone into parliament to secure places for themselves, which they have been no more capable of filling properly than of preventing a north-east wind. The prodigal expense of elections to candidates has besides the advantage, if it be one in reality, that it keeps out clever and conscientious men, and lets in characters who may figure well at Epsom and at grouse shooting, but are rather nuisances than benefits in the senate of a nation, and are ex-

ceedingly troublesome to a minister of state, whom they can only support by a solitary vote, adepts as they may be in their pleasures, and useful from the benefit of their example in those "virtuous," high-minded pursuits, for following which street vagabonds are subjected to a penalty, as when the latter convert into Tattersall's a court or tavern-room to settle their betting-books. The large flies break through the web of the law as they did of old. Justice is still a one-sided cripple in this respect. Still, it is not fair to lay all the weight of the electoral sin upon the corrupter, as he does not affect to have a conscience, and is so far honest, but the venal voter who cants about his moral purity is, when not under temptation, a downright hypocrite. Surely those who have been so long calling for a reform will keep their hands pure in future! We do not relish seeing the hustings, where an important public duty is to be performed, changed into what an old writer calls a "stage intinerant." A reform in parliament is of no advantage to the country unless it lead to an increase of political integrity. We want men to be honest without the fear of the law. It is too much to be apprehended that there are not a few in the world who mistake sound and clamour for reason and patriotism, who are attracted to the object of a purer representation from the consideration of the infinite benefit a pure system of representation will confer upon the nation, yet are utterly ignorant in what way it is to act upon the executive power. They go by what is told them, *pro* or *con.*, and we fear will not do any other at the hustings, because they will not learn how to reason; being of those whom Swift said were men that, to hold them to a principle, must be kept fast, as asses are secured, by "a very good hold of their ears;"—a reflection which made the dean imagine it would be useful to have an essay upon ears, and the best mode of gaining and keeping them securely, designed for such as are wholly ruled by them to save thought.

In our degenerate days matters are different. The capacity of the human ear may be the same, but it is no longer the channel for captivating electors. That part of the human frame on which the Bohemian sisters, of whom Borrow wrote so edifying a description in his "Spanish Tour," the "palm," discoursing in our day so fully and effectually, has been substituted for the aural organ since Swift wrote so pertinently about it. We could, if we might, bring proofs of this strong as Holy Writ. But there is some fragment of a statute that would render our doing it so disagreeable in the consequences, that we cannot produce *viva voce* evidence, when we know the fact to be correct to the letter. Law sometimes shelters the guilty as well as convicts the innocent when it happens to be out of its right humour.

If the government of Lord Derby have honestly advanced no small way in improving the representative system of the country, the people are bound to do their part in seconding it. We cannot help observing, as we have done before, that we dread the result of a common venality upon the interests of the country. We fear that the electors will still consider the franchise not an honourable trust for the country, but only a profitable one for themselves, in the broad sense of the term. It is well known that there are important questions to come before parliament when it meets, and the state of Europe, with the mode in which it may affect England, cannot be regarded just now without apprehension. We

shall soon see what cause there will be for this observation. It is important that this great country should feel that, however the boundaries of the other European nations may be shifted and turned about, it cannot matter to us, except that if a more extended degree of popular freedom prevail, it must be advantageous to England and to the interests of peace. The stronger the fagot is bound together, the safer. There is something in many different points of view at present in the state of the Continent, which must excite the wonder and pity of enlarged minds at the same time, and lead them to the inevitable reflection that the course of human events is tortuous, unaccountable in the present state of intellectual progress, and by no means that which mediocrity in mind, or those not above the common calibre, would lead us to the expectation of beholding in those who guide the helm in most European nations. Science moves onward, and makes new discoveries, continually overturning past theories by facts obvious to the senses. The arts extend themselves, but the business of governing nations makes no advance; and, like the priest, still adopts the old and obscure as arguments against what is novel, lucid, and provable—in fact, what is mathematically correct by experiment—showing, as the Orientals have the adage, that “doubt is the parent of truth, not servile custom.”

The cycle of Rome is completed—that cycle of craft and ecclesiastical corruption. The grasp of the temporal power is loosened, that for so many ages in the face of the explicit declaration of the founder of the Christian faith, that his kingdom was not of this world. It would be deemed an incredible thing were it not self-evident. For more than fifteen hundred years, by every possible hold of the mental feebleness and ignorance of mankind in the dark ages, was the power of Rome complete, and the triumph of that intellectual obscurity by which it governed, prevalent to the full extent of its assumptions. Its triumphs are over, its lustre faded, its power become a shadow, the perversion of its creed to temporal objects suppressed for ever. The assumption of the name and title of St. Peter by the Roman Church has shown its falsity in its downfall. The rock of St. Peter is engulfed. The veil before the truth is lifted; the papal sceptre is broken, the triple crown fallen, and Rome follows its pagan doom. Time has treated both with the same impartiality; but the one wears a crown of historic glory, the other a triple diadem of imposture. The one was great by its sentiments and actions, the other notorious by its impositions and practices upon the credulity of nations, in direct opposition to the pretensions upon which it grounded its power over the bodies and souls of men. “How are the mighty fallen in their high places!”

The recent visits of European kings to each other's dominions, and the marvellous friendship which the gleaners at newspaper intelligence show they have exhibited towards each other—so cordial in their intercourse, so brotherly, so exceedingly bland in manner—rival in hypocrisy, if such a thing can be, even travelling to each other's capitals, their swords just sheathed from sanguinary scenes of combat, in which they sacrificed thousands of their subjects—these narrations to the philosophic mind show sad and painful pictures of hypocrisy. The descriptions of the fraternal regard of royalty recall the victims sacrificed by those monarchs in pre-

vious animosity just before. Crowned heads are shears that do not cut themselves, but "what's between!" Well might Cowper write:

—War is a game

That, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at!

Perhaps the octogenarian that is to be, born to-morrow, will before he quits life see this system of the blood-letting of subjects upon the whim of monarchs somewhat changed. Wars of defence will alone become admissible in time, or we are mistaken; at all events, they will not be tolerated at the abetting of the Bismarcks and other accidents of the passing hour. Constitutional monarchies will prevail, like our own, and the reign of peace, except when impossible to be otherwise in a war of defence from aggression, will alone be sanctioned. Man has got wiser than his fathers in many things—why not here? This is a question, so we hope, of time alone. Wisdom under this head may arrest at last the brutality of statesmen, the reckless ambition of crowns, and all that in our time estimate the murders of war, and the miseries accumulated to support it, as the greater crimes of a common mortality. To effect this end, the popular conviction must be asserted, and show that wars are not to be made at the caprice of a prince or a minister. This effect can only be put in force in England by the continued return of good men and wise to the House of Commons. The proceedings in all such cases, therefore, come back to the electors, and to the choice of representatives. Hence the great importance of the act. It is impossible to look into the history of the representation here in the time of George III., and not to see that the American war, and the sanguinary scenes from alliances to restore the King of France out of sympathy with the despotic rulers of Europe, arose, and were persevered in, through the corrupt state of the House of Commons, and the complete perversion of the true objects of the representative system. That system is now amended, and it rests with the people to use it as a healthier constitution directs.

The great domestic question relates to Ireland. There is one clear path to be followed in regard to that country—to act justly. Place the religions there upon an equal footing. In that country the followers of the Church of England are Dissenters, and Dissenters should be treated there as they are in England, where the sole rational and rightful claim of the Church of England is alone grounded upon the fact, that it is the more numerous body, equal, perhaps, to all the other sects united. Upon this ground the Church rests here securely. In Ireland, it is a public wrong. The basis of the present system is really one which rests upon the profit of the loaves and fishes, under the "pretence" of religion, and is the more difficult on that point to arrange. Men of real Christian feeling would say, "Let us have no disputes after the manner of the world; we have the place we ought not to occupy." Whether the Earl of Derby will venture the experiment, it is difficult to say. The advocates of the Church use differences on points of doctrine as weapons when Plutus really interferes, and is the latent ground of disputation. The question is not to be tested by sound reasoning, as men of the world would be content to arrange disputes on matters clear as the letters of the alphabet. We cannot deny that it is just for those who rate Mammon

so highly, under a religious cloak, to quit a profession, the leading doctrine of which eschews the love of lucre and the principles that govern the unregenerate.

But the Protestants have made a vast number of Irish converts, and, on their account, the full complement of pulpits must be filled, with or without hearers. This is not correct, for the Church has made no such progress. It is not a sixth part of the population, and on no possible ground has it a claim to the property and position it holds there. We begin to think, when we hear the flimsy arguments used in support of a system which is the nurse of inquietude—the nominal pretence for which is religion, but the real object of which is to hold fast the pecuniary advantage it ought not to possess—we begin to think that the different governments have given into the unfounded and absurd principle of the Irish Attorney-General, that the property in Ireland, applied to Church purposes by the government, is as much the property of that Church as the fee-simple of an estate is the property of its owner! We know not what notions of right and wrong belong to attorneys-general, their opinions are so pliantly adapted to their objects and to the opinions and labours of the time present, but we do know that in many cases they have sacrificed reason, better knowledge, and good example, to be reputed faithful servants to masters of dubious character. That official who was in office in the time of Henry VIII., must have winked at the misappropriation of the property of the Holy-Mother Church to some of that monarch's courtiers, and have mourned at the stinted gift of a portion, quite sufficient for all purposes, to those who belonged to the new order of things in the matter of faith. All this was robbery, according to the present Irish Attorney-General; while to this hour many pluralists grumble that Henry did not devote the whole of the monstrous amount to Church purposes under the change of creed; in other words, that robbing Rome, he did not give the new creed all the plunder of the parent Church. Now Henry had a right either to do as he did, or he had not. In the latter case, the Church property of England is still Catholic property. If Henry, as a sovereign, had a right to take it as being the property of the existing government, he had the power to bestow it as appeared best to himself. He was the government. Church property is public property, devoted by the country to religious purposes, and the State has, and will again deal with it in the mode that it may deem best for the public advantage. Not only is this true constitutional law—namely, that Church property is the property of the State devoted by the State to purposes of religion in this country—but the same principle was maintained, and remained uncontradicted in France, years before the Revolution. It is reasonable it should be so, although it may wound the pride of that priestliness which would fain—in place of a conduct guided by the humility of its Master—have one foot on the necks of kings and the other on the necks of the people.

But enough; and although the Attorney-General is so desirous, it would appear, of recommending his soul to the care of the Church through an opinion, he will find he is mistaken in the practice of dealing with similar questions in wiser times than when bad men bequeathed property to the Church to save their souls, or built edifices for the same purpose. We regret to differ with any officer of the crown we know,

and confess the abilities of the present Attorney-General for Ireland. We should feel the nihilty of our own opinion when opposed to his, but that we have upon our side the late Sir James Mackintosh, and the still more celebrated Turgot in France, whose principle was acknowledged and acted upon years after his decease. Indeed, it is consistent with common sense that it should not be otherwise. No government in modern times will permit a body of clericals—never very amiable when thwarted in any of their objects of profit—to occupy, ostensibly, important functions among the population of a great nation, and place millions sterling at their uncontrolled disposal, as capable of being applied to evil as to good purposes. The ambition of Churchmen has long been proverbial; our laws do not pass it over. Europe in the south is beginning to find the ecclesiastical encroachments no longer admissible, and when a people begins to find it has a just and a politic claim to what intimately concerns its own welfare and free action, it only practises a justifiable self-defence in taking its temporal affairs into its own hands, having before it for ages the continued abuse of that with which it had not interfered in the management until the bad could not be worse. The history of the crimes of the Church, from the reign of the Emperor Constantine to the Reformation, would match in atrocity that of any temporal power of which the history remains to us, although the head of the Church was all along considered a true son of St. Peter, who, we are certain, would not, if on earth, venture to own his assumptive offspring, if the character of the real apostle be made the test of the comparison.

It appeared that some years since the resident clergy of Ireland were returned at 4101, of all denominations. Of these, the Church of England had 1782 clergymen resident, the Church of Rome 2009, and other communions 390, or, in all, 4101; but that was before the great and rapid increase of the population.

In 1833, to about 700,000 professing members of the Church of England, there were 4 archbishops, 18 bishops, 2948 parishes, 1385 benefices, and 860 resident Protestant clergymen. Still the Protestant Church population was not quite as above. The diocesan lands were reckoned to be 670,000 acres. Ten of the eighteen bishoprics were abolished some time ago, and the income applied still to Protestant Church purposes, including which the income of the Irish Protestant Church previously could not have been less than a million and a half sterling to read sermons to less than 700,000 of the population, when attending.

The number of clergymen of the religion of the country consisted of 4 archbishops, 25 bishops, 1100 parish priests, 800 curates, to 5,000,000 of Catholics, besides 630,000 Presbyterians, and 22,000 other Dissenters, as little noticed by the State as the Catholics.

Such, in substance, is the present state of religion in Ireland. It may not be accurate to a figure, but it is proportionally just. It may be added, that many of the Protestant livings have as good as no congregations—not perhaps a dozen followers of the Church of England, who, in fact, are Dissenters there, for such truth establishes them in reality. They are a sect there, and nothing else. To be a national church it must be the predominant church in numbers, and five and more out of six millions against seven hundred thousand, is, to our arithmetic, though not in that of the Irish Protestant Church, something like a majority.

Let our government do right, and not regard consequences. Let the opposition of bigotry be treated with the contempt it merits. Treat that of both professions alike. In France the government pays the Protestant clergy, a less numerous body in proportion than the established faith by twenty to one. France, too, is a Catholic country. Mark the injustice!

Under such a system which has been so long permitted to reign, a system of so much injustice, and so opposed to the advanced spirit of the time, we can easily imagine that it will prove an embarrassing subject for the present ministers, rendered still more so by their old connexions. But is it the duty of statesmen of worth, who are ambitious to conquer difficulties, and leave an honest reputation behind them—is it their duty to stay their hands, and not avoid to perform a public good, because a few old friends with antiquated ideas and narrow capacities may stand in the way? The Reform Bill was a bold stroke, which nothing but a conviction of its necessity could have brought about. If the pacification of Ireland be a harder task, so much the more honour awaits its accomplishment. Pacification and education are the two main points desirable there, but neither can be effected until the religion of the country is placed on a fair and equitable footing.

It was not formerly the custom in English cabinets to consider what was right, but only what was politic or convenient. This exchange of policy for justice in action was the ruin of Pitt, as the opposite course had been the glory of his father. It can matter little to lovers of their country, if a manifest good be effected, who brings it about. Should the present ministry attempt it, and succeed, the people of England are not a more ungrateful race than their neighbours.

It must be remembered in regard to Ireland, that as the *odium theologicum* is the most inveterate of sublunary animosities, the government will require the support in such an undertaking of every independent spirit. By this we mean that of every man who is above prejudices, and is not likely to be affected by the dread of doing right, under that uncompromising opposition of ignorance and bigotry which alarms feeble minds. The college of Oxford must not, as before, be preferred to that of Bethlehem in spirit. Pluralist and prelate must be answered in their objections as men of the world are answered, when they urge those which are worldly, unchristian, and selfish.

As to men in profitable offices in the Church itself, the embarrassment of the ruling power by their means should be marked by the public. Let no one imagine that the most powerful influence exerted against a just principle should be regarded as of moment where the injustice of the existing state of things is apparent. It is an object of ministerial glory to subdue such an injustice.

As to the mode in which the ministers of the crown are to effect this great good, it must rest with themselves, and should be guided by the justice rather than the policy of the measure, because its true policy is its justice. Ireland should have no real cause of complaint, and then she may be treated very differently from the mode in which she must now be handled. As to the wretched attempts of the people called "Fenians," formed upon the plan of "The Knights of the Golden Circle," that

treasonably plotted in the Northern States of America in favour of the South—of these Fenianism is only a miserable imitation, with its foolish Centres and Roundabouts. Men who use arms should be treated as a band of assassins, for they have proved themselves to be such. It is only the remaining restrictions and injustice shown to Ireland upon the Church and agrarian questions that supply an excuse for the continuance of those crimes which a few reckless and ignorant individuals are pursuing, who cannot see their own folly. They are too blind by nature to the consequences of running their heads full tilt against a post, if it stand in their way. When examples are made of these assassins, we are still with those who wish the plea they urge for it had had no trace of an existence to magnify it into an excuse for the atrocities so ferociously committed, even upon the unoffending. But such is the blindness of Fenian ignorance, the thoughtless habits of the people, and their indiscriminating ferocity.

But a commission has been wisely issued to inquire into the state of the Irish Church, so we hear, after having written thus far upon the subject of the Irish differences generally. This commission will now fix the general attention upon the subject, and it will be wise for the public to await the result. We shall not, therefore, pursue the topic further at present. We are well aware what a gigantic task the ministry will have before them, not in moral opposition, but in that of bigotry, and the usual cry of the "Church in danger," which, still in practice as formerly, may render powerful efforts and references necessary to convince those who go only by what is told them, and whom it will be well for Lord Derby to manage, and keep to some honest principle, by getting a very good hold of their ears, and securing them by the same means as the animal is secured, to whom we have just said Swift alluded. Let us hope that at last we shall see the pacification of Ireland—a step much more likely to secure the favour of all "real" Christians, than by showing that spirit which has been heretofore exhibited by a large body of selfish zealots professedly in relation to a great religious question, when the real object has been to pocket the ecclesiastical revenues of the island.

CYRUS REDDING.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XXX.

HAVING seated herself at one of the windows of her saloon, Christine continued for a long time contemplating musingly the desolate-looking garden below, which, though uncultivated and in disorder, still scented the air that fanned her brow and cheek with a light and delicious perfume, proceeding from its neglected violets and flowering vines. At length, raising her eyes from the dark alleys and untrained plants, she sought to ascertain what was beyond the boundary of her future promenade. At the top it was closed in by an inferior wing of the palace, which formed the part of the court from whence opened the great stair leading to Mrs. Trevor's apartments towards the street, and on the opposite side appeared a more modern habitation, evidently built on the ground belonging to the palace, and gaily lit up at the moment, as if the family who occupied it were receiving. The garden of this house came close to the wall of division.

Facing the window where Christine sat, and much farther off, from the garden extending considerably in that direction, was a large enclosure with trees, somewhat like an English pleasure-ground, sloping down towards the sea, which lay glittering in the last rays of sunset with an almost magical effect. In the uncertain light by which she viewed it, there was something irresistibly attractive in the beautiful scene which now riveted her attention. Towards the middle of the pleasure-ground rose a magnificent palace of a castellated description, surrounded by trees, arbours, and trellis-covered walks. Christine strained her eyes to try and make out the more minute features of the place, but the moon, which was beginning to rise, only served to give a kind of mazy enchantment to the general and more distant view, the high wall that divided the gardens preventing the nearer and lower objects from being visible. Her attention was at last attracted to a window in the middle of the building, where a number of lights had suddenly appeared, and either her dazzled sight deceived her, or else there was much splendour within, where she could distinguish one or two figures moving about. At last she perceived a form in white, which in the distance appeared slender and youthful looking, pass into a balcony filled with plants, and lean over as if regarding the sea; then another and more dusky female figure took a place beside her, and Christine felt certain that they were talking of the beauties of nature.

"What happiness!" she murmured to herself; "the communion of souls, the interchange of sentiments, mutual sympathy, in short!"

And with a sigh she looked round her elegant but lonely chamber, for she had no one, poor desolate girl! to whom to impart a single thought or feeling. Again she regarded the admired abode, and could perceive the two figures raise themselves from their reclining position.

Suddenly a gentleman appeared at the glass door that opened on the balcony, and in a moment the form in white was in his arms. Christine buried her face in her hands; her tears flowed in sympathy with the happiness of those two envied people; she felt sure that the lady embraced a husband, a brother, or a father.

"A father! Oh! if a father!" she exclaimed, sobbing, "he is one who probably loves her simply because she is his child, and who, without calculation or unworthy motive to make him feign affection, presses her to a heart full of true tenderness and sympathy."

Poor Christine felt overpowered by her feelings, and for a minute could not look again; and when at length she summoned sufficient moral energy so to do, the glass door was shut, and the drawn curtains betokened that all were congregated within. The air blowing in upon her began to turn chill, yet still she continued to sit with her eyes fixed on that attractive scene, until aroused from her reverie by her father's voice expressing surprise at her not having retired to rest. She looked up at him, with the tears still glittering on her cheek, and encountered his dark countenance gazing down on her with a look of displeasure.

"I must have none of this nonsense, Christine San Isidora," he said, in a peculiarly harsh tone of voice; "you must save your health and spirits until you are called upon to exert them. I am just come from the Trevors," he continued, "and on Thursday madame is to have a great reception, at which I am to reunite all the most distinguished people in Palermo. It is on this occasion that I intend to present you to your relations, and, of course, I am naturally anxious that you should appear to the utmost advantage, so you must take care of yourself, and not disgrace me by exhibiting a pale face and lacklustre eyes. I shall henceforth always return home about eleven at night, in order to ascertain if you have retired to rest, for it appears that you are not to be more trusted than are some other young ladies; and as it is not improbable that, when your singing is heard, it may attract attention, this window-sitting habit must not be indulged. There are such things as scaling walls, and having false keys, to obtain admission to gardens, when sensitive songstresses show themselves willing and ready to receive."

San Isidora suddenly stopped in his tirade, for there arose an expression on Christine's face, the more startling to him from his never having seen it before. Her polished brow became crisped to an appearance of singular sternness, while her clear eyes grew luminous with indignation, their exceeding brightness being rendered yet more dazzling by the hectic of anger that glowed on her downy cheek.

"Father," she said, in an animated and firm tone, taking, as she spoke, the lamp from Nina's hand—"father! if you knew the thoughts with which my mind was filled when sitting at that window, your words might have been less taunting and sarcastic. When you find your daughter in clandestine correspondence with any one, say what you please, you will *then* have the right; but so long as she pursues a course which renders reproach unmerited, she will permit no liberties of the kind, even from a parent; on this point she is determined, for the best of all reasons, because she feels that, by the mere expression

of such suspicions, she would be degraded. *Buona notte,*" she continued, walking towards the door of her sleeping apartment, "I trust that you will take counsel of the night, my father, and consider, and treat your daughter with the respect she merits in the morning."

So saying, she entered her room, and, shutting the door, pushed the bolt on the inside. San Isidora had raised an arm, of which Christine—had she been beside him—might possibly have felt the weight, but, with her disappearance, his wrath in some degree subsided, and motioning Nina into the chamber appropriated to her beside her young charge, he returned back through the ante-chamber to go out by the main door. The street into which the court gate of the palace opened, led straight to his favourite casino, whereas, in making his exit by the one in the garden, he would have had to go through a comparatively uninhabited part of the town, which, consequently, was much too solitary to be safe at night.

"Rebellious creature!" he murmured aloud, in descending the stairs—for, like many Italians, he often, when alone, spoke to himself—"rebellious creature! already she dares my anger, and will soon dispute my authority; but I shall break in her stiff Scotch spirit yet, if I should die for it!"

When he spoke so carelessly of death, San Isidora forgot how very near it might possibly be to him; and, truly, as the light from the porter's torch flashed on his face when he opened the gate to let him pass out, its haggard and desperate expression might have led even a comparatively unobservant person to the conclusion that his time on earth could not be long; that the fever of the spirit had nearly exhausted the physical energy; and that one wild whirlwind of passion might extinguish for ever the lamp of life. A few minutes after behold him at the gaming-table, his hand shaking with excitement as he seizes the dice-box, and his forehead bedewed by a cold moisture as he watches the chances of the throw. If successful, mark the wild light of demoniac triumph which glows in his fierce black eyes; but if unfortunate, note the glare of hatred and despair as he bites his nails while nursing some dark idea. There is insanity in that excitable and changeful physiognomy—the insanity of the selfish spirit, which, pushing everything to extremes for its own gratification, supplies the aliment which consumes the individual possessed by it. This is, indeed, madness—the strongest, the most prevalent in the world; the most productive of evil to others—the fatal frenzy that, sooner or later, brings down destruction on oneself.

Christine, meanwhile, entered her apartment with that feeling of excitement which made her feel as if she trod on air. Her brow still continued contracted by the frown called up there by her father's insulting taunts; her cheek yet burned with the vermilion of indignation; and her lip retained the curve denoting contempt and disgust. The woman had taken the empire over the girl, and San Isidora, in awakening, by his sneers and suspicions, the spirit of feminine dignity, had likewise touched the spring on which hinged his daughter's bolder traits of character—the fine perceptions inspired by her strength and truth of feeling, and the firmness that would enable her to follow out the path, however rugged, which her quickness and depth of observa-

tion convinced her was the one to be pursued for preserving her self-respect, and setting at defiance the evil interpretation of others. Placing her lamp on the table, she walked for a few minutes backwards and forwards in her room; then, suddenly stopping, she articulated in a low and energetic voice:

"To do no ill, to fear nothing that is said, to meet the painful trials that so thickly beset me in a patient and firm frame of mind, to indulge in no repining for the blessings that are denied me—in this spirit let me await the end of my earthly pilgrimage, and thus be enabled to welcome death as the removal of the barrier that shuts me out from happiness."

She sank on her knees to pray, but nature found vent in the act in which reserve was thrown aside; and as fast as the words flowed from her lips in petitions for strength and resignation, so fast fell the burning tears from her surcharged eyelids. Her exercises of faith at length soothed her perturbed spirit; and, calmed and fortified, she arose from her kneeling posture and hastened to seek repose for the first time in the mansion of her forefathers; but hours rolled on, bringing her near morning before sleep visited her pillow.

When at length slumber steeped her senses in forgetfulness, the present cares of life were all forgotten, and cherished memories alone ruled the changes of her busy imagination. Her mother seemed to hover round and smile upon her where she lay; then a sudden shifting of those visions of the heart, which sent her thoughts back to scenes of past security, translated her to Seafeld, where her aunt M'Naughton appeared stretching forth her hands to greet her, while hailing her with words of kindness, as if she welcomed her after some long absence. Then she thought she leant on the arm of Guy, and wandered with him over the romantic glades of Dunkeld, when suddenly she found herself placed on a wild, precipitous spot, where she was in momentary danger of being plunged into a yawning chasm of deep dark waters that roared below. She felt that she must take a fearful leap to escape from instant destruction; she made the perilous bound, and, instead of falling, found herself floating on air with outstretched pinions. On she flew, and ever and anon was joined by some object of her affections; others were there, too, whom she had never seen before, and, all joining hands, they soared upwards together. Softly and gradually vanished the earth from below, and brighter and brighter appeared the sky above; music came, wafted on the breeze, voices spoke sweetly, and merry laughs rang on her ear. It was not altogether a trick played by her dreaming fancy, for she started from her slumber, wakened by the laugh of Sophy Trevor at her door, while calling to her to arise and let her in. Christine immediately got up, and hastened to admit her giddy visitor, who sprang into the chamber in a fit of wild spirits, declaring that never in her life had she been in such a "dear, delicious, romantic place."

"I have been wandering about all over the palace," she continued, "and had some difficulty in finding out where your father had 'stowed you away.' But really you have got a very pretty suite of rooms, and I perceive that you have the advantage of a garden also, or at least what has been such, so you are quite independent of us. I understood, from what Signor San Isidora was saying last

night, that you were to be shut up as if in the convent at Naples, and would not be permitted to accompany us in our rides and walks; I should regret this circumstance had I intended going out much myself, but I shall stay a good deal at home for some time to come, as I have promised to sit for my picture."

In this way Sophy Trevor ran on during the time her more silent companion was dressing herself, and as soon as Christine's toilet was completed, she proposed to her to go down into the garden and see what it was like. They traversed the gallery together, and came to the landing-place on which opened the door which led to San Isidora's rooms, and from which also descended the little spiral staircase conducting to Christine's destined promenade below. On entering the enclosure they found it luxuriant in disorder, the borders unhoed, the flowers choked up by weeds, and the vines hanging from the trellis-work, to cover which they had originally been trained. The air, however, was light and perfumed, and one glance of Christine's quick and practised eye convinced her that some attention paid by herself and Nina, with a little occasional help from a gardener, would soon restore it to a certain degree of beauty and order. As they wandered along, Sophy Trevor began talking of the great soirée they were to have on the following Thursday, and of the distinguished Sicilians who were expected to attend. She then mentioned that, as they were still in Lent, there was to be no dancing, and that Signor San Isidora had suggested the idea of having a private concert instead. He had proposed having the great saloon fitted up as a music-room, and it had been agreed that Nola and he were to open the entertainment by a duo from the "*Lucia di Lammermoor*." Christine listened and wondered. "Why was she not to sing also, when the concert was to be confined to the performance of private individuals?" She would have liked to have done so before her assembled connexions; she felt sure that she would have acquitted herself well. Soon, however, the habit of quiet resignation gained the ascendant, and by the time they returned to her apartments she had ceased to wish and think upon the subject. On entering the drawing-room, they found San Isidora busy directing some men where to place a grand piano which they had just brought in; Christine's heart throbbed and her cheek glowed on seeing him, but he appeared to have no recollection of the altercation of the preceding night. He bowed politely to both while making the usual compliments of the day, and then told his daughter that the morning meal awaited her in the *salle-à-manger*, and that he would join her shortly. After seeing Sophy Trevor out, she placed herself at breakfast, and soon after her father made his appearance, and, addressing her in a careless, indifferent tone, he informed her that a professor had undertaken to attend her every day, to keep her musical powers in practice.

"I shall generally be here myself," he continued, "and, with some others to aid me, will give you the habit of singing with various accompaniments, and in full chorus."

Soon after he rose and went away, leaving his daughter to her own reflections.

Christine's constant habits of activity, however, never failed to relieve her mind. She immediately began to arrange her rooms to her

taste; among other things, removing some plants in flower-pots, which she had seen lying neglected in a covered walk in the garden, to grace the windows of her saloon. In clearing and trimming them she occupied herself for some time, and then placed them in such a way as infinitely to embellish her elegant sitting-room by imparting an air of freshness and beauty to the general coup d'œil. In unpacking her boxes, and in setting in order her music and books, she spent most part of the forenoon, then dedicated an hour before dinner to forming her plans for the routine of her future occupations. She felt lonely, it is true, in her quiet domain. She missed the kind faces of the benevolent sisters at Naples, but when she thought of Sophy Trevor, she felt the conviction that solitude was far better than society which was not only uncongenial, but might even prove dangerous. Her father did not appear at dinner, and she ate her meal in musing over the singular positions in life she was destined to occupy. In the evening she descended to the garden, and employed herself in tying up some of the trailing vines, which had been originally trained to cover a walk close to the garden wall, and at the end of which opened the door to the town. At this early season this alley was chilly, but Christine anticipated much comfort from it when the weather became warm, and its embowered trellis-work and shady position would be a shelter from the rays of the sun. On returning rather late to the house, she paused for a moment at the window of the saloon to gaze on the fairy scene beyond the enclosure, which had so much riveted her the previous night; but the recollection of her resolutions, in consequence of her father's insulting words, rose to her memory, and, removing to the table, she employed herself in working until it was time to go to rest. At eleven o'clock she expected that her father would return, as he had said he should do; but the morning was advanced before his hurried step crossing the saloon in going to his apartments awoke her from her sleep. She raised herself in bed and listened; she heard him traverse the gallery, enter his room and close the door, and she sighed as she laid her head again on her pillow.

"Loser or winner," she murmured to herself, "still it is in his own ruin, or that of some other infatuated man, in which he seeks his mad enjoyment. Alas! my father, when the moment at last arrives when your dim eye can no longer follow the chances of the cards, and your ear will have become dull to the rattle of the dice-box, what then will be your solace? Will a daughter's love be able to soothe a spirit which has no recollection of well-discharged duties on which to repose, no sacrifices of self for the well-being of others to smoothe the path that conducts to the grave?"

The young girl thus communed with herself, then sought for consolation in prayer, and soon sank again into the forgetfulness of slumber, but with a sensation as if a weight of lead pressed upon her heart.

XXXI.

A few days passed on in the quiet routine of studies which Christine had chalked out for herself, her father never failing to appear with the musical people who attended her in the morning, and as regularly returning at eleven o'clock at night to see if she had retired

to rest. Obedient in everything, this she never failed to do ; but to sleep was another question, when her thoughts were dwelling on the return of the gamester from his nightly vigils—starting and listening she lay through long hours of wakefulness, nor ever sank into sound repose until she heard him pass through the saloon on his way to his apartments. At length arrived the day of Mrs. Trevor's soir  e, and the solitary girl felt agitated by a degree of excitement which in her life she had never experienced before ; only twice had she descended to visit the family in the interval, once in a formal manner with her father, and another time by herself to convey her guitar to Sophy, who wished to have it as an accessory in the picture for which she was sitting. On entering the young lady's dressing-room, Christine was astonished to recognise in the painter the identical youth whose appearance had so much flurried Sophy Trevor on board the steam-boat. She felt that there was something wrong in this, although she could not exactly say what, for the idea of positive impropriety was obviated by the French *femme de chambre* being occupied in trimming a dress at the other end of the chamber ; but the look of admiration fixed on the volatile coquette by the enthusiastic artist was but too convincing as to the feelings with which he regarded her. The unsophisticated visitor felt both shocked and sorry ; shocked at an imprudence so very glaring on the part of the thoughtless girl, and sorry for the unfortunate young man, so evidently quaffing an intoxicating draught from a source poisoned by vanity and heartlessness. It was a relief when she found herself again in her own retired apartments, among her plants and books ; however lonely, it was a home—one where she had the free disposition of her simple occupations, with nobody to interrupt, annoy, or find fault, and Christine felt truly thankful for the blessing.

On the evening of the f  te, San Isidora descended early, and in full dress, to assist the Trevors in receiving their numerous guests, promising to return for his daughter when the company should be assembled. The buzz of the assembling crowd, and the roll of carriages in the distance, had continued some time, yet still Christine waited in vain for her father. Her young heart, at first bounding at the idea of the bright scene in which she was about to mingle, soon began to grow anxious at his delay ; and when at last she perceived the hands of the pendule on the mantelpiece point to eleven, her spirit sank under the chill of disappointment. She opened a book and tried to read, but her eyes only followed the words without conveying to her mind the sense they expressed. The loud clock of the neighbouring church began to strike the hour ; the sound filled her ear and distracted her attention, and, before it ceased, San Isidora appeared, ready to escort her below and present her to her Sicilian relatives. As he paused at the doorway, he regarded his daughter with a sort of triumphant surprise, which might easily have been accounted for by the appearance she presented. She was attired, by her father's express desire, in thin white muslin ; and the dress being made up to the throat and down to the wrists—according to the fashion of foreign demoiselles—gave her an appearance almost infantile, undecked as she was by ornaments of any description but a bouquet of violets, which

she had gathered for herself in the garden. Her silky fair hair alone had been arranged with great care by the best coiffeur in Palermo; and, although she wore it in front simply in bandeaux as usual, yet it was so tastefully wreathed up at the back of her head as to show off to perfection its excessive gloss, softness, and redundancy, and made the beautiful face it ornamented look in profile like some pure and precious cameo. When her father entered, her cheek flushed up with pleasure, and as she sat there with her figure thrown out by the brilliant green hangings at her back, she looked like some emanation of light, for a moment embodied, to give an idea of a beatified spirit. San Isidora, on his part, appeared also to singular advantage; his peculiarly careful toilet set off with effect his tall and slender person, while the excitement of the moment had tinged his worn cheek with colour which, relieving the darkness of his complexion, caused his fine eyes to appear even more brilliant than usual. Always moving with the ease and self-possession of one confident in himself, he had now an air of decided distinction as he advanced and offered his arm to his daughter to conduct her below. It would have afforded an admirable subject for a picture—that lovely fair-haired girl, all brightness and innocence, clinging with a degree of nervous trepidation to the arm of the remarkable but unsatisfactory looking man, whose dark and varying countenance gave a bewildering index to the volume of scheme and mystery in his mind. On reaching the hall, they found it gaily arranged, lighted up, and filled with servants; and a moment after they entered the concert-room, where sat Mrs. Trevor, surrounded by a brilliant crowd, with the saloons beyond more or less thronged with loiterers and card-players. There was an evident pause of astonishment when San Isidora appeared at the door, with his lovely companion hanging on his arm. “*Sua figlia, sua figlia! che bellezza!*” was murmured among the Italians, whilst the Trevors, proud for the moment at this attractive addition to their company, hastened to welcome the young and timid girl with a kind and patronising air. Christine felt considerably agitated, it is true, at this her first entrance into gay life, but her previous reflections in her ancestral house had inspired her, notwithstanding, with a certain degree of dignity and self-possession.

It was singular the difference presented in her person by the extreme expression of thought—almost of sadness—betrayed by her very youthful-looking countenance, in its quiet and reposing state, when contrasted with the bright comprehensiveness of the eye, and the bewitching sweetness of the smile, in moments of interest or animation. After having paid her compliments to the ladies of the house, her father conducted her towards a haughty looking woman, whose highly rouged cheek and excessively black hair formed a strange and unnatural contrast to the wrinkles on her face, betokening an advanced period of life. She proved to be la Principessa San Isidora—the wife of the head of the house—who, after greeting Christine with polite words and rather broad scrutiny, introduced her to the Principe, who had joined them. The prince was a contrast to his wife, whose exterior denoted the coarseness indicative of vulgarity of mind, whereas he had an expression of so much refinement as to

convey an idea of the absence of all masculine strength of character. They both conversed with Christine for some minutes, asking questions upon subjects which tried her tact, for San Isidora had warned her not to betray his total alienation from her mother, and likewise had exhorted her to speak as if she had been most kindly domesticated among her Scotch connexions, until her father thought the time was come when it was proper to bring her to Italy to introduce her to his relatives. Christine felt that it was a duty to obey so far as to avoid saying anything that might have been disagreeable or disadvantageous to her parent, but the very anxiety she felt to follow his injunctions without infringing upon the truth, gave an air of melancholy reserve to her manner little in keeping with her young and ingenuous countenance.

"Non capisco," said the princess to her husband, as the proprietor of the palace, coming up to be presented in his turn, now engaged the attention of the youthful beauty. "Our cousin Ascanio is a deep one, and this girl is no free agent. Listen, Gregorio. I am persuaded that he has a plan to marry the ragazza to our Tadeo, therefore, mio Marito, I am determined that our son shall not see her if I can prevent it. Let us treat Ascanio as he merits; keep him at a distance, to show him that we not only don't believe a word he says, but want to have nothing to do with him. I am convinced that he has some plot about that girl, and brings her in upon us all like a flash of lightning, on purpose to take us by surprise with her beauty and her grace, and thus entrap us into cordiality."

"Torse," quietly answered the prince, who always deferred to his wife's opinions in matters where thought was required. "Act as you choose, mia Moglie, è per buono; you know better about all those things than I do."

So saying, the inane nobleman walked off to pay his devoirs to a favourite fair at the other side of the room. The Conte San Isidora, now presented to Christine, was her father's first cousin, and a middle-aged man, who, with considerable intelligence in his eyes, had at the same time a sensual and sinister expression of face. His manners were polished, but disagreeably soft, and altogether there was much cunning in his mode of addressing any one. To his young relation his words were more calculated to sift than to win; he plied her with compliments on her personal beauty, and watched her countenance to observe the impression they made. To Mrs. Trevor he was adulating, to Nola adoring, and to Sophy insinuating. He was decidedly the most busy person present, and was evidently quite delighted to see the mansion of his ancient family lighted up to the splendour of former days, his own wretched habits of indulgence and indolence having left him no means of living in it himself. After this introduction was over, Christine was presented by her father to several ladies of the circle, whom he likewise claimed as connexions, but they either shrank back from the lovely creature now first made known to them, or greeted her with words of coldness or forced politeness.

The princess had given the cue. On being asked if she intended to patronise "la Cugina," her reply had been, "No, davvero, I do not

want Ascanio to corrupt my son by teaching him to gamble; and, in order to avoid it, shall have nothing to do with the daughter."

Astonishing to say, Christine was in no way surprised at the manner in which she was met by the relatives of whom she had heard so much. She was new to the world, it was true, but the lucidity of her intellect led her to the conviction that her father could not be welcome where he was understood. With this idea ruling her mind, she was enabled to meet the coolness of her country people and relatives with mildness and self-possession; grave and pale, she went through the round of introductions in the spirit of performing a painful duty, and when they ended withdrew with calmness and dignity, and, seating herself between an old marchesa and an ancient abbate, prepared to listen to the music now about to commence. Miss Trevor was handed by San Isidora to the instrument, where the person selected to accompany them in their duet was already seated. Christine became quite nervous when Nola began to sing; for although she had a soft, full, English voice, yet her articulation was so imperfect, her execution so wretched, that it gave her acute auditor positive pain from the expectation of hearing her break down at every succeeding passage. Her faults, however, were covered with admirable science by San Isidora, who exerted himself to cloak her deficiencies. Nevertheless, his daughter read in the expression of his face the seccatura which he experienced in performing the penance.

After this mediocre English exhibition, the music went brilliantly on; instrumental succeeded vocal, and vocal instrumental, from performers who united science to taste and power, until the young musician forgot her cares and uncomfortableness in the mere pleasure of listening. In the pauses between the parts, Christine was surprised by several Italians coming up and asking her if she sung. Her father had prepared her for this question, by giving her strict injunctions on the subject; and, in accordance with his desire, she had always replied by answering "pochissima;" but so absurd did this equivocation appear to herself when so often repeated, that at last she could not control the smile that curled her lip in speaking thus of the talent that was fated to be both the plague and the pleasure of her life. The shrewd princess did not fail to note this, among other things, and remarked aside to her husband:

"That girl is a great musician, I am quite certain. Just observe how her countenance lights up at every fine passage she hears; she turns red and pale by turns as the notes happen to thrill her nerves, or touch her feelings. She is a syren, I am sure of it—a dangerous creature—whom we must keep out of Tadeo's way. There is an extraordinary attraction about her. I cannot force my attention from her: there is something in her very person unlike other people. That soft glittering hair and singularly fair skin, combined with her immense *fisonomia*, and those large clear eyes, so full of fire and softness! I am glad that Tadeo is at Naples."

Thus murmured the *principessa* to her *marito* whilst surveying askance her unconscious connexion, who, amid the surrounding dark-eyed, black-haired, richly dressed females, looked like a crystallised lily, whose pure polished leaves reflected every shade and change with

which they came in contact. Sophy Trevor, whose English complexion alone was akin to hers, was engaged in another saloon, and, not liking music, consequently kept aloof from the concert-room the whole evening. Christine could not help guessing the manner in which she was amusing herself, when she perceived the young artist gliding about in an inner chamber looking after some one, as if his heart were in his eyes. Sophy wore that night a dress of pale blue silk, with white roses in her hair, and looked actually lovely; her cheek was brightened by the flush of gratified vanity, and her eyes smiled with an expression of latent triumph, while her manners were more natural, more composed, than usual. Nola sang again at the end of the concert, but this time it was not with San Isidora, but with a dark-eyed tenor; her manner was excited when she rose to perform, and certain glances of intelligence between her and her very handsome companion, betokened an understanding rather startling as existing between the young lady and a professional singer. Luckily, it was a buffo duet in which they exhibited, and so admirably was she accompanied, instrumentally, and so ably supported, vocally, that, although she sang in the most careless and imperfect manner, still it went off without scarcely exciting any observation—the company, besides, being about to disperse, and consequently not thinking much of the music. The rooms began gradually to thin, and, at last, Mrs. Trevor and her young ladies were left alone with San Isidora and his daughter—the girls being in wild spirits, occasioned by the vanity of supposed personal triumphs, and the mother full of self-complacency with the success that had attended her first fête. Christine alone was quiet and meditative; it had all passed off before her eyes like a scene of phantasmagoria, leaving nothing tangible behind, not even an invitation from any one of her numerous connexions to visit them at their own abodes. Her father was evidently ennuyé to death; his scheme had not had all the success he had hoped for, and he pined for his usual excitement at the gaming-table. He looked at his beautiful daughter, and felt that with her lay his certainty of wealth and distinction.

“Fools!” he thought. “I shall astonish them yet in a way that they little expect; they shall be obliged to acknowledge the superiority of the girl whom they have treated with so little consideration!”

He gave her his arm to reconduct her up-stairs, and when he stopped at his own door to bid her good night, before going to his nightly rendezvous, a gush of unwonted paternal tenderness came over his spirit, and he pressed his lips to her fair forehead as he used to do in former days. Alas! this start of feeling was mere selfishness; he had narrowly watched the unconscious girl all throughout the evening, and, with excessive pride, had observed the gentle dignity of her deportment; his morbidly fastidious taste could not detect a word, a look, a movement, with which to find fault. She had appeared all harmony throughout, and much more beautiful than he had ever before thought her, so exquisite was the combination in her person of grace, simplicity, intellect, and loveliness, blended and stamped by the unmistakable seal of truth and depth of feeling.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN PARIS.*

"PARIS," says Louis Bamberger, one of the select contributors who have added their mite to the portentous tome before us—an emanation of the great Exposition, and as fat and gaudy as an *épicier* mounting guard—"is an immense crucible, in which the whole universe has been cooked for, for the past century." And then he adds, which is not so agreeably suggestive, "All the world knows what has come out of it. No one knows what has gone in." "The French are first-class Europeans," writes Gustave Frédéric, who takes an anthropological view of the subject, "and the Parisians are the elect of the first class. Not only have they the advantage of dwelling in an immense, brilliant, joyous city, but they also constitute the staff of the civilised and intelligent people of the world." "Paris," says Edmond Téliier, "is the city of contrasts—heaven and hell, hotels and cellars; the city of great existences and of petty industries. If there is a person in Europe pre-eminent by his fortune, it is at Paris that he hastens to spend what he has accumulated elsewhere. Austria, Russia, Italy, even America, send every year their princes and their financiers. Seen from afar, Paris exercises such a fascination upon the mind, that it seems as if it were only there that one can live. A great German lord said to me: 'A principality or an apartment on the boulevard; there is no choice between the two.'"

"The pulse of Paris," says Paul Féval, who has the honour of opening the physiological portion of the subject, "beats one hundred and twenty in a minute, chronometer in hand; anywhere else it would be a horse fever. Paris, nevertheless, is in perfect health." People live there in miraculous haste, and yet they live a long time. Not but that there are miasmas and pernicious things in Paris; there are such in all vast agglomerations of human beings, where many are to be found who gain their daily bread by evil ways; but such emanations are cleared away by the breath of a million of citizens and a million of visitors, who breathe in purity, for they take care of themselves in the first place, and think of their neighbours—when they have the time. "Paris is enormous; infamy itself is swallowed up when the great drum of life begins to beat around them: if these infamies have added a pulsation the more, on any given day, it is because they have been in the height of fashion. Paris, in such a case, casts a handful of bank-notes at them, as it did at Thérésa, who amused her, and at the Brothers Davenport, who wearied her, and then she continues her way laughing or gaping."

Paris is a good fellow, rather bourgeois, with pretensions to art. Yet he does not always insist upon having first-rate articles, if the inferior are only sufficiently advertised. Isambart placards Pointoise, at ten sous the quart, as superior to Lafitte at ten francs, but only to be obtained at Isambart's. Paris buys the Pointoise and laughs lustily. The wine is execrable; Paris admits the fact, and laughs all the more. There is only Isambart who laughs as heartily as Paris. Isambart loves Paris, and

* Paris Guide. Par les Principaux Ecrivains et Artistes de la France. Deuxième Partie. La Vie. Paris: A. Lacroix.

mann's demolitions, which constitutes a great relief to the moonbeam that disclosed Paul and Virginia with their frightful hooks and baskets.

Madame Emmeline Raymond depicts the Parisienne. What remains for us to say upon so delicate a theme after reading that the women of Paris have realised the dream so unsuccessfully pursued by all conquerors?—that they have subjected the whole world to their most fanciful caprices; that they hold more than life in their hands—that is to say, the beauty of all the women of the globe; that their decrees are waited for to dare to be beautiful, and that all are obliged to submit, even when they command to be ugly! Preferences and repugnances, initiative, personal appreciation, everything is abdicated, everything effaced, everything disappears, before the absolute sovereignty claimed by “la Parisienne.” We have really nothing to do or to say, but to bow beneath the yoke—emancipation lays with the other sex.

The types of Paris, according to Ch. Yriarte, are beginning to disappear with straight streets. Long, wide, cold streets, like the Rue de Rivoli, exclude the picturesque and the curious. Dentists, quacks, musicians, gymnasts—all that class of persons who sought the open air for the exhibition of their talents or nostrums—are now tabooed. The past generation had its Place Louis XV., and La Belle Madeleine, Frascati and the Cent-treize, the Galleries de Bois and Chodruc-Duclos, the Descent de la Courtille, and l’Ile d’Amour. The only place where the Parisian dances (for Mabilles is fictitious) is now the Closerie des Lilas, at the Luxemburg. The Bois de Boulogne of past days has been transformed into an English park, watered by the Prefecture. Longchamp is a lake frequented by ladies of anything but savage manners, and by melancholy swans. People dine at the Moulin Rouge in the shade of oleanders in boxes, supposed to represent nature. The Café de Paris, the Bains Chinois, the Hôtel d’Osmond, the Galette du Gymnase, the Jardin Turc, the Hôtel Rougemont, and the Boulevard du Crime, are all gone, or have given way to monster hotels, to barracks of marble, and to gardens and squares decorated with plants with hard names, which do not prevent bonnes and tourlouroux understanding one another perfectly.

The boulevards are invaded by tall and angular English ladies, yellow Havannese, brown Spaniards, pale Italians, sentimental but dumpy Germans, wealthy but debauched Russians, and Americans with long pointed beards and revolvers in their pockets. Take a seat at the Alcazar, dine at the Café Anglais, or sup at the Maison d’Or, and it is the same thing—nothing but strangers! The Parisian humbles himself in the presence of so much luxury. He sticks to the wall, and abdicates in favour of Cairo, Constantinople, Bombay, Havannah, Madrid, St. Petersburg, and Rio de Janeiro. Kasangian, the Armenian, who succeeded Chodruc-Duclos as the man of mystery of the day, is gone to his fathers. The Halles are replaced by a palace of iron and glass, or, as the French will have it, of crystal. There is still le Persan, with an English groom, an English coachman, and an English porter. For twenty years he has never missed an opera night, yet no one knows who he is. Méry declared him to be Abbas Mirza, but as he never takes off his black Astracan, it is not known if he is old enough. There is also the man without a hat, otherwise a well-dressed personage, with nothing to distinguish

him from the rest of the world. There is also Isabelle, la bouquetière, who, whilst not a beauty or comely, is to be seen in the hall of the *Grand Opéra* or at the foyer of the *Opéra*. There have been many conjectures whether some from the Black Forest and others from the *Grande Vallée* but they have soon been detected. The real Isabelle waits in her little jacket of Lombard velvet for the day when she shall have met "son prince" a vehicle with eight springs being the Parisian idea of abundance, wealth and luxury.

The types of the grand-monde are gone with the others. Seymour and D'Ostoy is no longer at the fashion. Hope, who was so fond of violent excesses, will no more come. Major Fraser, with his little black sword, Dr. Vetrox and his cron—al are gone; the sceptre of the world has passed from the Parisian. An Englishman rules on the turf, a Russian creates the fashions, Offenbach composes quadrilles, Strauss conducts the orchestra, Rotchinsky sends money, Hottelinger discounts bills, whilst the Parisians, swamped in the flood of strangers, are so seldom seen, that Baron Haussmann seeks for them in vain.

All this may appear very extravagant, but it is not so. The regular population of Paris consists of 235,255 provincials, and of only 733,473 *Parisians*. 54,000 Germans, 25,095 Belgians, 10,657 Swiss, 9106 English, 7905 Italians, 6254 Dutch, 4406 Americans, 4294 Poles, 1356 Russians, and so on in smaller proportions, until a grand total of 2,150,916 is arrived at. According to this census, the Parisians only constitute a fraction more than one-third of the population of their own city.

The Germans, according to Louis Bamberger, who has the treatment of this special theme, are chiefly Hessians, and their main business is that of scavengers. They live in colonies, have their own pastors, churches, and schools, their hospital and *Tufterein*, no end of *Deutsche boefen*, a charitable institution, and musical meetings. The *Café du Grand Balcon* is their most aristocratic rendezvous, and the quantity of Bavarian and other German beers exported for their consumption is annually acquiring colossal proportions.

But there are Germans, also, who constitute, and have long constituted, the élite of the population of Paris. Had it not been for Meyerbeer, it is well known that the opera would have died a national death. And as to Giacomo, he was claimed as French, just as were Charlemagne, the *Maréchal de Saxe*, and Napoleon the Great. The Parisian of to-day is just as much indebted to Offenbach. Liebreich is what is called "une des sommités médicales de Paris." Meyer and Wecker are among the most learned ophthalmologists. As to philologists, the Germans are also in advance of the French. Dietz is the first authority in matters of Provençal poetry, whilst Mühl, Oppert, Bréal, Munk, and Derenburg are among the chief Orientalists. Not only do they shine in literature and science, but, what is more, they are in the present day the leading financiers. But, above all things, the poorer Germans are moral. The Kellners are sought after everywhere for their fidelity, honesty, and sobriety, and the German institution of St. Joseph is the only one in Paris where respectable female servants are to be obtained.

The Belgians are, like many of the Germans, addicted to industrial pursuits. They rival the latter as tailors. They also take first rank

among artists and musicians. There is nothing superficial French political writers are so fond of repeating as that the Belgians are French. But Bomberg, who writes the article on "*la Colonie Belge*," says that, whilst most strangers are absorbed after a few years' residence, adopt Paris as their country, and only preserve the most marked features of their original character, the Belgians preserve all their individuality. Notwithstanding so many points of analogy and approximation with all that surrounds them, they neither allow themselves to be absorbed or assimilated, and they remain Belgians at the end of twenty years, just as much as the first day, with their national character and instincts undisturbed.

After the Germans, the Swiss are, however, the most numerous strangers in Paris. They stand high in the financial world. It is sufficient to mention the bankers Hottinguer, Mallet, Marcuard, Heutsch, Verner, Mussard, and Zellweger, to attest the fact. They also occupy a high position among the industrials; witness, Sieber, Regent of the Bank of France, Dubochet, and others.

John Lemoinne has written a fair and judicious article upon the English in Paris. He remarks, truly enough, that the English could not live under laws such as in France prescribe the right to speak or write, to pray or meet together, or to go and come; but, again, a Frenchman would be stifled under the conventional forms which tyrannise over English society. The tyranny of conventionalism in England is, he declares with truth, far more onerous than any political or administrative tyrannies abroad. Hence, also, the moment the English get to Paris they throw off conventionalities with their black coats. They go to the Opéra in a plaid, dance with extravagant gestures, eat and drink (even to the ladies) enormously, no longer keep the Sabbath, and, what is more, treat Paris in every respect as if it were a conquered country. Since the invasion of the Americans, English eccentricities are, however, more tolerated in Paris than they used to be; but we are still denounced as "the most prejudiced and national of all foreigners." "English," says M. Lemoinne, "do not associate with one another like other strangers; they do not need the countenance of any one; every Englishman is himself England; his spirit of nationality is fatiguing and offensive."

Italy, on its part, also sends its "precious martyrs" of legitimacy, its musicians, its workmen in marble and plaster, its cooks, its merchants, financiers, learned men, and dilettanti, to swell the Parisian crowd. The Italian fuses more readily into the Parisian than the native of any other country. Isabelle would tell you that the historical aristocracy of Paris frequents the "*Cercle de l'Union*" and the "*Cercle Agricole*;" the nobility of the empire, the "*Jockey Club*" and the "*Cercle Impérial*;" financiers, the "*Chemins de Fer*;" the youth of the day, the "*Baby*" and the "*Sporting*;" veteran soldiers play whist "*aux Ganaches*;" gamblers go "*aux Américains*;" sportsmen, to "*Saint Hubert*;" notaries and stockbrokers, to the "*Cercle des Arts*." But the Bourbonian emigration has its "head centre" at the "*Café du Congrès*," Boulevard des Capucins, and at the "*Café Napolitain*," on the Boulevard des Italiens.

The American colonisation of Paris is a modern thing. It had a two-fold origin, the one transitory, from the wealth and shoddiness of the

north; the other permanent, from the expatriation of the south. The Americans group themselves around the Champs Elysées, and they are credited by André Léo, who has their literary treatment in hand, with less stiffness than the British, and a more open and agreeable physiognomy. Nor do they like the English. "Anglophobia," says Léo, "is, as a national and popular sentiment, even stronger with the Americans than with the French." Many Americans live in Paris for the education of their children, others in order to prosecute their own studies. American birds of passage simply take flight from Astor House to the Grand Hôtel, the latter of which has become a mere Yankee caravanserai. For one "insular" ten Americans may be seen arriving there. If they go out, it is to Bowles and Drevett's, Tucker's, Monroe's, or Norton's, their bankers. An American banker is not exclusive, and always on the guard, as if fenced in by a prickly hedge, as in France and England; he keeps an office for inquiry, and the Yankee reads there his own papers. It is the same with the minister. He has to present every month a group of some hundreds of his countrymen and countrywomen, simply on their demand, at the Tuileries. The American ladies are a great catch for Parisian industrials—a class of persons who as regularly lay out their nets for strangers as the fisherman does for sparkling mackerel and open-mouthed cod. What, indeed, would become of the Parisian tradesmen and modistes were it not for this influx of strangers? General Dix has to receive these democratic lovers of pomp and imperialism every Wednesday and Saturday. The luxury of shoddyism and petroleum is something wonderful. One-half of the "huit ressorts" in the Bois belong to Yankees. As to jewellery, velvets, silks, and satins, they make up in purchases in Paris for the exactions of their home tariff. American girls do not, however, we are told, get on well in Paris. They walk with the assurance of a conquering race; they are proverbially well educated, but they miss the confidential intercourse with the men which is in vogue at home. There is no confidence in French respect for females, and the fault, Léo admits, does not lay with the Americans. The men get on better; whilst the daughters are dancing at Perrin's, they are dining at Peter's or Philippe's, eating buckwheat-cakes at Charley's, or imbibing malt at the Brasserie du Faubourg Montmartre. Good servants are so difficult to get in Paris now-a-days, that the Americans have, like the English, been obliged to give up housekeeping and go into boarding-houses. It is an opinion generally entertained in Paris that the American only esteems a thing according to its price, so it is almost needless to say that the Parisian profits by this peculiarity in transatlantic taste. The only French paper they condescend to read is, we are also told, the *Opinion Nationale*.

Another modern element in Parisian society, and one which has assumed a remarkable development in recent times, is the Spanish-American. Twenty years ago the Englishman was the lion of the boulevards. Hotel-keepers and tradesmen called him "Mylord," without asking for his credentials. Then came the feudal lords of Russia; but they no longer throw roubles out of the windows, give splendid fêtes, or subsidise half the figurantes of Paris. The Spanish-American (and the Parisian, with his usual laxity in geography and ethnology, includes the Brazilian in the group) has almost monopolised the favour of Parisians and

Parisiennes in the present day. He has introduced himself on the boulevards, and Thiboust and Meilhac have introduced him on the stage. Yet, with the exception of a few political refugees and Mexican intriguers, the Brazilians and American-Spaniards are of very retired, quiet, studious, and domesticated habits, rather avoiding than seeking or courting noise and reputation. They make the fortune of the Quartier Latin, and by their general habits so assimilate with the French as to have become extremely popular. They are, however, depicted with a liberality worthy of Paris by one of themselves—M. de Hebedia. The Polish colony of Paris, by Charles Edmond, is not a cheerful sketch; nor, indeed, is the Russian colony, by Herzen. The days are gone by when Radziwil bought a row of houses, merely to construct a passage from his home to the Palais Royal. The "Orientals" in Paris have been entrusted to Madame Dora d'Istria, who seems to think that the modern Greek is their only representative. Bataillard's Bohemians or Tziganes (gipsies) in Paris has the serious fault of being too general and too philosophical. There is no local colour about it.

Laboulaye of the Institut writes the article on the Parisian press, and Emile de Girardin that on the daily papers. Berardi, in an article on foreign papers, tells us that the emperor no longer reads the *Times*, although it is still the most largely circulated of English papers. Next to it come the *Illustrated London News* and *Punch*, and then the *Daily Telegraph*, whose correspondent is "a regular attendant at official receptions." After the *Daily Telegraph* comes the *News of the World*. Of other papers, the *Indépendance Belge*, the *Gazette of Cologne*, the *Gazette of Augsburg*, and the *Gazette of the Cross*, have the largest circulation. The *International*, published in London, is, we are also told, especially favoured by the French government. Perhaps another word would have better expressed what is meant.

The Gardens of Paris, created after the Exposition of 1855, rank among the chief modern improvements, whether in regard to sanitary conditions or to mere embellishment. To those who remember the famous tower of Saint Jacques, with its four angles clad with sculptures like moss, as Victor Hugo has it, buried in a heap of old incongruous houses, the change to a light elegant structure rising out of an open garden is very pleasing. Notwithstanding so central a situation, wigandias, and other trees and shrubs of intertropical climates, flourish there. The clearance effected to give place to the Jardin du Temple was even still more desirable. It is natural that different gardens should be frequented by different classes of people. The old nobility haunt the Jardin de Sainte Clotilde, the Jardin des Innocents belongs to the children of men of business, the Luxemburg to students, and the Garden of Plants to the savans; but not less care is bestowed upon the garden of the people—as that "du Temple" essentially is—than upon those of the wealthy classes. Nothing is wanting to please the eye and improve the taste, from rocks and waters, to rare and beautiful flowers, shrubs, and trees.

Not only have the Place Richelieu, the Place Royale, once the abode of the "Précieuses," been planted, but so also have portions of the Champs Elysées. The Parc Monceaux, however, surpasses all other gardens in the beauty and rarity of its plants. The names, one of the

contributions remain are here. Still more does this become the case when various rival one another in absurdity of nomenclature. The giant pine of California—a Yucca among trees—was discovered by an Englishman, who named it Wellingtonia. But the Yankees said it was found on American soil, so they named it Washingtonia; and then came the French, who declared that it belonged to a known genus, and was only a Sequoia, and so they persist in calling it. It is the same with the Begonia, so well known for its violet-coloured leaves, and which, in England, called *B. grandis*, is ticketed in Paris as *B. imperator*.

The Parc des Buttes Chaumont possesses some interest, as a picturesque place woven out of abandoned quarries of plaster of Paris, just as Rosherville is out of old chalk quarries, and as having effected a clearance of a population of gipsies, thieves, and dangerous persons. This garden was inaugurated the same day as the Exposition of the present year. It has a lake, three restaurants, a temple, rocks clad with cedars from the Himalayas, and old quarries converted into fairy grottoes. Alphonse Karr, writing upon the fountains of Paris, shows that, from the time when Julius called the city his dear Lavinia, and Clovis designated it as the chief city of the Gauls, it was always a beautiful spot, surrounded by woods and filled with gardens; and there are plenty of evidences of its having continued to be so, till one after another, the courtille, the aux treilles, and a hundred other vineyards, orchards, and pleasure-gardens, had to give way to an ever-increasing population. There is no question but that the position of Paris, in the very heart of a tertiary basin of its own, has ever marked it out as the seat of a beautiful city.

It used to be said, — See Naples and die! — Now people are less prepared to do, and they say, — See the Bois de Boulogne, and drive there! Hyde Park is the promenade of London, the Prater that of Vienna, the Prado that of Madrid, the Casino that of Florence; but the "Bois" is the promenade of the world! At least, so Amédée Achard tells us. The time for a drive in the Bois is from two to four in winter, from five to seven in the summer. In the morning it is given up to jockeys and sportsmen. Pedestrians, especially young couples, are, however, to be met with at all hours of the day. Frequently a procession is encountered, headed by a gentleman in black and a lady with a white veil and orange-flowers. The ladies declare that these are the emblems of innocence, but the sceptical gentlemen exclaim against them as the *se plus adors* of animality. There are, indeed, some men in Paris who would rather scorn the Maitreffe than be the man in black. But the ladies have their own way in these matters.

The skating-club has, under imperial auspices, become an institution of modern times; but it is as uncertain as the politics of the day, and the moment some great gale on the ice is metured, a thaw, with sleet and rain, comes to defeat the project. As the Parisian is always ready for a deflection, the Bois is redolent with hospitality. The little Moulin Vert invites you at the extremity of the Avenue de l'Impératrice; the famous Guillet has his "salons de 100 couverts" and "cabinets particuliers" at the Porte Maillot; but the Pavillon d'Armenouvillle, near the Jardin d'Acclimatation, is the most favoured of all. Twice a year there is a general battue of rabbits, when a franc has to be paid for every coney killed, and proved not to be a dog or a cat, and the money thus collected goes to the

The wood park and château of Vincennes possess much that is historically more imposing, and picturesquely more gratifying, than the too manifestly factitious beauties of the Bois. But no one goes there, save groups of bourgeois bound on a pic-nic, or *bonnes* with their charges in search of milk from the cow at what is called "*la ferme*," close by the Tir National.

The boulevards are socially divided into two parts: that of which the Temple constitutes the centre is very happily given over to the veteran panegyrist of *grisettes*—Paul de Kock; that to which the Boulevard des Italiens constitutes the soul, is entrusted to the more aristocratic pen of De la Bédollière. But, alas! Paul de Kock, of whom one of his confrères writes as a thing gone by, has nothing but reminiscences. Where once was a confused heap of theatres and shows—something like an English fair—are now the Caserne du Prince Eugène and the "*Magasins Réunis*," where a purchase for a hundred francs is repaid in a certain number of years. The Parisians cannot understand why they should pay at all, if they are to be reimbursed. The Boulevard du Temple was called the Boulevard du Crime, from the melodramatic character of the performances; and the still more ancient quarter, styled the Marais, began at the same point. The old Jardin Turc is now a restaurant, kept by Bonvallet, and much frequented. To obtain a cabinet, it must be secured days beforehand. Robin, the prestidigitator, and Dejazet, to whom, like Ninon and Saqui, age is unknown, have their little theatres near the Château d'Eau. Beyond is Dejean's Circus, where Léotard and Batty were first introduced to Paris. Padeloup gives classical concerts there every Sunday, which, Paul de Kock says, the neighbours go to hear, upon the same principle that people go to the Théâtre des Italiens—because it is the thing. "*Vanitas vanitatum!*" he exclaims; but Paul is getting old. The Boulevard Beaumarchais, which stretches down to the Place de la Bastille, is now one of the handsomest in Paris; but Paul does not tell us who lives there. It is true Ninon dwelt at the corner of the Rue des Tournelles, and Maugiron, Quélus, and Livarot fought Riberac, D'Entraques, and Schomberg, near the same spot. But those were the times of the Mousquetaires and the Précieuses; now the Théâtre Beaumarchais, small as it is, cannot find an audience.

Fashion indeed changes. The Palais Royal succeeded to the Place Royale and the Marais; and now the boulevards, from the Porte Saint Martin to the Madeleine, have become the centres of movement and pleasure. Commerce, however, still holds its sway from the Porte Saint Denis to that of Montmartre; and a monumental bazaar stands in this region, but it has never thrived. It is not, indeed, till the bronzes of Barbedienne are passed, that the crowd and bustle begins. When a procession has to pass, the places at the raised railings on the Boulevard Montmartre are taken by night, and let next day at extravagant prices. But the boulevard beyond is encumbered with strangers, bourgeois, flâneurs, journalists, artists, actors, and men whose reputation has been made and undone twenty times. Poor veterans! they still linger outside the Café de Madrid, Café de Suède, Café des Variétés, especially at absinthe-time; and they cling to their "*soupe à l'oignon*" at midnight as persistently as haggard-looking young ladies do in the morning to

their "carafe de groseille" in the Palais Royal, before going home. The "passages" are, in the present day, what the Palais Royal was in olden times. Early in the morning they are quiet and silent enough. The only living beings are shop-boys and shop-girls toiling at their respective duties. But towards eleven the habitués of the Dîner de Paris, Dîner du Rocher, or of the Dîner du Passage Jouffroy, begin to pick their way through shawls, toys, flower-pots, arm-chairs, and aquariums, in pursuit of their déjeûners. They are easily recognised by their anxious looks at their watches, to see if it is really eleven. At mid-day provincials and strangers make their appearance. They are just as easily recognised, by their looking at the shops. The crowd is materially increased by numbers of industrials, journalists, artists, actors, and others, who have to take the "passages" on their way. There are also many persons who take positions "en permanence" in the passages, for purposes of their own. At five the journals du soir are distributed at the kiosks of the boulevards, and great is the noise and confusion—a perfect Babel of languages. It is not without reason that there are a "librairie internationale" and literary salons in the boulevards. Some people have to consult a dictionary to make their wishes known. At six o'clock the excitement becomes intense. The faubourg makes its appearance. The inhabitants of the "quartiers" Breteuil and Notre Dame de Lorette advance to the conquest of the boulevards. Their approach is signalled by the rattle of jet ornaments, the rustling of silks, and the odour of musk. The uniform worn by these Amazons, and the variety and absurdity of hats and feathers, is something appalling, even in Paris. They not the less take up their strategic positions with all the gravity of veteran soldiers, from the passage Jouffroy to the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. The daily carnival of Paris now begins. The "jeunesse dorée" of modern times received its name of "gandins" from this very Boulevard des Italiens, to which the memory of 1815 has attached the traditional and popular name of Boulevard de Gand. The name alone suffices to conjure up to all true Parisians the memory of those "sompers fins" and prolonged orgies, with which the daily carnival of the auriere of the heart of Europe, and indeed of the world, is, as a matter of course, brought to a conclusion.

WANDERINGS THROUGH ITALY IN SEARCH OF ITS ANCIENT REMAINS.

BY CRAWFORD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D.

XXIII.

A FEW miles below the spot where I crossed, the Crati is joined by another stream, the Coscile, the ancient Sybaris, having the same name as a celebrated city which stood in this vicinity. This river had the property, according to some authors, of making horses shy that drank of its waters; my muleteer knew of no such power. The exact position of the ancient city of Sybaris has not yet been satisfactorily fixed, though we are told by an ancient historian (Diod. Sic. xii. 9) that the river Sybaris, which originally flowed into the sea by a separate mouth, had its course changed by the victorious inhabitants of Croto that it might flow through and destroy the city. It is natural, therefore, to look for its remains near the confluence of the two rivers. At the same time, you must know that it is said to have been completely destroyed B.C. 510, and we can scarcely expect that much of it will have survived such a lapse of time. However, I resolved to examine the exact appearances at the confluence of the two rivers, and accordingly, as soon as I had crossed, I proceeded down the banks to that part of the plain which is called Gadella. I heard afterwards that excavations had been attempted here, but water always rises as soon as they have penetrated a few feet below the surface. I persevered till I reached the confluence, notwithstanding there was a great deal of marshy ground, and in the winter season it must be quite impassable. There was not the slightest appearance of any buildings having been at this spot, nor can I imagine that Sybaris was placed here, unless nature has completely changed the ground on which I was standing. This city of which I am speaking was not a small village, like many of the others which I have visited, but contained a population, if we can believe ancient writers, of three hundred thousand; and even if we should consider this an exaggeration, still it must be allowed to have been of great size. The inhabitants were famed for their luxury and opulence to such a degree, indeed, that a Sybarite and voluptuary became synonymous terms. One of the dresses of its inhabitants, which came into the possession of Dionysius of Syracuse, was sold to the Carthaginians for 120 talents, upwards of 20,000*l*. You can thus have some idea of the size and importance of Sybaris, and it is strange that its remains should have so entirely vanished. I tried to get across the river Coscile, but the plain through which the river flowed was soft, and the stream ran so rapidly, that I had to creep slowly along its banks for several miles before I reached a spot where I could safely pass. I proceeded on to Cassano without encountering any further difficulties, and was received with great kindness by a friend of the judge of Rossano, Signor Cafasi, to whose care the old lady recommended me. The appearance of Cassano is highly picturesque, as it rises gradually like the steps of an amphitheatre up the sides of a steep mountain, extending round the rock on which stands the ruins of the ancient baronial castle

belonging to one of the noblest families of Naples, the Duke of Cassano. The town contains somewhere about five thousand inhabitants, and exhibits considerable commercial activity from the manufacture of liquorice and even cotton and silk, which are grown, spun, and wove in Cassano. At the entrance of the town there is a spot called Bocca d'Auso, from which smoke is occasionally seen to issue, and near it are some sulphureous hot springs, with baths constructed for public use by the Cassano family. It was still early in the day, and I resolved to examine a little more of the site of Sybaris on the other side of Coscile. I ordered two active little ponies, which my host offered to procure for me, and, accompanied by Signor Cafasi, started for the site of the ancient Cossa, which was said to be situated at a spot called Cività, three miles distant from Cassano. It is mentioned by Cæsar (B.C. iii. 22), who calls it "Cosa in agro Thurino," and states that Milo laid siege to it, and was killed under its walls. These very walls may be imperfectly traced, and the foundations of some buildings are scattered here and there on the summit of a rising ground. What remains is very little, and shows that it had at no time been of great size. I looked round for inscriptions, but nothing of the kind could be seen. There is a tower called Torre di Milone. After I had satisfied myself as to the ruins of Cossa, we rode towards the confluence of the Coscile and Crati, keeping down the left bank. There are no remains of buildings to be seen, but there are numerous irregular hillocks, which I do not doubt would be found to be the foundations of buildings. It was quite evident to the eye that the channel of the Coscile had been changed, whether by some convulsion of nature or by the hand of man it is impossible to say. History says that it was by the hands of the inhabitants of Croto, who wished to obliterate the very existence of their enemy Sybaris. The old channel is called Abbotitura, and contains a good deal of water; and at no great distance from it is what is called Laghetto, a small lake which communicates with the sea, and which my guide told me abounded with eels, mullets, and a variety of other fish. Some have considered Laghetto as the site of the port of Sybaris, but no remains of buildings are to be seen. The *agnus castus* was growing in these marshes very luxuriantly. Both species were abundant, the larger with white and purple flowers, and the smaller with purple flowers alone. It was called "castus," as you are aware, from its alleged anti-venereal properties, though modern naturalists, I believe, are not quite agreed on this point. At all events, the ancients were of this opinion.

I looked at the spot where Sybaris is supposed to have stood, and found it difficult to believe that it could have been selected for such a purpose. Within a couple of miles of the mouths of two rivers, it must at all times have been subject to the effluvia of much stagnant water, and, indeed, we know that it was unhealthy from a proverb among them "that he who did not wish to die before his time ought not at Sybaris to see the sun either rise or set."

I inquired of my intelligent host respecting the position of Thurium, but its supposed site would have carried me back to the country of the brigands, and I need not tell you that it would have required a strong temptation to induce me to place myself once more within their grasp. He said that there is a spot called Turione between the villages Spezzano

and Terra Nuova, where coins, vases, and images are frequently found in great numbers, and where he himself has seen the fragments of a marble column. This he considered to be the site of the ancient Thurium.

It was now necessary to return to Cassano, through which I strolled, visiting the Capuchin monastery, situated on a hill from which there is an excellent view of the plain through which the Crati flows, and in the distance the Ionian Sea is seen, while behind rose the lofty mountain Polino, on which snow lies till the middle of July. The eyes stretched over a wide plain, covered here and there with patches of grain, but the greater part is uncultivated. Varro (R.R. i. 44) speaks of it as of surprising fertility, producing wheat a hundred-fold, and if it were reclaimed I do not doubt that nature would be as ready as in former times to reward man for his industry. I turned towards Rossano, which I had left this morning in no very joyful mood, and my eye could not help resting on its dark woods, feeling something in the same way as the person alluded to by Lucretius (ii. i.) is said to regard from shore a ship on the point of being wrecked:

Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.

"It is pleasant, when the seas are roughened by violent winds, to view the dangers of another when we are safe on land, not because there is any pleasure in seeing another in distress, but because it is pleasant to witness those anxieties from which we ourselves are free." I felt a delight, which only those who had gone through the anxieties that I had endured during the last few weeks, can fully understand.

You may ask me why these plains, on which I was looking, should be uncultivated. It is easily explained to you, who are a political economist; they have no outlet for their surplus produce; the inhabitants can derive no benefit from their industry. This is the complaint which I have heard in every part of the country, equally from the friends as from the enemies of the present government. The very parties who are carrying on the government have exclaimed, "Could not his sacred majesty, whom may God bless, find some means by which we could get rid of our produce? This is the only change for which we pray."

The Capuchins are employed at the present moment in raising Angelo di Acri, who had been some hundred years ago one of their fraternity, to the rank of a saint in the Roman calendar. A hundred years must always elapse before any such attempt can be made, and it then altogether depends on the sum of money that can be raised to bribe the Papal See, or, to speak less offensively, to pay all necessary expenses, whether he shall receive the honour solicited. The question is considered in Rome, and a regular trial takes place, in which the character of the embryo saint is freely canvassed by a lawyer appointed for the purpose, who is called *Avvocato del Diavolo*—"the Devil's Advocate." The trial is, of course, a mere farce, if the money is forthcoming, and the objections of the advocate are considered to be the mere ebullitions of his Satanic Majesty's envious spirit. The money—about eight hundred pounds, I believe—is paid into the papal treasury, and whoever dares to call in

question the high honour assigned to the individual is excommunicated by the canons of the Church. Those whose sanctity does not entitle them to this rank must rest contented with the lower dignity of Venerable and Beato. This is one of the absurdities of Popery introduced during the dark ages of the Church, and it is strange that this pretension should not now be allowed to fall into desuetude. The number of saints in the Roman calendar is often matter of surprise; but it need not be so, when we find that this small district of Calabria has furnished ninety individuals who have been considered worthy of being canonised. Seventy have been entitled to the honour of "Beati." Ten of the Roman pontiffs owe their birth and education to Calabria.

The quantity of holy relics possessed by this remote part of the world is astonishing. In the monastery of Belforte there is a finger of Stephen, the first Christian martyr, a piece of the holy cross and of the sepulchre in which our Saviour was buried; but, what is still more wonderful, there is a fragment of the rod of Aaron. At the village of Soriano there is a statue of St. Dominic, which was brought, in the month of October, 1530, from Spain, and presented to a chapel here by the Virgin Mary herself. This legend somewhat resembles that of the holy shrine of Loretto.

You may recollect that I mentioned a miracle that was taking place at Ajeta, and that I tried to convince the judge of Scalea that it was a gross imposition. I have just heard the end of that silly trick. It would appear that the bishop of this diocese received orders from Rome to proceed to Ajeta, and put an end to what the papal authorities had no doubt would be found to be a device of Satan. I wonder if they were aware of the monks of St. Biagio practising the same imposition? You will be surprised to hear how simple was the plan adopted by Lo Monaco, and nothing can show more clearly how gullible people are in this part of the world. All that was done—and he has confessed it—was to throw the liquor over the statue, and to place basins full of the water near it, before he admitted the people. They saw the liquor still trickling down the statue, and did not doubt that the contents of the basins had been collected in this way.

I hope to reach Taranto in three days, and I am glad to hear that there is little danger of my encountering brigands. The coast is such a desert that I am told I shall have great difficulty in getting along. I understand that there is no road, and that the villages are generally situated far inland. However, I shall not allow myself to be turned aside by any common difficulty.

On consulting with my friends at Cassano, I thought that my next stage must be to the village of Roseto, and accordingly, at daybreak, I started, with the pleasant feeling that I had now nothing to fear from brigands. The freshness of the morning was delightful; a thick fog hung over the marshy ground, where the mighty Sybaris once stretched with its luxurious inhabitants, whose indolent repose a crushed rose-leaf was sufficient to disturb. There was a fragrance in the air from the orange and citron blossoms, and the distant Ionian Sea reflected a trembling light in the mirror of its gently moved waters. With what inimitable grace does Dante (*Purgatorio*, i. 115) describe such a scene:

L'alba vinceva l'ora mattutina,
Che fuggia 'nnanzi, sì che di lontano
Conobbi il tremolar della marina.

The dawn had chased the matin hour of prime,
Which fled before it, so that from afar
I spied the trembling of the ocean stream.

Need I remind you that this trembling light of the waters is a favourite idea of Italian poets, and I am not surprised that it should be so, as I have never seen the appearance so vividly portrayed elsewhere. It seems to require the pure and bright air of such a climate as this to bring it out in perfection. Trissino, in the *Sofonista*, says:

E resta in tremola l'onda marina.

And, again, Fortiguerra, in his *Ricciardetto* (c. ix. st. 17):

—visto il tremolar della marina.

You must not, however, imagine that these Italian poets were the first to observe this peculiarly beautiful effect, as you will find it alluded to by Virgil (*Æn.*, viii. 26), "*aquæ tremulam lumen*"—"the trembling light of water."

The breeze blew gently, while the morning song of the birds resounded everywhere through the leafy boughs. It was a terrestrial paradise through which I was passing, and might have suggested to Dante (*Purgatorio*, xxviii. 1—23) his description of such a scene:

Un' aura dolce senza mutamento
Avere in se, mi feria per la fronte,
Non di più colpo che soave vento:
Per cui le fronde tremolando pronte
Tutte quante piegavano alla parte
U' la prim' ombra gitta il santo monte;
Non però dal loro esser dritto sparte
Tanto, che gli angelletti per le cime
Lasciassero d'operare ogni lor arte;
Ma con piena letizia l'ore prime
Cantando ricevono intra le foglie
Che tenevan bordone alle sue rime,
Tal qual di ramo in ramo si raccoglie
Per la pineta in sul lito di Chiassi
Quand' Eolò Scirocco faor discioglie.

A pleasant air,
That intermitted never, never veer'd,
Smote on my temples, gently, as a wind
Of softest influence: at which the sprays
Obedient all, lean'd trembling to that part
Where first the holy mountain casts his shade;
Yet were not so disorder'd, but that still
Upon their top the feather'd quitters
Applied their wonted art, and with full joy
Welcomed those hours of prime, and warbled shrill
Amid the leaves, that to their jocund lays
Kept tenor; even as from branch to branch,
Along the piny forests on the shore
Of Chiassi, rolls the gathering melody,
When Eolus hath from his cavern loosed
The dripping south.

The country through which I was now passing was quite changed in character from that to which I had been lately accustomed. The hills were low, with many picturesque glens running inland.

To wander along this coast during winter must be an arduous task, as I crossed many broad ravines full of loose stones, evidently brought down by the torrents. The water spreads over a large space, as some of the channels were not less than a mile in breadth, though they gradually narrowed as they ascended the heights. Immediately after leaving Cassano, I crossed a small stream, Ragganello, the ancient Cylistarnus, and soon reached Francavilla, a wretched-looking village, though myrtles, pomegranates, figs, and oranges, showed that Nature was ready to bestow her choicest blessings.

The villages still continued to be on the heights at several miles from the sea, to protect them from the Turkish corsairs, who used, as I said before, to land and carry off the inhabitants as slaves. This state of things still continued to exist within the memory of the present generation, as I found a coast-guard at the village of Trebisacce, where I stopped a few hours during the heat of the day, who had been taken prisoner about thirty years ago and carried to Algiers. I was amused to find that he rather regretted his release from slavery, as he acknowledged that he used to receive plenty of excellent mutton, to which in his days of freedom he is now an entire stranger. This old fellow was a great oddity, and as I had nothing better to do, I confess I furnished him with somewhat more wine than was exactly consistent with propriety. He was a most bigoted adherent to the forms of the Romish Church, and spoke with delight of some poor young priest on whom he had brought the reproof of his bishop, because he had elevated the host once less than the rubric required. He became at last so obstreperous in his mirth that I was put to flight, and took refuge on the back of my mule. Ere long I reached the small village of Roseto, picturesquely situated amidst broken ravines, where I was received with great hospitality by a gentleman, Signor Mazzaria, to whom my host at Cassano had given me a letter. Though he is residing in this remote spot, I found him a well-educated and intelligent man, intimately acquainted more particularly with the woods and forests of the country. We cannot understand the importance of such a question, as our fuel depends not on wood to be turned into charcoal, but on mineral coal; here, however, it is a matter of serious moment, and the government has found it necessary to exercise control even over woods belonging to private individuals. The subdivision of land which arose on the suppression of the feudal system proved no doubt extremely beneficial to industry and agriculture; and the result, my host tells me, led to the felling of woods and the conversion of much land to tillage. If this went on to the extent that seemed likely, a scarcity of fuel was sure to arise; and to prevent this, about ten years ago a general law was passed by which the superintendence over all the forests in the kingdom was committed to a special board, without whose permission no proprietor of forests shall fell timber or break up the ground either for tillage or for new plantations. One of the results that arose from denuding the surface of trees was that its exposure to the violence of storms and torrents of rain brought down gravel and large stones on the lands that lay below. By this law, to which

I have alluded, no land could be converted to tillage, unless where the site is so level that there need be no apprehension of the lands below suffering. The management of this public board was probably not particularly judicious; at all events, there were so many complaints against its vexatious interference with private property, that a new law was issued in 1826, by which the superintendence of the authorities over private woods was confined to the preservation and improvement of them. Still, woodland is not allowed to be tilled without permission, and this is not to be granted for ground which has a rapid incline. It seems, according to my host, that the immoderate conversion of woodland to tillage has been stopped, but by no means the immoderate felling of timber. He believes that, ere long, there will be a serious want of wood for fuel. I found my host well instructed in such matters, and I regretted when the evening came to a close.

It is curious to observe the peculiarities of nations in small matters. With us "good night" may be said when we take leave of each other after dark at any hour; but the Italian says "*felicissima notte*"—"the happiest night to you," only once, and that is when the candles or flickering lamp is brought into the room. On going to bed, they will often exclaim "*felici sogni*"—"happy dreams to you," or "*dormite bene*"—"a good sleep to you."

I was warned by my friends at Roseto that little intercourse was kept up with the eastern part of Italy except by sea, and that I would find the coast for the last fifty miles in approaching Taranto so barren and ill-furnished with water that it would be no easy task to accomplish the enterprise. I have learned, however, to look with considerable scepticism on the reports of even the most intelligent Italians as to difficulties; they are so little accustomed to exertion, and the climate makes them so unwilling to move, that they cannot understand what a resolute spirit can accomplish, who refuses to introduce into his vocabulary the word "impossible." Onward I was resolved to go, till I knocked my head against an impenetrable wall, and you will be amused to see how gradually one difficulty after another disappeared.

The coast continued of the same uninteresting character as yesterday. I passed the dry channels of several mountain streams, which evidently contained a large body of water during the winter season; at this moment not a particle could be seen. At last I reached the picturesque banks of the river Sinno, the ancient Siris, which was finely wooded, and covered with a profusion of flowers in full blossom. Nothing could exceed the beauty of this secluded spot; it was a perfect paradise, and I could not help thinking that some of Ariosto's descriptions must have been derived from what I saw before me. I refer to that beautiful description of an harbour (*Orland. Fur.*, vi. 20), with which all readers of Ariosto are so well acquainted:

Non vide nè 'l più bel nè 'l più giocondo,
Da tutta l'aria ove le penne stese,
Nè, se tutto cercato avesse il mondo,
Vedria di questo il più gentil paese;
Ove, dopo un girarsi di gran tondo,
Con Ruggiér seco il grande augél discese.
Culte pianure, e delicati colli,
Chiare acque, ombrose ripe, e prati molli.

Vaghi boschetti di soavi allori,
 Di palme, e di amenissime mortelle,
 Cedri, ed aranci, che avéan frutti e fiori
 Contesti in varie forme, e tutte belle,
 Facean riparo ai férvidi calori
 De' giorni estivi con lor spesse ombrelle;
 E tra quei rami con sicuri voli
 Cantando se ne giano i rosignuoli.

A more delightful place, wherever hurl'd
 Through the whole air, Rogero had not found;
 And, had he ranged the universal world,
 Would not have seen a lovelier in his round
 Than that, where, wheeling wide, the courser furl'd
 His spreading wings, and lighted on the ground,
 'Mid cultivated plain, delicious hill,
 Moist meadow, shady bank, and crystal rill.
 Small thickets, with the scented laurel gay,
 Cedar and orange, full of fruit and flower,
 Myrtle and palm, with interwoven spray,
 Pleached in mixed modes, all lovely, form a bower,
 And, breaking with their shade the scorching ray,
 Make a cool shelter from the noontide hour,
 And nightingales among those branches wing
 Their flight, and safely amorous descants sing.

I gazed with delight on such a scene, and thought that the vivid imagination of the poets was exceeded by the reality of nature. The wonderful beauty of the flowers has made it to be supposed that the gardens of the inhabitants of *Heraclæa*, situated some three miles distant, must have been at this spot, and that these flowers had been introduced by them. Numerous flowering creepers hung in graceful festoons from the branches of the poplar; the underwood consisting of the *lentiscus*, thorn, wild vine, *oleander*, *arbutus*, and sweet bay. The dwarf oak abounds everywhere along this coast, and the liquorice plant grows wild and in great luxuriance. It was the rich plains in this neighbourhood that occasioned many wars between the inhabitants of *Tarentum* and *Sybaris*, and which induced the latter city to found *Metapontum*, in order that the *Tarentines* might be excluded from the *Siritis*. I have no doubt that the nature of the soil is as rich and productive as it was in those days, but there is no population to turn it to account. Since I left *Roseto*, I have only seen in the distance one or two small villages, perched picturesquely on conical-shaped hills at some distance from the sea, and have not encountered a single human being. The *Siuno* is a considerable stream even at this season of the year, and we know that, in ancient times, it is said to have been navigable for several miles into the interior. I passed it about a mile from its mouth on the back of my mule, and I am sure that at present no vessel could ascend it except a very flat-bottomed boat. I attempted to penetrate to the sea along its left bank, but I got so involved in marshy ground and thick brushwood, like what I had seen at *Pæstum*, that I gave it up in despair. I cannot believe that any city can have been situated in this direction, unless the nature of the ground has been much changed. When I left the banks of the *Sibno*, which were certainly very beautiful, the appearance of the country no longer bears any resemblance to the glowing description given to it by the poet

Archilochus, who asserts that there was no spot more lovely than the country round Siris. His words, as quoted by Athenæus (xii. p. 523, c.), are the following, and they show what the state of this district was B.C. 660:

Οὐ γὰρ τι καλὸς χώρος, οὐδ' ἐφίμερος,
Οὐδ' ἐρατὸς, διὸς ἀμφὶ Σίριος ῥόδος.

"For there is not a spot on earth so sweet, or lovely, or desirable, as that which is around the streams of Siris."

The sand, which has choked up the mouth of the river, renders the neighbourhood marshy, and, combining with the Agri, makes the whole coast for many miles a complete desert. This is a strange contrast to its former state, when its inhabitants rivalled the Sybarites in riches, as well as in the luxury and profligacy of their habits.

Proceeding four miles farther, I reached a few houses, which I found to be called Policoro, one of which was a resting-place for muleteers; and though it was miserable, I was not sorry to rest a few hours. I had hired a muleteer at Cassano to continue with me as far as Policoro, which I imagined to be a village, and where I thought I might procure another mule to carry me forward to Tarento. In this, however, I was disappointed, as the few people in the vicinity were employed in getting in their scanty harvest, and nothing could induce them to leave their labours in the field. I then had recourse to the muleteer who had accompanied me from Cassano, and offered him his own terms if he would continue with me to Tarento; but he declared that he had no passport, and that, if he accompanied me, he would certainly fall into the hands of the police, and be arrested. One of his friends had not long ago been caught without a passport, and a month's imprisonment had been a warning not to be forgotten by all his fraternity. Here, then, I seemed fairly pulled up; I had to pass two deep rivers without bridge or boat, and then had to creep about thirty miles along a sandy beach without a particle of water, and all this was to be accomplished under a burning sun. Even if I managed to reach Tarento, the chances were that I should be laid up by fever. I inquired for the most important person in the neighbourhood, and was referred to the agent of the Prince of Gerace, to whom the property in this neighbourhood chiefly belongs. He received me with great kindness, telling me, however, that it would be impossible to find a mule here almost at any period of the year. He regretted that he could be of no essential service to me; and as I found that there were a few houses about six miles farther on, at a spot called Scanzana, I resolved to proceed forward, if I could manage to get across the river Agri and sleep there, trusting that something might turn up to relieve me from my difficulty. This gentleman offered to send his cart, drawn by buffaloes, to ferry me across, and I need not say that I thankfully accepted his offer. Though he is agent for the management of this large estate, he is obliged to reside six miles distant, at Montalbano, from the unhealthy state of the atmosphere in the vicinity of the sea. From the middle of June malaria renders this spot uninhabitable to all except a few wretched peasants, whose pale, emaciated appearance confirmed the statements that I heard. I do not doubt that it is caused by the overflow of the rivers, which were in former times confined within their banks, and the malaria might be obviated by the same means that rendered this very

spot a healthy residence for thousands of inhabitants. Before I proceeded, I wished to examine the site of the ancient city Heracleia, situated about half a mile nearer the sea. This city was founded by the inhabitants of Tarentum after the destruction of Siris, and is chiefly remarkable as being the seat of the general council of the Greek states. The country, as I approached the ruins, was covered with thick brushwood; they are about a mile from the shore, as far as I could judge, and can be traced here and there for a quarter of a mile. There are foundations of buildings of considerable size, but, though I examined in all directions, I could see no columns to indicate the position of the temple. Here, however, have been found many coins, bronzes, and other remains of antiquity; and, within a short distance of the spot, the bronze tables, commonly known as the *Tabulæ Heracleenses*, one of the most interesting monuments of antiquity, were found last century. They contain a long Latin inscription relating to the municipal regulations of Heracleia. This curious document is engraved on two tables of bronze, at the back of which is found a long Greek inscription of a much earlier date, but of inferior interest. The flourishing state of the arts in this town is proved by the beauty and variety of its coins. What a change from the busy scenes of former days! It is now haunted by the wild buffalo, who are reared in large numbers here, and droves of untamed horses were seen galloping through the open glades.

REMINISCENCES OF EMINENT MEN.*

"IN the characters that are outlined in these volumes," writes the veteran author, "the reader must expect only shadow profiles of the names of those recorded. No full effect is intended. No filling up a picture as executed by an artist, having the various tints and hues of colour with which nature distinguishes the living subject. These notices, therefore, are but as those likenesses which are often taken off on paper against a wall by candlelight. Memory can do no more in the exhibition of its artistic skill. Yet is the shade thus afforded of the partial features of the departed a relic which may be cherished in the absence of the more efficient picture."

It would ill become us to criticise the fairness of these outlines, since, with the exception of a few old Cornish celebrities, most of the persons figuring in Mr. Cyrus Redding's volumes became known to him in his capacity of editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. What is wanting in personality is also fully made up by disquisitions of character, and its influence on the times, with the reaction of the times themselves, upon the literature and policy of the epoch; and this to a veteran who ranks among his acquaintance General Tench, of the Marines, who embarked with the military that took out the first settlers and convicts to Sydney in 1788-9, extends over no small amount of time, and embraces no little variety of experience.

* Personal Reminiscences of Eminent Men. By Cyrus Redding. In Three Volumes. Saunders, Otley, and Co.

Writing of his old quarters in Upper Berkeley-street, Mr. Redding says, when he now passes them, they seem a memento of men and incidents that have become shadows; "still I fancy I see some haunting the place—remarkable men who have passed away; many no more; some at the antipodes; some on the American continent, and in Australia—names that are remembered, and will continue to be for a long time to come. Such recurrences are melancholy enough, and too often turn the past to pain. I think of little Dundas Cochrane, who walked all the way from Lisbon to Kamschatka, and called eating raw frozen fish a luxury; Morocco Jackson, and Dr. Clark, and Henry Matthews, the brother of Byron's friend of the same name, who died in Ceylon; and Thomas Campbell, and Sheil the politician, and Miller the gallant general, and Haydon the painter, and Curran and Talfourd, and Graham and Hunt."

This à propos of Sir Thomas Wyse, connected with whom, we are told, that there is still extant a work on Jerusalem, with topographical details laid down on a large scale from measurements made by Sir Thomas with scrupulous exactitude. Murray declined to publish the survey on account of the great expense it would entail; but in the present days, when so much money is asked for to obtain new measurements, it would be well to have the means of comparing them with those made in older times.

Like all men with a strong bias and inveterate party feeling, Mr. Redding generally reserves his depreciatory criticisms for those who held opposite views. Nor does he fly at little game, for the Duke of Wellington and Sir Walter Scott are nibbled at with the remorseless perseverance of—Well, we will not say what; but in one instance one of his own clique is made to suffer through the person of his wife:

"All the world knows how unfortunate Lord Holland was in his marriage. Hospitable receptions at Holland House were darkened by her ladyship's shadow. It was not difficult to obtain her civilities by a species of attention which every well-bred man knows how to pay. But she gave herself great airs at times, notwithstanding. The drawing-room there, now so long desolate, where the kindness, the urbanity, and the real goodness of heart of Lord Holland alone made some of his guests endure what they never would else have endured—that room, who can forget? Yet there were some individuals who at last declined the hospitable invitations of his lordship. Foscolo, with his impatient temper and ordinary person, especially when excited, which a few words, even from a lady, would sometimes do—Foscolo felt Lady Holland's conduct towards him so marked, that he kept away. Nothing would at last make him even call there, while he openly acknowledged Lord Holland's great goodness to him.

"I would not go to heaven with Lady Holland; I would go to hell with Lord Holland!"

"Her ladyship would render young men particularly uncomfortable by some line of conduct hardly of moment in itself, but such as was easily interpreted in the mind of sensitive youth to be so. Once I remember 'being told' that one of Lord Holland's guests—a young man and a stranger—having some sort of perfume in his pocket-handkerchief, her ladyship desired the bell to be rung" (by the youthful visitor?), "and, on the servant's appearance, gave an order for one of her own handkerchiefs

to be brought and presented to him, begging he would exchange it, as she could not endure the odour.

"Campbell at last left off going to Holland House, she being offended with him because he had the audacity to question the pronunciation she gave to some word—I forget what it was at this distance of time."

Ugo Foscolo, here noticed, wrote one or two articles in English for the *New Monthly*; but, seeing his difficulty, Mr. Redding persuaded him to write them in easy Italian, and Colburn, the proprietor of the work, got them translated. Sometimes Foscolo would fancy the translation was not what he intended it should be, and he would get into a rage with the translator and with Colburn himself. In the *New Monthly* he wrote an article called "Learned Ladies," his first essay. This was followed by the "Revolution in Naples." Foscolo then lodged in Bond-street, and wrote papers there on the poetry of M. Angelo, of Guido Cavalcante, Pietro della Vigne, Frederick II., and numerous others. He resided subsequently on South Bank.

"I took the place of him," Mr. Redding relates, "when he left it to enter another next door, which he got built for himself. This cottage he had called Digamma Cottage, and affixed that name to it. He took away the name when he quitted it for his new residence, and placed it upon the new door. The word puzzled the tradesmen's boys who came for orders. Some said that Digamma meant "die game;" but all knew that an odd foreign gentleman, whose name began with an F., lived there. It was after he left Digamma Cottage, about a year and a little more before his decease, that he published his "Discorso sulla Testa di Dante."

We believe that the last days of Ugo Foscolo were soothed by the attentions of Dr. G. F. Collier—himself an author of repute—and at whose house in Chiswick he died. "If genius," says Mr. Redding, "were free from faults, it would soar too high above the region of mortality. Foscolo had his share, but they were for the most part constitutional."

The subject of the faults or errors of genius brings to mind a statement made elsewhere by Mr. Redding, in proof that modesty must be ranked among the most venal, and which, coming as it does from a person of his extensive experience, is not comforting to young ambitions.

"There is something singular," says Mr. Redding, "in an individual seeking literary fame out of the great world. However meritorious his writings may be, when he is not mistaken in the estimate of his own talents, he cannot hope for success unless he appear in the locality where the conveniences of traffic are found. The venality of trade must be called into action in various ways to attract that attention to those works, let their merit be what it may, that are drawn forth to public notice, and eulogised after the art of the publisher, who acts as master of the ceremonies for the occasion. No error is more painful than that of writers who are credulous enough to imagine, let their merits be high as they may, that the public will find them out, and by such merits, if their own vanity do not prompt them wrong in regard to their value. If they are sterling, they will no more be valued than as if they were of baser metal. The value reposes not upon the skill of the musician, but upon the loudness of the notes trumpeted by the more powerful lungs."

Virtute ambire oportet, non favoribus
Sed habet favorum semper, qui recte facit,

is the only answer we can give to such a tirade. Whoever is successful attributes it to his own merits; those who are unsuccessful challenge the merits of others.

The observations, however, should be read in connexion with the case which suggests them—that of the Rev. E. Polwhele—a scholar and a literary man of considerable merit, and yet little known out of his own county.

The author's liberal and enlightened sentiments come out strongly when treating of General Miller, who fought a noble cause in the liberation of the South American Republic. "No ambition," says Mr. Redding, "is so lawless and unforgiving as that of a priesthood—none so wary in action—none so fraudulent and deceptive in pretension. These truths were never more clearly shown than in the history of South America, adding, of course, Mexico in the North. From the time of Pizarro to the late revolution, the history of religion in the New World is one of revolting crime, in which the Established Church was the principal instrument and instigator." The same remarks might apply to the obstinacy of the Pontiff of Rome, who would rather deluge the Continent with blood, and tear asunder the unity and sovereignty of Italy, than relinquish to them the capital of the country and his temporal power.

An anecdote not very creditable to the liberal party is related à propos of Madame Dufour. It would appear that Robespierre, like Dumouriez, was prepared at the time of his downfall to turn traitor to his country. A nameless individual was, we are told, in the cabinet of the Emperor of Austria at the moment when the death of Robespierre was announced, and he relates that, on hearing it, the emperor placed both his hands to his head with an exclamation of deep regret, remaining in that position for several minutes. "The individual to whom I allude was greatly surprised. This the emperor perceiving, said to him, 'M. le Marquis, you seem surprised at my chagrin! Well, then, I will tell you that if Robespierre had survived, in six weeks I should have been in possession of Alsace and Lorraine.'"

Mr. Redding's article on the Duke of Wellington scarcely comes within the category of personal reminiscences. His acquaintance seems rather to have been with a Monsieur de Sodre, who had been sometime Portuguese secretary to the Duke, and whose character does not appear to have been altogether exemplary. When in the Peninsula, he was fond of telling most marvellous stories to those at table who were grouped near him. Sometimes, after dinner, over his wine, his redemontades caused a commotion on those near him, when the Duke would call out:

"What is that, De Sodre?—some of your d—d stories again, I suppose!"

At the time when Mr. Redding became acquainted with De Sodre in Paris, the dispute ran high between Portugal and Spain about Monte Video. The *Times* supported the Spaniards. De Sodre got Mr. Redding to write two letters to the *Morning Chronicle*, for which twenty guineas apiece was charged for insertion; but the writer never got a sou for his pains. So, it appears, that liberals can be as illiberal

as the most conservative—of their pockets. This precious scamp boasted that, as secretary to the Duke, he possessed many records which the Duke could have no desire for the world to see. Mr. Redding very properly advised him to let the Duke know indirectly that he had kept a journal, and thought of publishing it. But, in the mean time, he ran away with the daughter of a French officer then in Corsica, in consequence of which the lady was brought back from Madrid, and De Sodore's property in Lisbon was confiscated.

Mr. Redding says he contributed two papers to Colburn's old series of his magazine in 1820, and Sir T. N. Talfourd had made about the same amount of contributions, when Colburn announced his intention of enlarging the publication considerably, and of appointing Campbell as editor. But (an old story) it was soon found that Campbell "had neither experience nor patience for the drudgery of editor." At first, Du Bois was invited to compile and write what was called the third volume, which was devoted to politics, the fine arts, the stage, and local and foreign intelligence. But Du Bois, quarrelling with Campbell, Mr. Redding took his place, with Talfourd for the theatrical criticisms, and John Hunt the fine arts. Soon afterwards all the original papers came to Redding, and he continued in this position up to 1830.

"The *New Monthly*," Mr. Redding says, "had an astonishing sale; yet Lamb, Coleridge, Talfourd, Elton, and the whole Temple scholars of Lamb (the Cockney school, as *Blackwood* called them), could never make any impression on the public with a like work in union, however they gratified numerous readers by their works separately. It was *toujours perdrix* that was the cause—too much of the same thing from many lips. The meetings of an evening at Lamb's chambers, to sup on beefsteaks, drink porter, and talk in a friendly way about the class of literature that was to carry all before it, did not produce the expected effect. Good and clever fellows they were, but the public is an animal of a progeny between the mule and the lynx, and the tendencies of both animals must be consulted!"

Mr. Redding writes kindly of Leigh Hunt. "For my own part," he says, "I cannot forget the many agreeable hours I passed with Leigh Hunt. He had faults, and was much censured about many matters; but his position was one that required a continual exercise of the mind, and consequent neglect of other affairs. He was an excellent classical scholar, and most interesting in conversation in regard to literature, and with a taste in some things peculiar, certain to cast new lights on points at issue." And he adds: "Time is the touchstone of truth. Leigh Hunt did not die until he had seen and felt the full satisfaction of his past sufferings in this fact—one of the most gratifying in our humanity—that he had suffered only for being in advance of his time; while his persecutors were every day dropping into the rear until they were scarcely distinguishable."

We had marked some further extracts from these varied and entertaining volumes; but must fain content ourselves with the hope that we have done enough to show that to those who like thoughtful, philosophic, and intellectual reading, these three volumes of so-called "reminiscences," but in reality of literary and political disquisitions, will be as a mine of wealth.

KASSALA :

THE CENTRAL EGYPTIAN OUTPOST IN ABYSSINIA.

KASSALA, the capital of the province of Taka, in Abyssinia, on the extreme limit of the Egyptian frontier in its most central point, and situated upon a river well supplied with fresh water during a large portion of the year—the Mareb, or Khor al Gash—borders on the province of Basa, or Basé, which corresponds in part to the ancient Auxume, and through which country a route is practicable into the heart of Abyssinia. The town itself is fortified, being the principal arsenal and garrison of Eastern Upper Egypt, and from six to eight thousand troops are usually quartered in the district. Many of these are, however, natives of Sūdān, and not always well affected—in fact, at times in open mutiny against the government in whose service they are employed. The surrounding country is also inhabited by numerous tribes of warlike Arabs, subject to the Egyptian government, but whose allegiance is little to be depended upon.

Kassala is situated on a nearly level plain, watered by tributaries to the Khor al Gash, marshy during the rainy season, and arid at the dry season, but still clad in parts with forest trees and shrubs, and other permanent vegetation, and probably always more or less fertile. This plain is backed to the south by a group of naked granitic rocks, which rise abruptly out of the surrounding level, and tower to a considerable height, assuming the most fantastic shapes. These rocks are known as the *Jebel Kassala*. The same plain extends to some distance to the east, where is the town of *Sabderat*, on the Khor el Mah, or the “river bed with water”—a significant name in this region of drought—and situated at the foot of the *Mokran* chain, as stony and arid-looking as *Jebel Kassala*, and with as stern, but not quite so varied, an outline.

There are quadrangular barracks without the town in the gardens to the east, and on the caravan route to Suakim, which route is further protected by a garrison at *Agahl*, near *Fillik*—a town or hunting station also situated on the Khor al Gash, which is itself a tributary at certain seasons to the Black Nile, at others loses itself in marshes, which were the old hunting-grounds for elephants in the time of the Ptolemys, and at others is a mere dry bed, from which, however, water is said to be easily procurable by boring. There are also barracks for *Bashi-Bozuk* (men without a head or chief), or irregular native cavalry, and for police, within the town, near the *Suakim* gate. Outside the town is a market for camels and other beasts of burden, as also a large space reserved for the encampment of *Hadandawa*, *Hallunga*, and *Jiyalin*, or, by ellipsis, *Jalyn* Arabs. The more powerful tribes of the *Shukariyah* and *Bisharyn* Arabs do not appear to frequent the market, but a few *Tūkrūri* negroes from the region of *Katarif* find their way thither.

Massawah and *Kassala* are the existing outposts of the Turks in their encroachments upon a people whom *Earl Russell*, in his despatch of May 29, 1862, described as members of a Christian Church in spiritual communion with the Established Church of England, and yet whom the

Porte persisted, when Mr. Finn and Mr. Moore, English consuls at Jerusalem, vindicated their rights to their ancient convent in the Holy City, in designating as Copts and Rayahs—that is to say, Christian subjects. Mr. Finn, indeed, long ago pointed out that, in order to afford to the Abyssinians any efficient protection against their powerful enemies and oppressors, it would be necessary to procure their recognition by the Porte as foreigners, and as under British protection; foretelling, what has since occurred, that, unless this could be done, they would be deprived of their property in Jerusalem in favour of the Copts, with whom, according to Consul-General Eldridge, the Turkish authorities persisted in treating them as identical, and obstinately denied the right of the English consul to intervene in their affairs.

We have already had occasion to explain the origin of an act of injustice which so grievously irritated the Emperor of Abyssinia against the English, in the abrupt dismissal of the Coptic abuna, or patriarch, from the court of Abyssinia. We have also shown that, although the Abyssinian Church is in spiritual communion with the Coptic, it is not Coptic, nor are the Abyssinians Copts. It remains to show, then, that the possession of the line of country extending from Suakim and Massawah by Kassala to Katarif—so minutely and carefully described by Carl Graf Krockow von Wickerode on the occasion of his visit to the missionaries at Mattamah, as also by Sir S. W. Baker—does not in any way constitute the people of Abyssinia “rayahs” or subjects of the Porte. A moment’s glance at the map is sufficient to establish this important fact. It has no historical or political basis upon which it can be made to rely, and, even on the line here described, the tenure of the Turks is only local and limited; at Katarif and Tomat only nominal, and without the fortified precincts of Kassala, Massawah, and a few other strong places, virtually null and void, not so much from the hostility of the Abyssinians, with whom they only occasionally come in contact, but from that of their own co-religionaries, the Arabs, by whom they are surrounded.

In the time of Sir Samuel Baker’s journey up the Black Nile, one of the chiefs of the Shukariyah Arabs, variously designated as Mek Nimmur and Melek Nimr, or Nimmur—that is, “king, leopard, or panther”—being a vassal of Theodorus, he maintained a constant guerilla warfare against the Turks, until Tussū Gūbazī, one of the principal Abyssinian chiefs in rebellion against the emperor, slew him, with a view to conciliate the Turks. The chief thus maltreated by his Abyssinian friends was son and successor of the Melek Nimr, who burnt Ismael Pasha, the son of Muhammad Ali, during the first invasion of the country of the Upper Nile, nearly fifty years ago, and Tussū Gūbazī accused him of constantly intriguing and fomenting quarrels between Theodorus and the Turks, and of being, in a great degree, the cause of the imprisonment of the English by Theodorus!

“Divide et impera,” it has been justly remarked upon this act of border treachery, has always been the maxim of the Egyptian Turks in their incessant advance towards the south. The miserable result of this internecine warfare has, doubtless, been, ere this, the annexation of the tract of country marked on the map as Melek Nimr’s territory; whilst Tussū Gūbazī’s blind affection for his Mussulman neighbours will only have served to open to them a road into the very heart of Abyssinia, thereby adding to the political combinations already more than suffi-

ciently numerous. For, be it remarked, that if, as has been said, the Egyptians intend to place an army of observation on the frontiers of Abyssinia, pending the settling of English difficulties with its emperor, the main points at their disposal are precisely those here referred to—Massawah, Kassala, and Katarif—and how far beyond these points it would be difficult to say, for, as Sayyid Pasha was fond of boasting, the limits of Egypt are so very elastic!

It is the same on the Blue Nile as it is on the Black Nile, and to which latter Kassala is the Turkish key. The celebrated kingdom of Senaar, now no longer in existence, was not subjected by the Egyptians without a fierce struggle, which, in some outlying districts, is still maintained, and Mr. Dufton assures us that even those who have submitted still bear a deep hate against their oppressors. It was the knowledge of their aversion which partly induced the King of Abyssinia to send his threatening message to the Pasha of Egypt, stating that, as Emperor of Ethiopia, he had a right to the dominions of his ancestors—meaning thereby Senaar, and even Dongola. Achmet Abū Sin, Sultan of the Shukariyah Arabs, was one of the last to hold out, in ancient Meroë, against the Egyptian invasion; but “the grand old patriarch,” as he has been designated, is now ruler, under the Turks, of all the Arab tribes on the Black Nile.

It was for going to Kassala and holding intercourse with the Turks of that out-port that Consul Cameron in part incurred the displeasure of Theodorus. One of the chief charges brought, indeed, by the King of Abyssinia against the English consul was, that instead of going to Massawah, after his first visit to his majesty, he went among the Turks, who were his enemies (*viz.* to Kassala). “I suppose,” remarked Cameron upon this, “as being in the Egyptian territory, as he considers that his quarrel with the Turks is limited to Egypt, and has nothing to do with Turkey.” And he (Cameron) “abused him while there.” Upon which the consul observes, “How, is not known.” Mr. Flad also, in a letter to the Earl of Clarendon, in which he attributes all the misfortunes that have befallen the Europeans in Abyssinia to one Bardel, a Frenchman, details the following conversation:

“King—What for did you go to my enemies to Kassala?”

“Consul Cameron—Some Arab tribes have stolen cows from Hamarin (the Hamran Sword-hunters of Baker), and I went down to Kassala to speak to the Egyptian government that they must be restored.

“King—It was not your business to interfere. Who told you to do so? Neither I myself, nor your queen, gave you orders to go down to Kassala.”

It will be in the memory of our readers how eagerly the Secretary and Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, representing the late government, hastened to repudiate all connexion with Consul Cameron's eccentric movements; but to seriously attribute the hostility of the emperor to such a cause, however much it may have excited his jealousy and anger, would be to ignore all the various phases of his arbitrary proceedings for the past few years—his various excuses for putting the different Europeans in chains being manifestly of so frivolous a character as to cover a deeper object, the possible basis of which may be found in Mr. Flad's communication, to the effect that Bardel reported in Abyssinia

that the English government would send no answer to the king, because they liked the Egyptians better than him ; that he " put the existing suspicion against Mr. Rassam and the English government into the heart of the king, and had advised him to take hostages from England, else they would revenge themselves, after they have liberated their subjects."

Colonel Merewether notices the rumour current in Abyssinia that it is contemplated by the Egyptian government to take advantage of the complications presented by that country being engaged in war with England, to advance troops to the frontier of Abyssinia for the purpose of settling old boundary disputes, and for further operations, as opportunity may offer. Colonel Sir H. Green, a distinguished officer of the Bombay army, also asserts that, being at Algiers, he saw a train of light guns, suitable for mountain warfare, ready for embarkation. These, he was told, had been prepared for the purpose of being sent to Alexandria for the use of the Egyptian government in its projected operations against Abyssinia ; it was also said that French officers would accompany the artillery, to assist, and to do duty with, the Egyptian forces. Such movements, when official inquiries were instituted by her Majesty's government in France and in Egypt, were naturally denied and repudiated. The time had not yet come for putting such in force, even if ever contemplated. But it is impossible not to see in the clamours of Monsieur le Comte du Bisson, to the effect that, as a result of the invasion of Abyssinia, the Red Sea will become an English lake, and the piercing of the isthmus will have been carried out for the benefit of the same country, added to the recent rumours of the leasing of the railway from Alexandria to Suez by a French company, and the conversion of the ruler of Tigray and his people to Romanism, under the promise of French protection, how strong the feeling of hostility to England is in respect to the regions now in question. England, once in possession of Abyssinia, could, indeed, control the fate of Egypt, far more than even were her supremacy at sea placed upon a more indubitable foundation than it really is. It is not surprising, then, that France, which has always looked upon the long valley of the Nile as her natural legacy upon the breaking up of the Muhammadan Empire, should view even the temporary occupation of Abyssinia by the English with feelings of distrust and ill-concealed hostility.

Upon such a delicate question we can only say with the veteran traveller and missionary Krapf, whom we are glad to see has got an appointment on the expedition, " It is to be hoped that the British government will not overlook the present rightful opportunity of interfering with that distracted and unfortunate country, which has all things but an enlightened and good ruler. I feel most sorry that England must act in a hostile manner against Abyssinia, which has received nothing but benefits from the English. England has sent costly presents to the rulers of Tigray, through Mr. Salt ; of Shoa, through Major Harris ; and of Amhara, through Ras Ali. Besides, England has several times prevented Muhammad Ali, Pasha of Egypt, from conquering Abyssinia. And now this very England is compelled to assume a hostile attitude against a country which ungratefully is pushing away the hand of friendship. But it must come so in order that Eastern Africa should be drawn into the world's movement, and that England should be, against her will,

compelled to be on her guard, and to secure her standing-point in the Red Sea and her avenues to India, when the great Oriental crisis will come on with the tremendous waves of a raging sea—perhaps at no distant period.”

Kassala has not been unlucky to Consul Cameron alone. It has not been a bed of roses to its Egyptian holders. When Rassam was at Kassala, on his way to the emperor, there had been not long previously a mutiny on the part of the Sūdān troops; and Rassam was detained at the same place, “on account of the great objection the Sūdān cameleers seemed to have against serving Europeans or Turks.” (Blue Book, page 5.)

The town, which at the time of Sir S. W. Baker’s visit contained a population of eight thousand souls, exclusive of military, was almost deserted. Of four regiments that had mutinied, about eight hundred men only had escaped destruction. These had been seized and imprisoned, with their wives and children, and they were so inadequately provided for, that they were dying in great numbers, and instead of their remains receiving proper interment, they were suffered to be thrown in ditches outside the town for the hyænas to devour. Whilst Rassam was riding one afternoon in the suburbs of the town, he saw three bodies of wretched mutineers in this sickening state. That portion of the inhabitants who escaped the fury of the mutineers left the place, and sought refuge amongst the more peaceable neighbouring tribes. There were no eatables to be had in the place save bad meat and millet, and even the highest Turkish officials had not tasted anything but bread made of that grain for the last five months. Besides the anarchy and bloodshed, Rassam also describes cholera and deadly fevers as being the scourge of the place from the month of July to October; and even while he was there in November, 1865, nearly one-tenth of the garrison was laid up with one kind of disease or another.

Sir Samuel Baker also admits the exceeding unhealthiness of Kassala during the wet season, which commences in June and continues until the middle of September. A peculiar fly (the *Sirūt*—the original Beelzebub) also appears with the first rains, which destroys all domestic animals, “and would utterly vanquish an army by annihilating the beasts of transport.” Hence the Arabs migrate with their flocks and herds at that season, and congregate in the desert about Guzurajup or Güz-Rajup, ninety-six miles north of Kassala, which at that season abounds in pasturage, is extremely healthy and free from the fly, which is more fatal even than the tsetse of the Zambesi.

Yet did Sir Samuel Baker advocate this as the line of approach for the liberation of the captives, upon the ground that Suakim is the most available port, and, being under an Egyptian governor, any number of camels could be collected from the Arab tribes, with the necessary water-skins for the desert journey, and that it is the point from which radiate the regular caravan routes to Kassala, and the direct route for all military operations from Egypt. But he at the same time advocated the advance of a division from Khartūm by the Blue Nile, the Matammah, or chief town of Kallabat, and the principal market of the west of Abyssinia. Abyssinia was, he argued, to be attacked from the entire line of the Egyptian frontier, with two distinct bases for operations—Khartūm and

Kassala. Theodorus would be taken in the rear by a division at Faz-oghlu, with which place there is steam communication from Khartūm, "and his retreat cut off," while an advance of four thousand Indian troops, from Kassala into Tigray, would form a nucleus for the rebels already in arms against the king to rally around.

Mr. Dufton was also inclined to advocate the same line of approach, on account of the facilities of road and transport, and of the assistance that would be derived from the co-operation of the Egyptians and of the Arab tribes hostile to Abyssinia. But, laying aside the many objections which present themselves to an intimate alliance with Egypt, the excuse it would afford for the Turks overrunning a Christian country, and the complications it would bring about with other European powers, equally strong objections present themselves in the distance of the proposed line to the real base of operations, which must be Aden and the Red Sea. It is precisely on the opposite side of Abyssinia. Those who have read Baker's work, and the excellent résumé of Von Wickerode's journey from Suakim by Kassala to Kallabat, will feel that the road, although said to present some facilities, is one which would also present many difficulties and sources of privation; and, what is worse, as the invading force would have admittedly to advance from Kassala by Tigray into Amhara, it would not only in reality gain nothing by a long march of twenty days, but it would be farther off from the scene of operations at the expiration of that march than when landing at Zula or Adule, or at almost any point of the coast south of Annesley Bay.

The Egyptians, holding as they do Faz-oghlu, in Senaar, would be just as much a check upon Theodorus's retreat with his prisoners into his native fastnesses of Kuara, or Kwara, as an Anglo-Indian force would be in the same hot and unhealthy valley of the Blue Nile. It is to be feared that no amount of demonstrations on the latter river, or its tributaries, would prevent a successful retreat south of Lake Tzana. The only hopes that can be indulged in of such not being carried out lie in the hostility of the people of Shoa, of Gojam, and of the Gallas, to the Emperor Theodorus; and as to the province of Kuara, it could be invaded, if necessary, with greater facility from the populous, fertile, and healthy regions around Lake Tzana, than from the Egyptian side, or from the low valleys of the tributaries to the Blue Nile.

Kassala is surrounded by a wall of clay, fourteen to sixteen feet high, strengthened by several embrasures and bastions, a gate to the east, and one to the west, being the entrances to the fortress and capital of the land of Taka. The shores of the Khor al Gash are distant one hundred and fifty feet from the wall on the west of the town, the space intervening between the bed of the river and the wall being occupied by numbers of straw huts and gardens, in which live a tribe of Tūkrūri negroes and their chief. The Hadandawa, Halunga, and Jiyalin Arabs are among the wandering tribes settled on the north, while to the right of the eastern gate is a hospital and fortified barracks, with the ruins of many former buildings; and upon the south side are again huts, tents, gardens, and cultivated fields. The majestic Jebel Kassala, rising in stupendous masses three thousand feet above the level of the earth, is about three miles off, a forest of palms eternally green encircling the great rugged summits, like a verdant wreath on the hoary head of an

old man. Behind extend sand-plains to the foot of the Mokran hills, while still more remote are the points of Sabdirat, Al-gadan, and a few barren rocks. Among them is the Abu Gaml, or "Father of Camels."

The inner town of Kassala is situated on a large plain, having in the centre an open square, surrounded by mud walls, the rest divided into narrow, irregular streets of dirty houses, harems, shops, and the government offices. The latter consists of the divan, or reception-room of the governor, the post-office, the treasury, the prison, the guard-room, the magazines, and the stables. The divan is approached by some ill-made steps, conducting to the audience-chamber through a long ante-room, generally filled with soldiers, servants, and slaves. The audience-chamber is twenty yards long and fifteen yards broad, being built of clay, with a floor of the same made perfectly flat, and during the heat of the day it is often sprinkled with water. Round the walls runs a bank of earth, covered with palm-mats. The governor sits upon a raised couch, the scribe crouched on the ground at his feet writing, and every one smoking without restraint, or without any breach of etiquette.

The post-office has two or three wretched steps leading to a platform destitute of balusters, nine feet long and four feet broad. At the end of this is a clumsy door, nailed together, standing open during the day, and at night closed with a padlock. The office consists of a saloon built of mud, twenty feet long and ten feet broad. Within stand two large chests, with cramp-irons and padlocks; one for the letters that have arrived, the other for those to be despatched. Two young men, who smoke gay-coloured paper cigarettes, have the management, and they will, on the payment of a certain sum, write any description of letter, address, or other composition. There are also young scribes, boys who draw up petitions for the begging Hadandawas, on the receipt of one or two piastres. The letter is then handed to the father or uncle of the young writer, and if any mistake is discovered it is returned, and the little rascal will, after much bargaining, procure a second fee of one and a half piastres for the alteration.

Under such circumstances it is easy to see how much the ignorant natives are in the power of the grasping, deceitful officials; and as those seeking retribution seldom receive it, the inhabitants of the desert shun the town, the crafty officials, and hungry soldiers.

The market is held daily, morning and evening, and supplies, besides articles of food, spices, pepper, and tobacco, in the open booths, also European goods, tools, earthenware, china, Turkish shoes, coffee, sugar, soap, tarbusches, knives, small looking-glasses, scissors, and watches, at extravagant prices. Matches from a manufactory at Vienna are to be had at a cheap rate, but they are often spoiled. Among the native products there are a few vegetables, fruits, eggs, poultry, milk, dhurra, gum, skins, honey, ivory, and wax. The Jiyalin Arabs are deeply involved in a secret sale of slaves, and transportation of them to Suakim and Jiddah. Progress is difficult in the market-place, as a path has to be forced through a stream of dark-coloured people, the greater number with the upper part of the body uncovered, and armed with sticks and gleaming lances. Here some people offer straw mats, which are spread out on the ground for inspection; there, piled up in little heaps, is some tobacco for sale, and perhaps four or five dark people of the wilderness engaged in

earnest conversation, cowering near them. Other dealers have dried dates in leathern bags, while under the shade of a few palm-leaves will be seen one or two old black women selling sour milk in dark porous jars, fluid butter, and common oil in bottles. Running messengers, itinerant dealers, officers, quietly watching the trading, busy merchants, and common soldiers, saunter about. Now and then a camel or a mule will push through the crowd, and not unfrequently a fight takes place, when the two parties abuse each other vehemently; but they do not use their sticks or lances. Young and old beggars are plentiful, but pick-pocketing is not in vogue among this thieving people, although robbing from the stalls is a common occurrence.

During the time of market, and in the evening, the three coffee-houses of Kassala are in great activity. They are the places of assembly for every grade of society, as, from the Moslem law, every one who can pay may enter—a custom very disagreeable to the European. Some of the guests sit cross-legged on the ground, others recline on the couches, filling the shady but dirty verandah with many curious groups. One will be composed of several turbaned officers playing at dominoes, while police, with swords and long pistols in their belts, a smartly dressed Armenian pedlar, and a dissolute, greasy native, exacting, in his character of saint, respectful salutation from the rest, will form another. Beggars drive a flourishing business here, and as soon as they have accumulated five paras, they will sit down, without hesitation, next to a man clothed in a bright silk or snow-white robe, from whom they have probably solicited alms, and complacently drink their coffee. One or two women of doubtful reputation, with loose, voluminous dresses, and many gold and silver rings and buckles, smoke their water-pipes (*shish*) with uncovered faces.

An ordinary room is ten yards long, and about the same broad, while the height may be estimated at about seven yards. A door that will hardly close, two large openings for windows, coarse, yellow mud walls, the ceiling of the unhewn trunks of palm-trees, and along the walls a bank of earth two feet high, complete the sketch. The inmates of such a room are lizards seven inches in length, large black ants, some hairy tarantulas, and perhaps a scorpion. The fireplace is in the court before the house, and there all the cooking is performed.

It is most difficult to carry back the present race of people to their proper origin from the language alone, the mixture of speech and borrowed words rendering the sifting of foreign property a hard task. All certain historical reminiscences are lost among these wandering predatory people, and from the language, manners, and customs only can we ascertain in what degree of relationship are the different tribes. The manners, traditions, and laws all point to the predominance of Arabian blood in Eastern Sudan, and the idea is supported by the peculiarities in the structure of the body. Of course much of the Nuba or negro element is disseminated by slaves and prisoners captured in war, but they always hold an inferior position. The inhabitants of Kassala and of Al-gadan are of a pale-brown complexion. The men are more powerful than the Hadandawas, but have the same immense bend in the back, well-formed hands and feet, thick lips, high cheek-bones, and eyes placed aslant in the head. Many wear a massive silver ring in their prominent

ears, and their clothing is nothing beyond a piece of woollen stuff, and sandals to protect their feet. The Tükrüri, or natives of Bornu and Kûrdufan, are of moderate height and slender form, but with great muscular power. The large protruding mouth, broad lips, wide flat nose, woolly hair, and strong hands and feet, complete the type of a genuine African people. The head, closely shaved by the men, is inclined to a point at the top, and weighty at the back, which, with the low forehead, shows the important difference between the light-coloured and the black people. The women have the same powerful frame, and wear their hair, strongly impregnated with grease, in small curls round the head, sometimes divided twice down the middle. They also insert a red button or a silver ring in the right nostril. Their large feet, thick arms, and stout figures are far from graceful, and inquisitiveness, frivolity, and dissipation may be read in the faces of many. The three last characteristics are particularly striking, as they are not allowed to be apparent to strangers in the Arab, Turkish, and Coptic women. On the other hand, the upright, elastic carriage of the barefooted women is a pleasing contrast to the slow, languid walk of the Arab women, or to the difficult movement of the Turkish women, in their thick veils and black brequas, or masks.

With the exception of the Kunama, or Baza (also called Shangalla), who live as far south as the Setit, near the frontier of Abyssinia, all the tribes recognise the Islam, and according to Carl von Wickenrode, all observations tend to prove this a religion especially adapted to them, the spiritual Christianity finding entrance most difficult. The Sûdanese will not reflect. Morality, duty, and love are hardly understood; and other obligations, such as respect for the property of others, or neighbourly love, are troublesome compulsions. The free son of the desert finds it very comfortable to murmur a prayer, mechanically, at sunset and sunrise, his face turned to the east; for the rest, he does as he likes, so long as no visible power forces him to do otherwise. In all the Arabian races it is the outward form, and not the inner meaning, of the Islam that has penetrated to the people, and the enforced annual pilgrimage to Mekka, with all its fanaticism, increases the votaries of Muhammad more and more, without any help of missionaries. The teachings of Muhammad are pleasant, easily mastered, and in every way suitable for the warm country and its inhabitants. The climate develops the body more rapidly, makes the blood pulsate quicker through the veins, and renders the people passionate and sensual; therefore they will adhere to the outer forms of a religion which, notwithstanding its requirements, places no bridle on their acts. Eastern hospitality makes inns superfluous; but it is not considered by all as a duty, but merely exercised because it is a custom, and sometimes in a very niggardly manner. This praiseworthy custom is much abused, and the multitude of vagabonds who make the country unsafe, live by this means.

SCENERY AND SOCIETY IN MAURITIUS.*

PEOPLE who have "done" their Rhine and their Alps, their Italy and Spain, and are in want of the excitement of novelty, such as is to be obtained by tropical scenery in its highest perfection, yet without being deprived of the luxuries of civilisation, should embark at Suez and land at the Grand Hôtel de l'Europe, at Port Louis, on the classic shores of "Paul and Virginia." It is not that the said Grand Hôtel is a precise counterpart of its namesake on the boulevards; the rooms are, or were, not overclean, the attendance is slovenly, the cuisine is barbarian, but every one is on hospitality bent in Mauritius; and then there is, as a compensation, the bustle of life contrasted with the most exquisitely beautiful scenery. In the town itself there are heat, dust, dirt, smells intolerable, clamour indescribable, screeching mules by the hundreds, all biting one another, all kicking everything they can kick, with sweating, bellowing Malabars incessantly belabouring them. "Oh, what a hubbub! what discordant sounds from men and brutes—perhaps the latter term would do as well for both here—what unceasing turmoil and confusion! Every hue of skin, and shade of every hue. Black men, brown men, whity-brown men,—all of them streaming with perspiration; some loading, some unloading; each gang performing its work, as it were, mechanically, to the accompaniment of a shrill, low, monotonous chant, which the one half of these all but stark-naked labourers caught up in admirable time as the other half let it drop—four or five notes four or five times repeated over and over again." The amount of life and bustle at St. Louis is surprising to a stranger. There are few towns in proportion to its size (it had a population of about seventy-eight thousand previous to the late epidemic) with a greater number of carriages of one sort or another in daily circulation. Most people live in the country, and only come to town for business, so, between that and the heat, conveyance on wheels is not more a luxury than a necessity. The next most startling sight is the dress—always excepting the undress—of the Malabars. Nine groups you see out of ten are composed of these picturesque people. They have a marvellous eye for colour, and somehow there is harmony in any two or three they choose to put together. Probably the swarthy polished skin so freely exposed to view has something to do with this. But a good effect is produced by mixtures we Europeans should never venture on. Two or three of these men and women, with their plump little children, squatting and chattering under a tamarind or mango tree, form groups of a highly picturesque character.

The town of Port Louis rises prettily in the form of an amphitheatre, at the base of a low range of mountains green to their very tips. A more fantastic collection of peaks, and ridges, and slopes it would be dif-

* Far Away; or, Sketches of Scenery and Society in Mauritius. By Charles John Boyle. Chapman and Hall.

ficult to imagine. The houses are shut out from the street by walls of iron railings, and over these some bright-coloured creeper is sure to be clustering unrebuked, and running up and along the roofs high or low. These roofs have, at the first glance, the appearance of being tiled, but are covered with a kind of shingle of a dark reddish-coloured wood. A broad verandah almost invariably runs round one or two sides of the house, if not on all four; and here, during the great heat of the day, large blinds of various sorts of grass-matting, or canvas, or a diminutive bamboo, are let down, and effectually keep out the glare of the flaming sun. In the evening they are raised in front, and generally display a family group languidly sunk down in deep cane arm-chairs, some of which have disproportionate long arms upon which to rest the feet—Yankee fashion.

The houses are, for the most part, wooden, but now stone is rendered indispensable in the town by wise regulations. The kitchen is, however, invariably detached, as are also the rooms for strangers and household servants. This last arrangement is necessitated by the dirty, untidy habits of the negroes and coloured population. According to the number of these separate "pavilions" a house is reckoned a large or a small one. Palms of many kinds, and other trees, grow in the "cour" or court, or about among the pavilions, or hang over into the street.

Equally striking and varied a feature with the houses and streets is the motley population of Port Louis—motley both in dress and complexion. There are Parsees, Arabs, Cingalese, Chinamen, Lascars, Malays, Mosambiques, and Malgaches. Add to these the negro, the mulatto, French Creoles and English Creoles, not to mention the various Europeans. All hues and shades, and the utmost confusion of tongues and diversity of languages, are to be met with in the bazaar. Here weedy and athletic men, imperial-looking, are to be seen by the side of miserable, insignificant women. The Creole ladies are both bedizened and dowdy, and are followed by black maids, barefooted or slipshod, or by Indian boys dressed in snowy white, with crimson sashes round their waists, and turbans or fezes on their heads, whilst the damsels are all in black, save a white or coloured kerchief worn on the head, after the fashion of the French peasantry.

The bazaar is a large square, shut in at each end by iron railings, and with broad gates opening into parallel streets. On each side are spacious pavements for the display of the various marketable productions. Little parties of handsomely dressed Indian women are squatted by their respective heaps of vegetables, fruits, and flowers, whilst numberless plump, small, stark-naked urchins of both sexes are running and frisking about, or sprawling and playing at their mothers' sides. They look like so many pieces of polished marble, or still more like the little chocolate figures in the bonbon-shops of Paris. Unfortunately, the ears and noses of these fair Indians are loaded with ornaments, the forehead and hair are daubed with paint, and the teeth are coloured with the juice of the betelnut. The arms are tattooed and loaded with broad circles of gold or silver, knobs of one or the other metal dangle from thongs of leather, and the throat is encircled by a plain collar, not unlike an English dog's. These women, indeed, often look as if they were half in armour. The

girls are pretty when young, but they are sold in marriage early in life, and become prematurely old and haggard drudges.

Arab shopkeepers used to drive a brisk trade in the bazaar, but they have been ousted by the more active Chinamen, who are now the chief shopkeepers in the island, some clearing as much as 1300*l.* a year. They dress in cotton jackets and immensely broad loose trousers, affect European shoes and very big umbrellas, marry Creoles, and become Roman Catholics, adding to the mongrel population and religion of the island. Neither marriage nor conversion can, however, eradicate the national habit of opium-smoking, and they are great gamblers. Mr. Boyle mentions an instance of a Chinaman staking his whole shop on a single throw, himself included, to serve in it without wages! Many of the European shops in Port Louis are very good; and Mr. Boyle tells us, that while in the French shops the people are not only civil but extremely obliging, those in the English shops are quite the reverse; nay, a Mrs. ——— “serves you as one might imagine a she-bear would keeping a stall at the North Pole.” A passion for dashes detracts sadly from the merits of this otherwise delightful tome. Instead of saying a medical practitioner or gentleman told us so and so, it is Dr. ———; or the proprietor or landlord was very hospitable, it is Mr. ——— and Mrs. ———. The system, which begins at the first page with Captain ———, and ends at the last, “again and again ———,” is even applied to the names of places. “We met the carriage unexpectedly at ———, and drove home.” Reticence cannot go further. The small shops in which fortunes are so rapidly made were, a few years ago, exclusively kept by Creoles. The Indians came and turned these native traders out, and they, in turn, are now giving way to the Chinamen. The enriched Indians go back to their country, but the Creoles become landed proprietors, and give their children a European education. It is rather difficult for a stranger to master the names over a shop at first. Sooloogaar-goo-sinni-vaassagon would be as great a stumbler to many as the Queen of Madagascar’s title of honour, O Rabodonandianampoinimerina, which almost requires to come out in parts, like the picture of the sea-serpent in *Punch*, one half of which came out one week with the head, the other with the tail the next. With a more simple and correct system of rendering the Oriental languages into Roman letters, the name Sūlūgār-gū-sini-vāsāgon would be by no means so repulsive, and there would not be such “a hankering after vowels” as is common to most Anglo-Indians, despite Sir William Jones’s teachings.

No colony, Mr. Boyle assures us, can boast of better ingredients for pleasant intercourse than Mauritius. But for this, again, it is greatly indebted to the French element. Society is decidedly on an easy footing. It is not particularly intellectual. How should it be? The men scarcely allow themselves time to study aught save £ s. d.—precisely what intellectual men are not allowed time to study—while the women marry at fifteen, are plunged during their best years in the absorbing and intricate mysteries of babyology, and flounder in the quicksands of housekeeping to the latest hour of life. But most of them are good humoured, cordial, hospitably inclined, and accessible. What would you have more? Dress is, however, the great passion of life, and toilettes are rated not as to

taste, but as to cost. There is, hence, often extravagance, and consequent speedy eclipses of temporary constellations of fashion. Rank being tolerably equalised, people must outshine their neighbours somehow. Perhaps one of the most diverting features of colonial society is the mushroom greatness of little people. Here is the suddenness and rapidity of tropical vegetation with a vengeance. No plant can be hardier or flower more freely than colonial self-importance :

“ ‘Ne vous fachez pas,’ whispered Madame —, a vivacious little Frenchwoman, by whom I was standing the first time I saw Mr. and Mrs. — at —; they rarely condescend to move in a less exalted sphere; but ‘why is it only among you English one sees de pareilles caricatures?’ ”

Popularity, perhaps even reputation, is, we are told, to be purchased in Mauritius at so much a yard. “I happened one day to say to —, ‘Was not Madame — once looked upon as a frisky matron?’

“ ‘Well, yes, I believe there was an awkward story or two; but, to be sure, how handsomely she dresses!’ ”

If the dress be costly, the temperature also, we are told, signifies little. “Madame — came to see A. one day—a winter’s day, certainly, according to the calendar, but recollect we are in the tropics. The lady wore a robe de damas as stiff as herself, and a crimson velvet manteau.

“Good Heavens! I was in a flame at the very sight of it. Fanny Kemble’s red satin gown was nothing to it, and her confession, that she looked like a bonfire whenever she wore it, not half as reasonable as Madame —’s might have been.”

As a consequence of this passion for dress, Mauritian young ladies are only talkative on that one subject, and never but then shake off all apathy. On every other subject they are marvellously chary of their words and languid in their conversation. The men come in for the same sharp criticisms which at times would seem to have come from a feminine source. One was all grey, and so was his horse, and the whole group, like the ghostly cavalier in “Don Giovanni,” looked as if it were cut out of one and the same piece of stuff. Another was all white save the hair and boots, both so glossy and so brilliantly polished, that it appeared as if the same brush, dipped unsparingly in Warren’s japan, had been employed not less on one extremity of the horseman than the other!

One of the great drawbacks of Port Louis is, that while no town should be cleaner than this capital of Mauritius, standing, as it does, partly at the base and partly on the slope of green hills, with a copious supply of water, few can well be dirtier, this partly owing to want of proper sanitary regulations, but still more to the indolence of the working classes, more especially of the scavengers. But laying aside the sad losses entailed by frequent visits of cholera, the town has been visited by a fever of so tremendously a fatal character since Mr. Boyle’s visit, that we cannot but believe that some decisive steps will be taken to remove this reproach from the place.

As to servants, they are not only dirty, “they are lazy and drunken, and lying and thieving.” The Indians are the best, but they will not work. Attachment to masters or mistresses is unknown. The black natives of the island are also slovenly in the last degree, and are disgust-

ingly dirty. It is probably from this that the Creole ladies have little notion of comfort, much less of any little coquettish arrangements of their drawing-rooms. Nothing denotes occupation, mental or corporeal, unless it be an open pianoforte and a well-thumbed music-book. What Bulwer (Lord Lytton) so elegantly calls the whereabouts of women, are nowhere to be seen. The possessor of one of the finest houses of Mauritius, in writing a letter, used an old newspaper for a blotting-book, and a *ci-devant* pomatum-pot for an inkstand. On the other hand, the dining-room is the seat of glory, the shrine of a god most universally worshipped in Mauritius. There is incessant breakfasting out, tiffing out, and dining out. But even here the indolence of tropical life manifests itself. The most artistic portions of the dinners invariably issue from one of the rival restaurants, the "Flore Mauricienne" and "Paul Morillon's." Hence, after a time, a sameness of good things. You have the *pâté de foi gras*, the *galantine*, the *dinde truffée*, and the *pin-tade piquée*, with the same sauce and identical gravy, on every Mauritian dinner-table. A *Charlotte Russe* is a *sine quâ non*. The prices paid for these dishes are enough to make the hair of a man who does not live in a country where money is earned with the same tropical rapidity as in the Mauritius, stand on end. Four pounds for the turkey, and the same for a ham, give some idea of the dearth of living. If the dinner is not warm, the welcome is. "Take my word for it," Mr. Boyle says, "you do not know what national hospitality is till you come and see it here. Go where you will throughout the island, an inhabitant is never so happy as when he holds out his hand, seizes yours, and bids you pass the threshold of his house." We really could not have found it in our heart to criticise such a people. What if they do not study Locke and Bacon, if they keep open house with excellent hams? And what if they are ignorant of the whereabouts of Turkey or the Guinea coast, if they have "*dinde truffée*" and "*pin-tade piquée*"?

It is a pleasure to leave this great colonial emporium, with its spicy dinners and dressy denizens, its lazy Orientals and dirty streets, for the open country. Here, at least, we breathe a pure air, and if there is anything too gaudy, it will be the gorgeoussness of a tropical nature. The boldest bit of coast scenery on the island is the Baie de Morne, an isolated headland, shut in on all sides, seawards excepted, by mountains; and, as usual, well wooded from base to summit, with a forest of aloes for a foreground, and here and there a solitary palm thrusting its tall slim stem out of the bush, and standing up in the twilight sky like a silhouette. Then there is no end of hospitality and unostentatious kindness from the Creole families "*pur sang*," and at night—plenty of mosquitoes. There seems to be no happiness so complete that it has not a drawback—even in Mauritius.

This is the most hilly corner of the island, with the "Rivière Noire" in its centre, and Mr. Boyle had to make his way through the "gorges" on foot. As the scenery was exquisitely beautiful, this was, however, no punishment; and even the river afforded amusement, for the numerous fish could be seen slumbering just below the surface. The party breakfasted at some huts of mud and bamboo, thatched with the great spiky leaves of the aloe, upon roast monkey and young parrots; one of the

greatest delicacies of the island, the great fox-bat, was alone wanting to render the repast complete. Monkeys and deer—the former the great pest to the planter—are not indigenous to the island, but were introduced by the Portuguese.* Mangoes, citrons, oranges, shadocks, vanilla, coffee, and sweet potatoes were cultivated around. One acre yielded 36,000 lbs. of the latter. An ascent was made of the Piton de la Rivière, which rises some three thousand feet above the sea, and is the highest mountain, by a few feet, in Mauritius. The view was spoilt by rain, but it was still beautiful, and vegetation around, as everywhere in the island, was magnificent. The general aspect of one tropical forest is so much the same as another, varied by a vegetation discovered only on a nearer and more scientific inspection, that we shall not stay to describe one in Mauritius. Nothing can exceed their beauty. A rank luxuriance; a wild unrebuked race of vegetable giants; the tangled festoons of lianes or creepers, starred with the most brilliant flowers, hanging down like stringed jewels; then the great orchids. How one smiles at the pigmy specimens of artificial hothouse culture! Open-handed hospitality was tendered on the descent at the “Chamarel” sugar-houses. This place, like many others, one regrets to read, had a sad look of bygone golden days. There is something melancholy, but truly beautiful, in these frequent records of a reverse of fortune—the counterparts of what is to be seen in the West Indies since slavery has been done away with. The vegetation, suffered to run where it will in the no longer cared-for garden, is rank in a week. It is as if Nature herself were instantly hanging garlands on a tomb.

Mr. Boyle descended from the hills to Souillac and St. Aubin, on the southern coast, repairing the inward man at the farms on the way, whether the host was at home or not. Such is the custom in Mauritius! It was the same at St. Aubin, one of the big houses “par excellence” of the island. Nigh this place is the “famous” “Bois Sec,” a wide flat surface of many acres, thickly dotted with the tall, gaunt, ghastly, utterly and entirely denuded stems and branches of hundreds and hundreds of dead forest-trees, concerning which our traveller excites our curiosity without gratifying it. All he says is: “Various are the conjectures as to this peculiar assemblage of dead trees—these phantoms that look as if they had stalked out of an antediluvian forest to congregate by themselves.” The dogs killed a terec at this place, a kind of hedgehog, or miniature wild boar with tusks and bristles, and as dainty as small roast pork. Beyond, they came to “Grand Basin,” one of the many still existing craters of extinct volcanoes, and one of the marvels of the island. The “Trou aux Cerfs” is another, but is dry; the Grand Basin being full of water, and wooded to the edge. It is probably to sulphureous exhalations from the crevices of an extinct volcano that the death and desolation of Bois Sec is due. A mud-hut, bedizened with sundry bits of dabbled dripping calico of every sort of colour, bespoke an Indian place of pilgrimage at this spot. How widely spread are the practices of superstition! An Indian and an Irishman in the same category.

It rained heavily on the high central ground, or plateau of the island,

* England's Colonial Empire. The Mauritius and its Dependencies. By Charles Fridham. Page 226.

which our wanderers were now traversing; but this mattered little, as the branches of the trees lapped over each other, and thousands of broad umbrella-like leaves gave constant shelter. The death-like silence of these dense forests was at times almost unpleasantly impressive. Now and then the chattering of angry monkeys, the screech of a parrot, or the bounding by of a stray deer, tell of animal life, but the notes of birds are sadly missed; even in the groves the soft tenor-like cooing of the dove, and the shrill soprano of the parroquet, are to be heard occasionally, but far oftener not so much as a chirp. En revanche, there are no snakes or reptiles in Mauritius. On their way they passed "La Mare aux Vacoas," a small lake full of gold fish, with screw-pines, or pandanus (vacoas), with their gigantic flat fans, growing in the swamp. The "Grand Basin" and "Mare aux Vacoas" are both in Hughes's excellent map, and our traveller appears to have proceeded thence by the falls of the Tamarind River down to the western coast again. It is to be regretted that, with his lively sense of the beauties of nature, and the contrarieties of art, he did not extend his excursion to Mahebourg and Grand Port. The woods of the Tamarind mountains seemed even stiller and more devoid of life than ever, and as to the "Falls," as might be anticipated, the setting of the gem was more beautiful than the gem itself. The "coq des bois," a mute but lovely little bird, of a bluish grey and rich brown plumage, was, however, to be seen occasionally bending its twinkling eye on the intruders of its solitude. On getting down into the plain, the constant wet of the uplands was exchanged for heat and drought, and the gardens were parched up and thirsting for refreshing showers!

The return to Port Louis is commemorated by a chapter on the Malabars, or Indians, not much to their credit. As a culminating point of their character, they are almost indifferent to death. In the time of the French they disliked the guillotine, but they are said to prefer hanging to hard labour. "By the English way of despatching him out of this world, the criminal arrives in the other a whole man; by the French, maimed and mutilated, being headless, about which unbecoming appearance in Paradise they have a most decided religious scruple."

The carnival in Mauritius is called Yamseh, and it is a proof how spurious is the faith the Indians profess that it answers to the Mohurram of India. Christians and heretics join in it, however, all alike. The fatal field of Kerbela is duly fought out by bedaubed and painted heroes, armed with wooden swords. The lion, which, according to the Shi'ah legend, kept faithful watch over the dead body of Husain, is represented by a Bengalese tiger. The catafalque of Husain's corpse is represented by light scaffoldings of paper and glass, brilliantly illuminated from within. There were also wrestling-matches, women beating their breasts, and men thumping tomtoms, till the noise became indescribable. Altogether, the whole scene is described as barbaric in the extreme, and exceedingly curious.

Sugar is the naturally engrossing subject of thought, and the topic "par excellence" of conversation. It is difficult to imagine the sensation instantly created by the arrival of a mail with news from the sugar-markets of either hemisphere. The Place d'Armes, the chosen spot of mercantile rendezvous and focus of general gossip, is all hubbub and bustle in five minutes. The dimensions of the faces you meet, in another

quarter of an hour, are a pretty good index of the rise or fall in sugars. On paying a visit to a "sucrerie," it is easy to know where you are going some time before you arrive; you smell the sugar a mile off the "Usine." The very air is impregnated with sugar. Much depends for success on the date of the machinery used, but none would now return to slave-labour. Idle as the dark races are, still paid labour remunerates better than forced labour. The restrictive duties on sugar being greater in England than in France, Australia, and India, the best qualities go to these countries, especially to Australia. With the present European restrictions it does not answer to the planter to send his best article to the English market. This is a curious way of treating our own colonies. Money is money, however, whether it comes from Australia or England, and some of the manufacturers net about 26,000*l.* a year. Such manufacturers have about two thousand acres in cultivation, and employ five hundred men. The ground cannot, however, bear more than four crops without resting. But as only one-fourth of the excreta of the seventy-eight thousand inhabitants of Port Louis are removed, the introduction of the dry-earth system might prolong the production for many years.

One of the greatest pests in Mauritius is the number and variety of insects. It is not only the white ants that eat up everything they come across that is not metal or stone, but no sooner is the lamp put down for the evening than every kind of winged monster buzzes about it. Not content with flying, some take to the soup, and one often runs the risk of swallowing a rhinoceros beetle. Either the good people of Mauritius are very imaginative, or their island is peculiarly favoured; for not only is the resemblance of the Pieter Both mountain to a statue of Queen Victoria, in her robes and diadem, said to be "very remarkable," but the natural effigy of Louis Philippe on the sombre heights of the Corps de Garde is described as being "wonderfully life-like!" We have not, by-the-by, seen it remarked that the easterly outline of Lake Tzana (ancient Ascania), in Abyssinia, is a good resemblance of the Emperor Theodoros looking upwards towards Adule for the arrival of an invading force. The Brahmins maintain that the more hideous the god, the more easily is sin scared from the true believer's heart. A clever Indian turned a good penny by setting up a painted and gilded clay idol at the foot of Pieter Both of such exceeding ugliness, "that one glance at it must have been enough to render the deepest-dyed immaculate."

There is a railway in Mauritius, and the people are delighted with their new iron toy. It goes to Labourdonnais, which is the show-country place of the island; the house is large, with a vast suburb of detached pavilions. "You might fancy yourself," Mr. Boyle says, "in Paris on entering the house. Gilding and silk, bronzes and mirrors." The grounds are beautifully kept, and there is an aviary and a "parc aux cerfs," not à la Louis XV. There is another railway in progress, and it had got as far as the Grande Rivière, when further proceedings were stopped by a Siren, who came forth from the waters, and insisted upon an immolation of five infants, three hundred children, eighty maidens, twenty ladies, and eleven oxen, before the works could be allowed to go any further. It is believed in Mauritius that government was obliged to accede to the terms, which were carried out by a Chinaman, an Arab, and a Malabar, who drove to the spot, at frequent intervals, in a carriage

with blood-red wheels, the driver also wearing a crimson turban, and the trio made the sacrifice necessary to propitiate the river goddess.

If the natives have their superstitions, so also have the Europeans, who assert, for example, that the musk-rat will taint the wine by merely running over the outside of the bottles. Cats and dogs will not, it is said, eat this strong-scented rodent. Then, again, as to the grey rat! It abounds so, that the Dutch settlers are said to have abandoned the island rather than hold dominion in conjunction with, or rather under, the rats. The monkeys in Mauritius, coming as they do from a Muhammadan country, are very particular in their ablutions, and we are gravely informed that they come down from the rocks to the river regularly every morning to go through the ceremonies ordained by the prophet. The great bat, or flying fox, is said to be easily tamed. An English officer had one which ate out of his hand, hung to the back of his chair, and gave a sort of little chirp of good-fellowship. Rodrigues had its giant "solitaire," Bourbon its colossal "oiseau bleu," and Mauritius its "dodo" and "géant." The latter was as big as an ostrich, but all are now extinct; probably from the same reason that threatens the extinction of the domestic fowl, for we are told that what with voracious rats, wholesale thieving Malabars, and the "maladie," a poultry-yard is a losing concern. Everything is devoured in Mauritius, from venison down to a wasp's nest. They not only steal geese, but will carry off and devour goose, eggs, nest and all! What chance had dodos with such an omnivorous race of people? It is the same if you keep pigeons; it is nine times out of ten more for some of your neighbours than for yourself. Turtles used once to abound on the shores, but they have all been eaten up, eggs and shells into the bargain. There is a fish called the *laff*, but which is by no means to be laughed at. It buries itself in the mud or sand, and is the more dangerous for its power of assuming the exact colour of its lurking-place. It is armed with a spine, of which the wound is only just short of deadly. An English soldier, pricked by one in the hollow of his foot, was instantly seized with faintness. The pain was so acute, that it required four men to hold him down in his bed when the paroxysms came on; and, although he eventually recovered, he was two months in the hospital. The most remarkable circumstance connected with the pain from the wound is, that it increases and decreases with the rise and fall of the tide! The "cordonnier" also inflicts a painful wound, but if you squeeze the belly, and apply the matter drawn out, instant relief is the result. Victor Hugo's horror, the great cuttle-fish, is represented here by the "ourite." It is like a huge spider, spotted like a toad, with an uneven coarse skin, and armed with innumerable rope-like suckers, which writhe, and twist, and grasp most tenaciously everything they come in contact with. Once within the "ourite's" clutches, it is a case of biter bit. But, like everything else in the sea, and out of it, the "ourite" is eaten; hundreds are hung up upon wooden frames to dry. What the Creole will not eat, the Indian will; and what the Indian will not eat, the Chinaman will. The white ants are, however, the most wonderful of all creatures in Mauritius. The loss of large amounts in gold and silver has been frequently attributed to their voracity!

A MISSIONARY IN THE ATHABASCA.*

THERE is a region in the centre of the circum-polar districts of British North America which has long excited our curiosity. It is particularly characterised by three vast sheets of water, Lake Athabasca, Great Slave Lake, and Great Bear Lake, besides innumerable lesser lakes and streams. These are so involved, that it is necessary to look some time at the map before the line of outfall—that of the River Mackenzie—can be discovered. It is a country of hunters and fishers, buried for eight months of the year in snow, almost unsusceptible of cultivation, and with only here and there a post of fur collectors of the Hudson's Bay Company, like nests in the wilderness.

Yet it is in the heart of such a region—on Lake Athabasca itself—that an intrepid missionary of civilisation and Christianity—Monseigneur Henry Faraud, Bishop of Anemour—established himself, some eighteen or twenty years ago, with scarcely a friend or human being to aid or abet him, and even without a home; and the result of his experiences is replete with information regarding these little known countries and their strange and savage populations. In an ethnological point of view his work is indeed a perfect mine of information; not so in regard to the natural resources of the country: descriptive geography and natural history are rarely the forte of men devoted to moral teachings. The Livingstones and their compeers are exceedingly rare.

Henry Faraud started on his mission with youth, a good constitution, and a powerful and vigorous frame in his favour; and to these physical advantages he superadded that spirit of enterprise and indomitable courage and perseverance, without which even the support derived from the consciousness of the good cause in which he was engaged might have signally failed him. His first steps led him by St. Paul and the Upper Mississippi to Red River Settlement. Hence, after a year or more initiation, he was sent by Monseigneur Provencher to Cross Lake, or "l'Île à la Crosse." The road lay by Red River and Lake Winnipeg to Norway House, where, M. Faraud says, he was received with open arms by "Sir Symphon"—meaning the governor, Sir George Simpson. It is much to the credit of the Hudson's Bay Company that they do everything in their power to facilitate the operations of Romanist as well as of Protestant missionaries. Among such utter savages as they have to deal with, the first seeds of Christianity and morality are wanting; the development of doctrinal matters can come afterwards. Hence he proceeded by Cedar and Cumberland Lakes to Cross Lake, where a missionary establishment was already in existence. We have so recently described this portion of British North America from the works of Professor Hind and the artist Paul Kane, that we need not refer to them here. After spending some time at this place, which was devoted to the study of the languages of the Crees and the Montagnais—a study which led to all M. Faraud's

* Dix-huit Ans chez les Sauvages. Voyages et Missions de M^r Henry Faraud, Evêque d'Anemour, Vicaire Apostolique de Mackenzie, dans l'extrême nord de l'Amérique Britannique. Par Fernand-Michel. Paris: Regis, Ruffet, et C^o.

future successes—he started for Atthabaskaw, as he writes it, and having most minutely studied the languages of the country, we must give him precedence in his etymologies. The water-shed between the rivers flowing south and east, and those which flow to the Arctic Ocean—the line of any future trans-continental railway—and which comprise all the tributaries to Lake Atthabaskaw, was crossed on horseback. The descent was, at the epoch of the year (midsummer), into a country of noble aspect. “If I had forgotten,” says the missionary, “that I was in a new world, I should have been convinced of the fact at this moment. On quitting the neighbouring heights one seems to be precipitated into the depths of an abyss. Here, piled-up rocks of naked granite; below, gigantic vegetation, green meadows, rivers, and lakes. A new country unfolds itself to a charmed vision, and admiration is more powerful than terror on this difficult descent.” Nature on the grandiose—almost unlimited—scale that it must present itself in these vast, untrodden regions, must, although the climate is so severe, be deeply impressive.

The current of running waters had now alone to be followed to carry the party to Atthabaskaw. There were rocks and rapids, there were forests and meadows, there were some savages, and far more numerous flocks of geese and other aquatic birds; and when they came to the great lake itself they found its whole extent to be dotted with granitic islands, all crowned with tufts of pines. And at length, at the end of September, 1849, after the lapse of three years since he quitted Marseilles, M. Henry Faraud found himself at the seat of his future labours—the Hudson’s Bay Company’s Settlement of Atthabaskaw. He was, as he says, in the heart of an uncultivated country, almost uninhabitable even to savages, and in the centre of a population of fifteen thousand souls, scattered, family by family, over a territory four hundred leagues in diameter. But he was, he also says, full of strength and courage; and he was only twenty-six years of age. “Dominated by the thought of duty, and confiding in the grace of Him from whom all force comes, I felt myself disposed to offer up any sacrifice in order to accomplish my mission.”

The Indians dispersed along the shores of Hudson’s Bay and Great Slave Lake, and northwards to the Polar Seas, came only twice a year, for about three weeks in spring and three weeks in autumn, to barter their furs to the agents of the Company. When they first came in contact with the missionary, they said to him, “You will do nothing here; you speak like a child; you do not know how to speak.” Others said, “You may go away, the Indians don’t like you.” And others again said, “Give us some tobacco; that will be much better.” Some were even still more rude and laconic; but M. Faraud was not discouraged; he got at first three to listen to him, then others came, and by the time they had to leave the station no less than fifty were prepared to embrace Christianity. Those who were too old or too young to go hunting, remained behind, so the interval of the absence of the others was spent in learning the Montagnais, and in instructing the young.

The next spring, when the hunters returned, his real labours commenced. He had reduced the Montagnais to an alphabetical expression, and he began to teach the more docile to read. It was up-hill work, but still some of the youths took to learning, and even to teaching others. He also began to baptise, and to what he calls “regulate marriages.”

We are not quite agreed as to the wisdom of the latter course of conduct. The Indians are polygamists to a certain extent, and M. Faraud is very satirical at what he deems to be the "facile morality" of Protestant missionaries in tolerating such a state of things. There is no doubt that the practice is indefensible on all grounds, but the way to put a stop to it is to teach the people better when young, and never to sanction either bigamy or polygamy. But when M. Faraud took upon himself, as he describes himself doing on several occasions, to make a man repudiate one wife and her children for the sake of another, he was, in the then social condition of these savages, doing an irremediable injury to the latter. If he felt himself bound by religious motives to relieve a parent of the encumbrance of a wife and family, he ought, by the moral code, to have been prepared to support them.

The character of the people M. Faraud had to deal with may be best judged of by the following anecdote, which at the same time illustrates two of the worst features in their character—their practice of abandoning the old and young when in straits, and the practice of anthropophagy under the same circumstances :

I was traversing a dense forest, when I heard a low moaning ; turning my steps in the direction whence the sound came, I found a child, scarcely seven years of age, stretched on the snow at the foot of a tree covered with icicles, its fingers and toes already frostbitten.

Moved by such a sad spectacle, I took the poor creature in my arms, warming it, and asking who had left her in such a state. She replied :

"My father and my mother died last year; my relatives have since taken care of me, but yesterday they brought me here, and said : 'Thou art a little girl, thou dost not hunt nor fish, thou'art good for nothing, we are going to leave you here ; in a few days you will be dead, and will suffer no longer.'"

"No, you shall not die!" I exclaimed. "Oh ! Mary, have pity on this innocent child."

I hastened to light a fire, and, after some hours' care the poor little thing began to feel itself revive, its fingers and toes began to thaw, (?) and I was enabled to remove it to Atthabaskaw. My house was very small, but still I could accommodate the orphan. When she had recovered her health, I instructed her and baptised her, and she received the name of Mary. This child became afterwards the source of one of my greatest griefs. Listen to her history :

She was of a sweet and good disposition ; everything charmed one in this simple child of the desert—her expressive smile, her infantile joy, her angelic piety. She soon became the visible angel of the house ; she had not yet attained her eighth year, but her intelligence was in advance of her age.

Little Mary was very happy, but a certain dread came to trouble her, and at times she would say to me :

"Father, you will never send me back again to the woods ; you will always keep me near you?"

These words afflicted me, for I knew that I could not keep her long. I could not leave the child alone in my house when I went on a journey, and still less could I take her with me. These thoughts were the cause

of much perplexity to me. One day a Cree savage arrived with his wife, asking to be instructed. I kept them for several days, and when they were about to leave, I said to them :

"Come back at the next season, I shall be returned from my journey, and, if you are in the same frame of mind, I will baptise you."

"Aymihawiyiniwok" (thus they called the father), "we promise you to return."

I then said to them : "Since you promise me to return, I believe you, and if you would promise me to take good care of my little Mary, I would entrust her to you ; you have no child, she can be yours—she is a Christian, you will become Christians also. The all-Good and all-Powerful will reward you, and I promise to give you much when you shall come back."

The husband and wife consulted, and then they said that they agreed.

"Do you promise me to bring little Mary every spring ?" I said to them.

"We promise it."

"To take great care of her ?"

"We promise it."

"Well, then, I will trust my child to you ; but know that it is not only I who places this sacred charge in your hands, it is also God the Father, who will look upon you from the height of the heavens, and who will punish you if you subject little Mary to the least bad treatment, and if you do not keep your promise to bring her to Atthabaskaw every spring."

I then called for the orphan. She came in, her face beaming with joy, and out of breath.

"Here I am, father ; what do you want ?"

"What were you doing ?" I asked, smiling, but my heart full of tears ; "you are out of breath ?"

"I was playing."

"Well, sit down. I want to speak to you."

She sat down pensive ; one would have said that she already understood. I hesitated.

"Listen, child ; you know that I am about to start upon a long journey," I said at last.

At these words a veil of sorrow came down over the brow so radiant a few moments before.

"You know that I cannot leave you alone in this house, where you will die of hunger ; here is a good family who will take you with them, and take my place with you."

At these words the orphan wept.

"I wish to remain with you," she gasped forth amid her tears. "I do not wish to leave you. Oh ! my father—oh ! my good father, do not send me away into the midst of the deserts !"

Poor Mary had cast herself at my feet. I reasoned with her—I endeavoured to make her understand the necessity I was in of separating myself from her ; but her tears did not cease to flow, alas ! she had the presentiment of the fate that awaited her. If I had myself dared to give vent to my grief, how many tears should I have shed upon the forehead of that pure child !

The next day I embraced poor Mary for the last time; I gave her a cross, a chaplet of beads, an image of the Holy Virgin her patroness, and then I saw her go away. From the top of the rocks I followed her a long time with my eyes, and several times I saw her turn round and wave her little hands, as if bidding me an eternal farewell.

My journey lasted three months; at my return, I felt the house to be very empty, the angel who enlivened it was no longer there. But I was happy in thinking that she was well taken care of, and that I should see her in spring.

Alas! spring arrived, and the family to whom I had entrusted her did not make their appearance. "They will bring her to me in autumn," I said to myself. Autumn came, other hunters arrived, but still no one brought my child. Anxiety, a deep anxiety, then got possession of my mind. It was in vain that I interrogated the hunters; no one could tell me anything about her.

At length I made up my mind to go in search of the Cree family to whom I had confided my child. I knew pretty nearly where I should find them. Summer had arrived; it was the epoch for fishing, and I should find their tent on the borders of a lake or of a river. For seven long days I explored the country. I was beginning to despair, when one evening, not far from a river, where some tents were put up, I suddenly perceived, in an opening in the forest, a woman who was picking up sticks. I approached her; judge of my surprise, it was the Cree woman to whom I had entrusted my child!

The savage was confused at the sight of me.

"Where is my daughter?" I said to her. "And why did you not keep your promise?"

"Father," she answered, "she is dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed; "you say that she is dead! Where, when, how?"

"She died last spring," replied the savage, trembling.

"Where is your tent?"

"Yonder, on the banks of the river."

"Where is your husband?"

"Fishing."

"And you say that my daughter is dead?"

"Yes, father."

"Then you lie," I exclaimed, dominated by a resistless presentiment.

"Tell me the truth. What became of my child?"

"Father," the savage then replied, "the winter was bad; we had no more meat, no more fish; the poor little one was very thin; she was starving. My husband and I were hungry, so we ate her."

Had M. Faraud been married, as most probably a Protestant missionary would have been, this poor little child might have been protected and saved. But it may be said that then the reverend father could not have travelled and disseminated the Gospel. Quite as much might, however, have perchance been done by founding a permanent local mission as by wandering about, and this is the conclusion to which M. Faraud has himself evidently arrived at. "Protestantism," Mr. Faraud tells us, "has made attempts to establish itself on some points of this remote

continent: nowhere has it succeeded. Protestantism is too cold to civilise these icy regions; it only speaks to the reason when it is the heart that has to be spoken to." We hope, however, few Protestant missionaries would have entrusted a little Christian child to the tender mercy of cannibals, or would have widowed women and made whole families orphans in the name of religion.

Here is another instance of a nearly similar character:

A Cree, followed by his wife, introduced to me his son, six years old, and his daughter, four.

"Father," he said to me, "baptise them; they are still young; they may still do good. I shall probably follow their example."

I acceded to his request. I gave to the boy the name of Martin, and to the girl the name of Cecilia. A year afterwards I met this savage in the heart of the forest. The sight of me seemed to embarrass him; he even sought to avoid me, but I called him, and he answered the appeal.

"How are the two children that I baptised last summer?" I said to him.

He appeared to be embarrassed by the question, and did not answer me.

"Are they dead?" I continued.

"No!" he replied, hesitatingly.

I saw that he was concealing something.

"Then, where are they?"

"Father, last winter we were in great want. Our children had become very thin; they suffered much; we took pity on them." And here the savage held his tongue.

"Continue," I said, beginning to understand, but still doubting.

"Then," added the savage, "I said to my wife, 'We have no more meat; our children are too thin to live long.'"

"Wretch," I exclaimed, "you ate them up!" And my forehead bowed as if struck down with thunder, and tears furrowed my cheek at the memory of those two innocent creatures that I had taken on my knee, and to whom I had given two christian names.

"Cecilia, Martin," I sighed forth, "your two souls are in heaven." When I lifted up my head the savage had disappeared.

This is sad indeed; but we have been anticipating a little. M. Faraut soon began to entertain the idea of founding an establishment at Athabaskaw, around which the natives would come and group themselves in the intervals of their hunts. He had been hitherto harboured in the house of the Hudson's Bay Company's agents, and he felt that he was an embarrassment to them. On the 6th of May, 1850, he started for the forest, accompanied by two young Indians, to cut wood wherewith to build a house and a chapel. He selected for the site of both a platform of granite at the point of junction of the Slave River and the lake. Already his imagination pictured forth to him a "flourishing city," with churches, houses, and "chateaux," in a region where the snow lies for eight months in the year. His blistered hands recalled him at times to a sense of the reality, but they hardened with the work. At the end of seven months he had not only erected a log hut, but also a large room which was to serve temporarily as a chapel, but he had also furnished

them handsomely, he tells us, with his own handiwork. The natives, as well they might, were struck dumb with surprise. A mission came whilst he was engaged in this work to invite him to visit the tribes dwelling on the Great Slave Lake, and he promised to do so the ensuing spring. The chapel was publicly consecrated the same autumn, and a few days afterwards a considerable village sprang up around the place. Our worthy and enthusiastic missionary felt, he says, as if he were a lord of feudal times, dwelling in a baronial palace with all his serfs around him. But, above all, he was proud of being the minister of that God under whose protection he and those around him were all alike placed. The natives also were delighted. They felt convinced that the good father would now remain among them, and they should no longer, in their simple language, be orphans. Many became Christians who had not done so before, because, as they said, they thought the father was only there for a short time. A triumph obtained in a controversy with one of the wise men of the country, surnamed Ethitcho, or Big Head, also raised him much in the esteem of the natives. It appears from this discussion that the natives believe in an all-powerful Creator, as also, as we have heard before, in a deluge, and in a future state.

During the winter of 1851 he began cutting down trees in order to build a church. But the season had been bad, and fishing unsuccessful. The fish caught in these lakes and rivers are chiefly what he calls white fish (carp?), which are excellent. Trout, of which he says there are two kinds, little and big. The latter are, again, of three descriptions, the white fleshed, the yellow, and the red. These must be salmon, or salmon trout, and they attain sometimes eighty pounds in weight. Pike are also caught weighing a hundred pounds; sturgeon, two hundred pounds. The most common fish of all is called the doré, on account of its golden colour, and there are, besides, great numbers of smaller fish. The natives eat neither cereals nor vegetables, and very few roots or fruit. Their whole resources lie in the abundant fisheries and the produce of the chase. The chief of the latter are bisons, bears, cariboes or reindeer, originals or elk, and deer. They also hunt and trap foxes, martens, and a number of small Digitigrades, in order to barter their skins. Geese, bustards, and other wild-fowl also constitute an additional resource, and altogether the natives appear by no means to have been in such straits as Mr. Hind describes the natives of Labrador to have been in when he visited them, although given, as we have seen, at times to the abominable practices of anthropophagy.

Fish are caught in winter as well as in summer by making a hole in the ice, which is over six feet in thickness, but still, notwithstanding these resources, our worthy missionary was nearly reduced, in the winter of 1851, to devouring some goats, which, it appears, he had with him. Their lives were luckily saved by a happy draught of fishes, and by his native servants killing some geese. As soon as spring came, and the waters were open, he started on his promised visit to the natives on Great Slave Lake. Unfortunately, on the first day's journey, the dogs belonging to a half-caste called Beaulieu devoured the provisions, and their sufferings from hunger began at a very early period of the journey. Slave River was bordered with vast pine-forests and studded with islands, rocky or marshy, and wooded. Innumerable pelicans were left undis-

turbed to fish; it is the only bird the natives will not eat. When on Salt River, so called from its briny springs, whence an immense quantity of excellent salt is obtained, they were overtaken by a storm, and were nearly drowned in a tent they had raised on an island. They remained thus four days and four nights, and the only food they could obtain were geese and bustards, which they caught with a pole thrust through a hole in the tent, and which they devoured raw. There must have been many birds about, that they were so easily caught. We are told, indeed, that when their sufferings and anxiety were relieved by being once more afloat, that they killed thirty (geese and bustards) in a couple of hours.

When the first two natives of Great Slave Lake met the reverend father, they fell on their knees, we are told, as if struck down by lightning. And, indeed, after crossing the lake, which, like Athabaskaw, is studded with islands, in a storm, which threatened destruction to the frail canoe, and which was only allayed by bringing out a statuette of the Virgin Mary, he was received by the tribes who had collected from afar along the shores of Mackenzie River, at the Company's station, Fort Resolution, with every testimony of regard. "Never did a triumphant sovereign, arriving among his people, receive greater testimonies of love and respect." Some of these poor untutored savages wept tears of joy. M. Faraud began by teaching them, by means of fundamental truths of religion written on bits of paper, the Lord's Prayer, and he confessed them. They took so enthusiastically to the last-mentioned relief for their sins, that for the five weeks that he remained among them they gave him no time to sleep. Unfortunately, he also took to giving in marriage, and to divorcing. The results were sometimes droll, at others tragical. "I then called a first couple," he relates. "The husband's name was Tokeiyazi (Small Hay), the woman's name was Ethikkan (Burnt Head). 'Tokeiyazi,' I said to the husband, 'will you have Ethikkan for wife?' 'Yes.' 'And you, Ethikkan, will you have Tokeiyazi for husband?' 'No,' " replied the lady, to the great astonishment of the missionary and her husband, and, turning to the latter, she said, "You took me by force; you came into our tent; you tore me away from my old father, and you dragged me into the forest. There I became your slave, because I thought you had the right to be my master; but the priest has told us that God gives to woman the same liberty as man; I wish to enjoy that liberty, and not to marry you."

This was the beginning of neither more nor less than a social revolution. The crowd murmured, till at length it was decided that Ethikkan was a woman of courage, and all went off well. But when the missionary bade an old man select one of two wives, for he must not be allowed two, although each had four children, the rejected one exclaimed: "Is it thus that you reward my fidelity? It is I who, up to this time, have taken care of you; my rival did not even mend your shoes, and now you take her for your legitimate spouse." "I was obliged," says M. Faraud, "to steel my heart against these recriminations, although my heart was touched by them, and maintain the judgment I had given." Had a law against polygamy existed in the country before the missionary came there, he might have been justified in his judgment—not otherwise. Who was to provide for the rejected wife and her four children? It might have been almost equivalent to condemning them to starvation,

or to being eaten up! Missionaries with such ideas of their duties should be sent among the Mormons. Gratified, however, with the results attained (and one of his pupils taught, we are told, fifteen hundred savages to read), M. Faraud returned to Atthabaskaw, this time stifled with heat, and eat up by mosquitoes.

On his return, he recommenced his labours at constructing a church. When the hunters came back in September, the greater number of them, he says, could read. They had kept their promise, and studied diligently when in the wilderness. In October, they left for the winter hunting-season, some two thousand souls, all able to say the Lord's Prayer, and all with tablets, on which were inscribed prayers and precepts of religion and morality. Left alone, M. Faraud continued at his labours of construction, and he began to add a bell-tower to his church. The boats of the Hudson's Bay Company brought the bell, as also another missionary, Grolier by name, to the infinite joy of one so long secluded from the society of his countrymen. The bell was mounted, and when the hunters returned, a native was told to pull at the rope. He did as he was bid, but when he found that his pulls were answered by a loud tolling, he ran away terrified. In his enthusiasm, the reverend father rushed to the bell-rope himself and rang a lusty peal. The savages remained thunderstruck on the plain; some went down on their knees, some raised up their arms to heaven—all gesticulated, prayed, or shouted. "Had they seen the Great Lake turned into a forest, or the forest turned into a lake, their stupefaction," we are told, "could not have been greater."

By the time M. Faraud had been ten years at Atthabaskaw, a regular supply of nourishment had been ensured for the mission the whole year round by the cultivation of potatoes, barley, and even some wheat. There were also oxen, cows, and horses. Excursions were made in the country around till all the tribes included in the district had been visited. One of the most remarkable of these excursions was up Peace River, which comes down from the Rocky Mountains to Lake Atthabaskaw. The natives on this river are called Castors, on account of their trading in beaver-skins, and the Company have three stations on the river—Vermilion, Dunvegan, and Fort John. They are marked on all maps. Curiously enough, the climate is said to improve as the river is ascended, the soil is also declared to be fertile and adapted for cultivation, and lime, gypsum, coal, sulphur, and iron abound. The alluvial matters also contain gold. The lower portions of the river are meadow-lands, no longer, however, frequented by the bisons; the upper are clothed with forests, and the beavers are chiefly met with on the tributaries to the main stream. It was in September, 1859, that an ascent was made of this fine river, and great inconvenience was experienced at the onset from violent storms of wind and rain. The voyageurs even proposed to retrace their steps, but abundant provisions, in the shape of bears and elks, encouraged them to proceed. On the 16th of October the rains were succeeded by snow, and the snow by frost, so that the river-bed had to be exchanged for the banks, and it was not without toil, fatigue, and exposure that Dunvegan, or, as M. Faraud writes it, "Dunvergun," was reached. The Castors assembled around the station to hear the man of God, but they were given up to evil practices, more especially those of

magic or "medicine," gambling, and polygamy; these, if baptised, they would have to abandon, so that few converts were made. Our missionary, indeed, declares the Castors to be so opposed in character to the Montagnais (Otochipweyanac), the Slaves (Desyake Ottiné), and the Crees (Iyiniwok), that except by a miracle of grace they will never be civilised. Of all the tribes, those who dwell on Great Slave Lake and its tributaries are described as being the most affable. An English or French child may command them, and they will obey.

As nothing could be done among the Castors, a return to Atthabaskaw was resolved upon, but winter had set in, and M. Faraud was imprudent enough to start with two young Canadians—Bertrand and Bourchet—and one sledge with five dogs, and with an insufficiency of provisions. The consequence was that all parties soon began to suffer from cold, fatigue, and privation. The dogs became so feeble as to be almost useless, and their feet were frostbitten. At length it was deemed necessary, to save the lives of the whole party, that Bertrand should, at all risks, go on ahead to Fort Vermilion, and procure aid. Bourchet was fainting every few minutes, so M. Faraud relieved the sledge of its furs and rugs, and put him into it. The provisions were all exhausted. Luckily, a little tea remained, but it was always a difficult matter to get the wood, soaked with snow, to burn; the dogs had to content themselves with licking the snow. At length smoke was seen to rise from out of an island on the river. Help was at hand; it was Bertrand and his friends. The lives of the two suffering travellers were saved, and they arrived the next day at Fort Vermilion, where provisions were more abundant than at Dunvegan, and where they were hospitably entertained till their strength was recruited; and with new dogs and sledges they were ultimately enabled to reach Atthabaskaw, after a further journey of twelve days.

The narrative terminates at this point, but it is followed by notes upon the different tribes who dwell in these vast lacustrine regions, which are replete with curious information, albeit not of a scientific character. The courageous pioneer of civilisation in these remote regions where the Hudson's Bay Company have done so little towards improving the status of the native—using him simply as a wild hunter—returned to France in 1864, when he was appointed Bishop of Anenour *in partibus*; and he has since left for his distant and secluded diocese, the chief object which he has in view being to found an establishment, and to build houses as places of refuge for young persons and for the aged who can no longer hunt or fish, and who therefore would, according to the olden practice of the country, be made away with. We cannot imagine a more praiseworthy undertaking of its kind, and that the worthy missionary may long live to comfort and befriend the poor neglected natives, who appear to possess many good qualities, only stained by the vices and crimes of savage life, is our earnest hope and wish.

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